

# NOTES OF TRAVEL

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## ITALY

I should tell the reader, by way of preface, that the tour here described occupied three months, which were spent chiefly in Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice, and Milan. There is much left to see in Italy when one has explored these places; but nothing altogether new. They contain most of what now represents to the eye the history of the country.

Let us recall this history briefly, not forgetting for one moment the great past of Rome, but remembering, too, that Rome is only an episode in it. The soil of Italy has a longer and more interesting past than any other quarter of the globe.

Emerging from the mists of unknown antiquity, Italian history begins with the civilisation of Etruria, which we may, at a guess, date from 1,000 B.C. On the Southern confines of Etruria arose about 753 the young State of Rome, which for a time passed under the Etrurian power. Presently she shook it off; independent Rome dates, no doubt, from the expulsion of the Kings—510. But the struggle continued two centuries longer; it was not till after 300 that Etruria, harassed by the Gauls on the North and the legions on the South, lost her political existence.

About the same time disappeared, on the other side of Rome, another force with which she came into conflict, the cities of Magna Græcia. The origin of these, like the origin of the Etruscans, is mysterious; we shall never penetrate the remote past of Cumæ. But others of them—Sybaris and Tarentum—were founded about 700, and ran their course about the same

time as Etruria, with whom, before Rome devoured both of them, they sometimes came into conflict. Having mentioned them, we may also finish with them here; they play a small part in universal history. They were prosperous in their day, but did not enrich the world with ideas. The most interesting point we can recall about them is that for a moment they sheltered Pythagoras and the doctrine of Metempsychosis.

We may now consider that we have closed the first epoch in Italian history. Rome is the predominant power in the land; she has flung back the Gauls, and laid her yoke on Etruria and Magna Græcia. We may say in fact that a native Italian civilisation has triumphed; and we should perhaps regard the wars between Rome and the tribes of the Apennines as merely settling the centre of gravity of the system. It is now fixed at Rome, and no success of Greek, or Carthaginian invader, tempts the Italian cities to desert their natural head.

The period we have now entered is the classic period of antiquity. It is known to every cultivated reader, who is certain at some time in his life to have watched the Roman power expanding from the Forum till it touched the Baltic Sea and the Cataracts of the Nile, Cadiz and the sands of Arabia. The year that saw the birth of Christ saw this power at its height; four hundred later it has passed away. In 410 Alaric and his Goths destroyed the Roman tradition, the ten centuries revealed to Romulus were fulfilled, and a few years later the last Emperor, Romulus Augustulus, as the irony of fate named him, was formally deposed.

The period that followed is not so easily summed up. We may find something to characterize it in the many attempts made by German Princes to recreate the old Empire and assume the old Imperial name. Many of these attempts were not inglorious; we may cite the names of Theodoric (500 A.D.), Charlemagne (800 A.D.), and Otto (962 A.D.), all rulers of the true German type. But the position which they created in Italy was disastrous, for the German Emperors were foreigners,

and in proportion as local sentiment revived in Italy, it found itself hostile to their rule.

We may distinguish a fourth period in Italian history, from the time when this revival took place. In part it was led by the Popes, amongst whom Gregory VII. (1073) is conspicuous, both for his reforms in the Church, and for the spiritual victory at Canossa, when the German Emperor, with every circumstance of humiliation, entreated and obtained pardon for resisting the Papal claims. In part, however, the Italian revival was the independent work of the Italian cities. The century of Gregory VII. saw also the rise of Milan, Pisa, Genoa, and Venice. This was not accomplished without severe struggles; in 1162 Barbarossa descended from the Alps and annihilated Milan. She rose again, however, with the help of the Lombard League, and at last in the stubborn battle of Legnano (1176) the Lombard cities made good their independence for ever. Henceforward the names of Ghibelline (partner of the Emperor) and Guelph (partner of the Pope) lose their meaning, and become cries of changing significance amid the factions of the Italian towns.

To the names of the towns must be added as the last comer that of Florence, which secured its power on the ruins of Pisa, and divided northern Italy with the other three. Each centre had its own characteristics, and differed from the rest both in government and language. The greatest contrast is between the democratic Florence and oligarchic Venice; in other aspects we may contrast the artistic genius of Florence with the purely commercial interests of Genoa. In Genoa, Florence, and Milan alike we may follow a rapid loss of internal freedom, which placed in power the tyrants of the Renaissance, Cosmo dei Medici triumphing at Florence in 1434.

With their appearance we may reckon a fifth period of Italian history. Again it is difficult to decide what conspicuous feature decides its character. It is a new struggle for power; but "the game is played into another hand"; the competitors



are not the same as in 1100. The Papacy has passed through some vicissitudes since the days of Gregory VII. Under Innocent III. (1198) it has reached the climax of its mediæval power, and this, like the climax of every system, has been the turning point of its course. A new power has appeared on the scene of Europe—France; at last emerged from its wasting struggle with England, a united and ambitious power. By violence and by successful corruption she subdues the Papacy to a position of the meanest dependence, and for seventy years, from 1305 onwards, the Pope consents to reside at Avignon as a vassal in the territory of France. She also interferes as soon as possible in Italy. In 1301, Charles of Valois has already interfered on the Pope's behalf in Florence; but it is not till 1401 that Charles VIII. invades Italy with all the power of France, beginning, as some think, by this action the era of modern European politics. Florence he found just paralysed by the death of Lorenzo dei Medici; and the other Italian cities, which had long forgotten the inroads of the German Emperors, were unable to resist him. He went south as far as Naples; but just as he came without a definite policy, so he returned without much effect. The Papacy, however, was soon to recover from its weakness; the Spanish Borgias seated themselves in Peter's chair, bringing with them, if not the principles, at any rate the aims, of their countryman Loyola, and his devotion to the Holy See. To protect it they revived their temporal claims, and entered the conflicts of the century as competitors for the soil and revenues of Italy. Meantime, Germany too had reappeared on the scene. In 1508 Maximilian is marching against Venice.

Amid these conflicts of great powers the small and disunited Italian towns play an insignificant part. The tyrants who control them do their best to find protectors, but there is no question of high ideals or national aspirations. Venice in some sort weathers the storm; at least she preserves her independence and does not open her gates to the foreigner.

The other cities take or are forced to take sides in the great triangular contest between the French King, the German Emperor and the Pope. It is waged with varying fortune. In 1525, Francis of France is overthrown in the decisive battle of Pavia, which ends French aspirations in Italy. In 1527, the Pope, proving too troublesome to the Emperor, is rewarded by the storm and sack of Rome.

With these events we may close the fifth period of Italian history. No definite results are attained, except that no single power is left with a dream of conquering Italy. The Austrian Emperors hold Milan, the French Genoa, the Spaniards Naples, where a long and separate contest with the French has left them in possession. The Popes retain the Papal States; but no importance in the politics of Europe. This is the sixth period of Italian history. It is marked by one notable feature, the rise of the House of Savoy. All through the seventeenth century the princes of this line pursue the same cautious and far-sighted if sometimes rather devious line; till from Turin at last emerges the champion of a new political idea—United Italy. The storm of Napoleon's career left no lasting mark on Italy. He used the cries of freedom and democracy, as he used all other cries, to forward his personal aims; he gave Italy no political system, and the few changes he made in the map were quietly effaced by the Congress of Vienna. Nevertheless France had planted an idea in the country. The popular character of the Revolutionary movement and its vigorous resentment against foreign interference were examples not wasted on Italy; and the Italian people by degrees learned to follow them. The attempt was not found easy, and many insurrections against Austria and the Papal States failed. It was long before Italy learned to practise the policy she received with such enthusiasm in 1848, *L' Italia fara da se*—Italy will act for herself. In 1860, she accepted the aid of France, and after the bloody battles of Solferino and Magenta, most of Northern Italy passed to the House of Savoy, who lost however to France herself



the old province of Savoy, which Napoleon III. required as his remuneration for his aid. Soon afterwards Naples expelled her Bourbon rulers and placed herself under Victor Emmanuel. In 1866, when Prussia was fighting Austria on her own account, United Italy recovered Venice. Nothing now remained but Rome, and this was occupied by the Italian Government in 1870, when France, which had protected the Pope, lay prostrate before Prussia.

The policy of the Pope during all these changes had been against the people of Italy. This was partly because the movement, like the French movement before it, was in the hands of anti-religious people. The House of Savoy, however, was not objectionable to the Pope in this way, but the whole scheme of a United Italy clashed with the temporal power claimed by the Popes. Neither party would surrender their claim to Rome. United Italy won the day; the Pope betook himself to his spiritual weapons and excommunicated the Italian King. Excommunicated he still remains, and that is the situation to-day.

I may perhaps develop it at greater length elsewhere; for the present I will return to the past of Italy, as it meets the stranger's eye in her museums and memorials. First, then, of Etruria and the Etruscans.

I can date my own interest in these people precisely from the moment when I visited the Etruscan museum at Florence. As for their name I had known it since I was a school-boy, and at college I had read with languid interest Mommsen's discussion whether Rome owed anything to Etruria. But then, as Horace tells us, "things let down through the ears irritate the mind more slothfully than things subjected to the faithful eyes"; I had never seen the Etruscans. At Florence for the first time I did so.

I may say, with perfect truth, "I did so." The Etruscans have left us, as the chief datum in all questions concerning themselves, their own physiognomies. It was their custom to burn

the dead ; and to enclose the ashes in a stone coffin, on the lid of which they placed an effigy of the tenant. If he was a rich man, I imagine this was a genuine portrait ; otherwise, a typical Etruscan doing duty for the individual. Thus a collection of Etruscan coffins brings you at once into an assembly of Etruscans, where every face bears stamped upon it its Etruscan origin. As you submit to the impression, you feel at once the serious importance of the Etruscan problem. Whoever these people were, they must have had their own place in the culture of the world, and to neglect it seems not only to accept false conclusions about history, but in a manner to inflict an injustice on the helpless dead. For these faces on the Etrurian tombs seem to urge an appeal for justice. They possess an air of life not surpassed by any other effort of sculpture ; they seem to say — " This is what we were like three thousand years ago ; since our enemies have destroyed all our records and appropriated the chief discoveries and ideas of our civilisation, we are here in person to remind you that we really lived, and if you wish to understand Rome, you must also understand us."

This, however, we can scarcely hope to do. Some features of Etrurian civilisation we can make out ; the religious constitution of the people's minds and the theocratic constitution of the state. They were deeply impressed with the problem of good and evil ; they were aware that hostile powers struggle for the soul, and the contest is represented in paintings on the walls of tombs, where winged spirits hover round the dying man, and carry off the soul to bliss or torment. They held that the unseen powers closely follow and direct the affairs of men ; and they invented the vast system of divination.

Their private life was luxurious and splendid. It is disputed how much of their art was merely bought from Greece ; but people seem agreed now that in jewellery and statuary the best work connected with them is their own. If this is so, their place is high indeed. At Florence there is a statue of an orator, with a deprecating pleading expression that evinces wonderful

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skill ; and there is a bronze chimaera which is a great masterpiece of poetic imagination ; the lion's head and the serpent that forms the tail of the deer issuing from the lion's side are all rendered with convincing power.

Then we know that they were the first to employ the arch, and the great sewer of Rome, the Cloaca Maxima, is one of their works. They surrounded their cities with walls of gigantic masonry ; and if we turn from land to sea, we find them before 500 B.C. disputing the Mediterranean with the Greeks and Phoenicians.

It is not easy, however, to connect all these achievements with the Etruscans of the Museum. They are, as the Romans observed, stout—pinguis—obesus ; and the cast of their features is somewhat dreamy and melancholy. Of course, the importance of this impression is not to be over-rated, but I believe no one would deny it. Perhaps, we may say it accords well enough with some things that we know of them, their luxurious habits, their love of feast and song. In fact, it is probably intended that these figures shall represent the departed in Paradise ; each bears a cup in his hand, and reminds us of Augustus in Horace's anticipation

\* \* \* recumbens

Purpureo bibit ore nectar.

It is not so easy to reconcile this with the engineering and military achievements of Etruria ; but, we may always say, these belonged to her early and vigorous days.

Their origin remains unknown to us. The Romans thought they were Asiatic, relying on old tradition and the apparent resemblance of their civilisation to those of Asia. As regards the latter point it must be remembered that the common character called Asiatic belongs to almost all civilisations known to us, with the exception of the Greek, Latin, and Teutonic ; and there can be no *a priori* reason to deny that an "Asiatic" civilisation may have grown up in Europe. There is nothing in the soil to prevent it ; and as for consider



ations of race, they may be disposed of by the reflection that we do not know what a race is, and if we did, we do not know what races there were in Europe four thousand years ago. As regards the positive tradition which derives the Etrurians from Lydia, we may set against it the fact that no trace of them remains behind, and their language does not resemble any other language known to us.

As their origin is mysterious, so also is the subsequent history of their blood and influence. Enthusiasts attribute to them every artistic inspiration that has ever come out of Italy; but crazes of this kind must be either taken or left alone; it is no use arguing over them. One thing is certain, that many of the objects in the Etruscan Museum do resemble in a curious way much later objects of Florentine art. There are the same grotesque and baroque forms; the same tendency towards chubby and dumpy outlines. Greek art, when it is imperfect, is just the opposite of this, stiff and angular. I do not pretend to explain this resemblance; there may have been some continuous traditions of Etruria surviving into Tuscany. The only thing I will say is that, though I believe in continuous tradition, I have no belief in heredity without it. I do not believe that tendencies can be transmitted in a race like an underground stream; they will disappear unless they maintain themselves in the form of traditions. The individual may throw back; not so the race.

However, let us say one word more of the Etrurians before quitting them. We owe almost all our relics of their civilisation to their tombs, which were vaulted chambers, furnished with all the apparatus of life. The number of these tombs amounted to many thousands, enough to supply a profitable occupation to the robbers of many successive ages, before scientific archaeology learned to value them. Dennis, in his *Cities of Etruria*, gives impressive accounts of the scenes which they presented before they were rifled, especially of one where the body of a warrior lay at full length apparently un-

changed after three thousand years of repose, and then slowly crumbled into dust, through the action of the air, within a few minutes after the tomb was opened. How weird a spectacle! Enough to repay the author for all the discomforts of his travels, and the inevitable disappointments of a time when the interesting relics were all in the hands of private collectors and speculators. To-day they are gathered in excellent museums, among which the Florentine museum deserves the highest place. There is no drawback to it except its crowd of attendants, a drawback that attends most public museums in Italy. Loquacious and corrupt as beings of their order generally are, they pursue the visitor in groups from room to room, chattering, spitting and coughing, to pass the time, and inventing small occasions for gratuities. If they would replace the labels when they have mouldered off the objects, or even learn half a dozen words of some language besides Italian, they might make themselves useful; as it is, their behaviour swells the long list of disagreeables that aggrieve the traveller in Italy.

However, modern Italy is a topic to come; now let us turn finally from Etruria to Rome. The reader will understand that I do not try to write of Rome in the same way as I have done of Etruria. One may assume a knowledge of Rome which few people possess of Etruria; and I confine myself to the Roman remains of Italy and their direct impression on the visitor.

Let me say at once that this impression is exceedingly sombre. Among the Roman ruins of Italy there is scarcely one which stands so far untouched as to convey the effect with which its builders endowed it. There is scarcely one which is not reduced to a shapeless heap of stones. Here or there stands a battered arch, or a column still left of many rows which once supported a temple; and occasionally, perhaps, there lingers some vestige of dignity or grace; but it lingers like a mockery, to aggravate our sense of loss. Wherever we turn

this sense of loss is renewed. There is nothing of which we can say, this at least is preserved; the tragedy of destruction is complete.

Undoubtedly, there is a fine field for the archaeologist; there is a field, too, for the artist,—if such he be,—who seeks the “picturesque.” I am neither of these; nor can I rejoice with the author of the Apocalypse, whose prophetic soul foretold the ruin that we see. “Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy angels and prophets, for God hath avenged you on her. And a mighty angel took up a stone like a mill-stone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all.”

Let us turn to the Forum, and see what we find there. The ground is the lowest part of Rome, a rectangular hollow, some eight hundred yards long by two hundred broad. It lies low not only because the site was originally low, but because accumulations of earth and rubbish have gradually raised the whole level of Rome; and since the Forum has been excavated, the level now reached lies below that of the surrounding streets. The result is a long shallow depression, looking, appropriately enough, like a large grave. At one end is the slight eminence of the Capitoline, on the west is the more conspicuous Palatine, on the east are houses and churches under which lie further tracts of classic Rome. To some extent these may be recovered; though not where the churches stand, as the Church herself does not view these excavations with much sympathy. They are carried on by the Italian Government,—and, under the present Director, with remarkable skill and judgment.

I must avoid the temptation of trying to describe all the buildings and sites of buildings in the Forum. Their number is amazing, till we recollect that the scene before us was the heart of Rome for a thousand years, and for many centuries the centre, religious, political and commercial, of the world. We then cease to wonder at the number of buildings, but still



admire the skill with which they were all brought into so small a compass. Temples innumerable, Record-Offices, Courts of Law, Triumphal Arches and Memorial Pillars all find room in their places, and besides all these, perhaps surpassing all in interest, is the Forum Romanum itself. With this we will begin a short tour of the whole excavation.

The present level of the Forum is that of Julius Cæsar, who repaired it, and provided underground channels to carry off the inundations of the Tiber. Cautiously removing part of this pavement the explorers brought to light a slab of black marble—a material not found elsewhere in Rome—which marked the spot where Romulus, according to ancient tradition, was either killed or buried. At some date and for some reason now unknown to us, this spot was formally desecrated and declared accursed. It is now the chief mystery of the Forum. Beneath the marble is the lower half of a cone, like the *pinda* of Shiva; two pedestals in the Etruscan style, where a pair of lions once mounted guard, and an old inscription ending with the words *Jovis estod*, “let him belong (as accursed) to Jove.” The meaning of the whole is lost to us; but it carries us fairly back to Republican days, which claim all the interest of the Forum. On one side of it are the marks of an enclosure, where tradition pointed out the site of Quintus Curtius’ chasm; a chasm which very likely did open, and accepted if it did not demand the historic act of devotion. Earthquakes and inundations were natural enemies of the city of Rome.

The Rostra where Cicero spoke have vanished; a structure of later times interests us by reproducing the form but not the exact site. Near it was the building where the standard weights and measures were kept, and the stones from which distances were measured to all ends of the earth. Near this again is a large paved rectangle where Cæsar built his Basilica, or Law Courts, a marble colonnade, of which nothing remains but the bases of the columns. Not without interest does the visitor observe scratched on the pavement the lines of draught

boards, where the idle fellows of the day used to amuse themselves.

The Forum and Cæsar's Basilica occupy the end of the excavation near the Capitoline, beyond them, practically every building is a temple. This fact is worth careful attention, for it illustrates the Roman character in a light sometimes ignored, as deeply and habitually religious. I will return to this topic again, only saying here that in the Roman Forum it sank into my mind with new and unexpected force. The few pillars that are still erect belong to temples, most of them restored in Imperial times. But the most interesting buildings are not conspicuous in this way. One large pile of ruins belonged to the vestal virgins. It was two stories high, and enclosed a large courtyard. The visitor may perhaps see it with some surprise, and learn for the first time, as I did, the high importance of the vestal virgins at Rome. They guarded the perpetual fire; they offered both daily and special prayers for the State of Rome; and they kept the Palladium and took charge of many public documents. In return for these services they enjoyed privileges which no political career could give, and were maintained by the state in this noble building. There are just a few traces of its grandeur left, such as fragments of tessellated pavement, that once covered all the courtyard.

The long tradition of the vestal virgins, their dignity and their patrician blood must have made them a remarkable body of women. With great curiosity does one interrogate the statues of various members of their body, which stand round the courtyard, to learn from their features, since no other relic of them survives, what sort of people they were. This curiosity, however, is balked in the Forum, for all the statues are ruined; but there is one in the Vatican which is adequate. It is a woman of middle age, wearing the dress of her station; with features indicating a grave composure of mind. The expression is what we seek to find; and we may say this, one statue fills up a blank in our conceptions of the Roman character.

Near the House of the Vestal Virgins is the Lake of Juturna. I call it by the familiar name; it is really a spring enclosed in a marble tank. In the centre is a marble altar, with reliefs of the finest workmanship. Behind it stands a figure of Æsculapius, with his symbolic cock; for the water was reputed to possess healing powers, and though it belonged to the native born Juturna, the Greek god of Hygiene was naturally introduced to preside over the scene. Christian Rome, which thought of nothing less than cleanliness, turned it into a latrine. To-day the excavations have rescued it, and the water is as pure as it flowed two thousand years ago, and the marble is fringed with maiden hair fern.

A pretty sight—and yet not interesting to the spectator for its outward charms, but for the famous legend that Castor and Pollux washed their horses here on the day of the battle of Lake Regillus. Macaulay has rendered it in matchless verse, relating the apparition of the strangers in the critical hour of the battle and their visit to Rome:—

But on rode those strange horsemen  
With slow and lordly pace;  
And none who saw their bearing  
Durst ask their name or race.

On rode they to the Forum,  
While laurel boughs and flowers,  
From house tops and from windows,  
Fell on their crests in showers.

When they drew nigh to Vesta,  
They vaulted down amain,  
And washed their horses in the well  
That springs by Vesta's fane.

And straight again they mounted  
And rode to Vesta's door;  
Then, like a blast, away they passed,  
And no man saw them more.

I must strictly forbid myself to describe other buildings in the Forum, and will only speak of two more features in the scene, the triumphal arches and the Sacred Way. At the end near the Capitol is the Arch of Vespasian, at the other end is the Arch of Titus. The architecture is similar in each case; and every one knows what an Arch of Triumph is like. The Arch of Titus is, perhaps, the most famous of the kind, because it commemorates so famous an event, the capture of Jerusalem. On the inner walls are reliefs representing the victor's procession at Rome, where a band of soldiers with laurels on their brows carry in triumph the golden candlestick, the chief glory of the Temple at Jerusalem. We see in it a symbol of the Temple and the era; neither Christian nor Jewish thoughts recall its form without reflecting that the fall of Jerusalem closed a chapter in the history of mankind.

Beneath the arch passes the Sacred Way, whose course—not always certainly known—ran from here to the Capitol. It is paved with polygonal slabs of blue stone, neatly laid and hard enough to resist ages of wear. As one stands by the Arch of Titus and looks towards the Capitol, it is impossible not to devote a retrospective glance to the processions that have passed along the Sacred Way. How many a proud conqueror has driven along it! What piles of spoil, what strange trophies have glittered in the air! And how many a haughty spirit, humbled to the dust, has dragged his limbs up the Capitoline slope, looked there his last on the cheerful day and descended to perish in the filth and darkness of the Mamertine dungeons!

In those days, too, how different was the scene around—at least in imperial days, when the finest architecture of Greece and Rome had been called on to ennoble it! One can dimly imagine the rows of steps and pillars, the architraves and cornices lifted high in the air against the background of the Palatine and Capitol, themselves crowned with the same majestic works. As we recall it the prayer of Horace rises on the memory—

Alme sol, curru nitido diem qui  
 Promis et celas, aliusque et idem  
 Nasceris, possis nihil urbe Romæ  
 Visere majus.

"O kindly Sun, who in thy glowing chariot dost bring forth and hide the day, who art born again the same and another, nothing mayest thou behold greater than Rome!" We do not read in this ode so much pride as wonder and gratitude mixed with grave thoughts about the future; thoughts half-suspicious, yet ignorant, by the irony of Fate, that within a few years, in a remote corner of the earth a prophet would be born to confound the Empire and the faith of his countrymen.

"*Vicisti Galilæe!*" seems to ring like an echo from every mournful stone in the Forum. I will not say we regret it, though the victory, as the Protestant sees it in Rome, may look like a defeat. But why need the victories of man be purchased at so tremendous, so appalling a price? It is not a small matter that the progress of the world has crushed to powder and scattered to the winds the civilisation of Rome. It would be easy for the speculative historian to rewrite the Decline and Fall in a tenor far remote from that which it followed. He might bring the Antonines round to the position which was so near, yet so far from them; he might infuse into Rome the new blood and new ideas of Germany by some other process than centuries of waste and ruin. Thus he might derive the modern from the ancient world by a harmonious and rational progress, which would have left us to-day a thousand things of beauty and some inspirations we have lost. There is nothing in this dream that is impossible or absurd; we can only say of it *dis aliter visum*. Rome perished; as if Providence abandoned all aims except to write on the heart of man the imperishable truth that his interests are not bound up with earthly names and institutions. But it is a heavy lesson, especially when we apply it to ourselves, who have no reason to think that the races or systems of to-day will always

succeed, where Rome failed, in quelling the unruly powers of evil that seek day and night to prey on the life of civilisation. *Nulla cosa puo durar se manco Roma.*

On the west of the Forum rises, as I have said, the Palatine Hill (168 feet high). It took its name from the humble rustic deity Pales, who is thus commemorated by the proudest buildings in the world. I suppose, however, none of these buildings exceeded in majesty the palaces of the old Palatine Hill. As we look up from the Forum, we see rows of immense arches running along the side of it, which carried some of them houses and some of them roads ascending to the summit. We may follow one of the roads passing under and over endless brick arches till we reach the open ground above. It has not been scientifically excavated like the Forum, and is mostly occupied by the remains of private gardens. The dark clusters of holm-oak trees, cedars, and cypresses form a landscape of a different character from the scene in the Forum, resembling more the bygone Rome of the poets and painters. The remains visible are chiefly walls, or bases of walls with bases of columns. We can trace the great hall where the Emperors granted audiences, 108 feet by 138; and our imagination can just restore the arches that covered it in and the brilliance of the marbles that encased its walls and pavement. Elsewhere we have the outlines of gardens, a race-course, and within the palace dining rooms and baths. Here the Emperors had a world to themselves; from which a few steps would take them to a view of the Forum below, where the heart of the Roman Empire beat in ceaseless pulsation. Milton has drawn the whole picture for us, describing how the Tempter showed Christ

their Mount Palatine

The imperial palace, compass huge and high  
Of structure, skill of noblest architects,  
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,  
Turrets and terraces and glittering spires.



Alme sol, curru nitido diem qui  
Promis et celas, aliusque et idem  
Nasceris, possis nihil urbe Romæ  
Visere majus.

"O kindly Sun, who in thy glowing chariot dost bring forth and hide the day, who art born again the same and another, nothing mayest thou behold greater than Rome!" We do not read in this ode so much pride as wonder and gratitude mixed with grave thoughts about the future; thoughts half-suspicious, yet ignorant, by the irony of Fate, that within a few years, in a remote corner of the earth a prophet would be born to confound the Empire and the faith of his countrymen.

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their Mount Palatine

The imperial palace, compass huge and high  
Of structure, skill of noblest architects,  
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,  
Turrets and terraces and glittering spires.



Thence to the gates cast round thy eye and see  
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,  
Praetors, pro-consuls to their provinces  
Hasting or on return in robes of State ;  
Or embassies from regions far remote  
In various habits on the Appian Road.

It is natural that from the Palatine one should turn to the Capitoline Hill ; but this has long lost its historic character. The chief relics of the past are the dungeons in the rock, which saw the death of so many noble enemies of Rome, of Vercingetorix, the Gallic hero, and Bar-Gioras, the defender of Jerusalem. Generosity was not the Roman policy towards such men ; the Romans were good friends, but unforgiving enemies.

There is one relic that still stands on the Capitol, though inside a museum, and which really belongs there, the Capitoline wolf. The best authorities believe it is the very wolf that was set up by the ædiles in 296 B.C. It is certainly a tremendous symbol of Republican Rome ; there is no nonsense about the art that created it. The style is hard and abstract, like that of Egypt, but instinct with life ; she looks the stranger fiercely in the face ; her muscles and swollen udders proclaim a health and vitality that will not yield to Time till the last hour insists on it. Beneath her two chubby boys (modern but excellent restorations) apply themselves to her teats.

As we look on this figure we realise pretty well what the older nations of the world had to face when they appealed to arms against Rome. It is amusing to think how little they realised it themselves. Lucumos of Etruria, decadent Greeks of Tarentum, Asiatic and African potentates, little you understood the she-wolf of Republican Rome ! Wiser heads than yours, Pyrrhus and Hannibal, took the measure of their foe, but dashed themselves against the rock in vain.

From the Capitol we will pursue a longer flight to the Coliseum. Every one knows the shape and appearance of this

building, as well as that of the Pyramids. It dates from 72 A.D., and its history is so full of interest, that I am tempted to copy out the whole of *Hare and Baddeley* \* on the subject. But we must be content with a glance at the chief episodes in the tale. There is not one of them that is not stained by blood and tears. The labour of building was performed by captive Jews, whose children, perhaps, gathered a dark consolation for their fathers' woes when they saw the arena loaded with the burned or bloody remains of Christian martyrs. Here St. Ignatius perished, the child whom Jesus blessed, the first of a long train of victims, young and old, high and low, learned and unlearned together, who sealed their confession with their blood. We can understand, if we do not accept, the legend that Gregory the Great once offered to certain foreign ambassadors a handful of earth from the Coliseum as a relic ; and when they were scarcely satisfied with it, he squeezed it between his fingers and blood flowed from it. While honouring these martyrs for a cause, we may spare a sigh for the hosts of barbarian captives who perished here, sometimes fighting with gladiators and beasts, and sometimes too in despairing indignation turning their weapons against themselves. Not till 403 did these scenes end, when a Greek monk, Telemachus, rushed between the combatants, and insisted that they should kill him before they killed each other. He perished, but a mood of contrition passed over the audience, and the fights were discontinued.

So we may, if we will, as every visitor tries to do, re-build the broken arches, and stretch the awning overhead, and re-people the seats with the ninety thousand spectators who once filled them. In the imperial "lodge" at the end of the arena, we may place the Emperor on his throne of gold, and round him the fashionable lords and ladies of Rome. From Ovid and

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\* These authors in their *Walks in Rome* have produced so excellent a guide-book that there can never be any question of improving it.

from Martial we may learn not only what they saw, but how they looked and what they said to each other. A great deal of it resembled what the same people say to each other to-day, at Royal Ascot and elsewhere. Not all of it was cruel or vicious, there was plenty of good humour and polished wit and gallantry. No doubt, too, there was real virtue and innocence, even amid that audience; for the development of human nature is strangely one-sided, and advances far along some paths while it lingers on others. And this we must believe, unless we believe that the Romans from Augustus to the Antonines were all alike surrendered to the basest passions. Such a conclusion is impossible; and I believe on many grounds that even in Pagan Rome there were not only Stoic philosophers but pure homes and virtuous families. There is a picture, I think, by Sir E. Poynter, an artist with real insight into Rome, which represents a mother kissing her little boy just as he goes to witness his father's triumph. It is rightly conceived, with a play of fine emotions which we sometimes suppose, though wrongly, to belong to modern times. But we can never allow enough for the subtlety of human nature, which did without doubt mingle hostile elements in the people of imperial Rome.\*

To-day there is little left of the building but its outer shell; generations of Romans have used it for a quarry. Indeed I may say that the complete disappearance of ancient Rome is due chiefly to this, that modern Rome is built out of it. The Arch of Titus in the Forum tells a plain tale of this destruction, for its angles are scored with notches which carts have made in the course of centuries, as they passed under it, from the Forum, and ground their axles against the corners of the arch. As the accumulation of soil grew, it raised the level of the road, so that the last notches are several feet above the first. Countless loads of marble have passed that way, tiles, slabs, and pillars from the distant lands, to embellish the

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\* Yes, even in the breast of one man; for where are more gold and filth mingled in a few pages than in the writings of Catullus?

churches and palaces of Rome. The Coliseum too has yielded up not only its magnificence but much of its solid under-structure. Some years ago it was covered with a remarkable vegetation, which extended to four hundred species of plants, some of them actually unknown elsewhere. It is surmised that they were imported accidentally along with the wild animals for the arena. They lent the Coliseum a singular beauty and, perhaps, those critics may be right who say they were not doing so much harm to the building, but they might have been left there.

Much else I might say about the Coliseum, how it was a fortress in the middle ages, and how Cellini saw a wizard fill it with legions of devils—for which see his fascinating and veracious autobiography. I recommend this to the reader, and, forcing myself onwards, take next on our route the Pantheon. In external appearance this is a large round building, surmounted by a flat dome. The effect is not impressive: a flat dome is flat in more senses than one, and this dome style of roof did not culminate in external grandeur till Brunelleschi raised his skiey vault over the Cathedral of Florence. Your feelings remain perfectly tranquil at the first sight of the Pantheon. Enter it, however, and you seem to have passed under an enchantment. You find yourself in a vast round chamber, whose walls are not pierced by a single window, which is nevertheless filled by a clear yet mellow light that visits every object around you. The secret of this effect is one small aperture in the centre of the roof, that you cannot see without looking directly upwards, an aperture that is boldly open to the sky. There is something very refreshing and suggestive about this arrangement; the contrast between the confinement of the building and the free range of the sky beyond it gives the imagination just that impulse to travel which it needs so much and often waits so long for. Moreover, as I have said, the effect within the building is delightful. One learns by experience to associate large buildings with

ugly and inconvenient shadows ; under the roof of the Pantheon everything swims in light.

It was built in the first days of the Empire by Marcus Agrippa, whose name stands over the portico ; "*Vir simplicitati proprior quam deliciis*"—"A man who preferred simplicity to luxury." Destroyed by lightning, it was re-built by Hadrian, and when Christianity triumphed it was taken over by the Roman Church. The pagan gods were deposed from the niches in the walls and Christian saints established there ; later on the walls were adorned with the usual rococo tombs. Most of the marble and the roof of gilt bronze disappeared, still you can say of the Pantheon, what you cannot say of any other Roman building in Italy, that it exists in sufficient preservation to display its intention as a work of art.

I do not propose that we should visit any other remains in Rome ; but we will make an excursion outside the city. It will only be one excursion, for every day when I was there (in December) the skies descended in continual torrents of rain and a visit to the Appian Way, projected several times, had to be abandoned. The expedition to Tivoli fared little better ; it came off without the sanction of Jupiter Pluvius ; however, though he spoiled it, he did not prevent it. I may say here that on the expedition I joined a party conducted by Prof. Reynault, a gentleman who makes it his vocation to lecture and take parties about Rome. If any of my readers should at any time visit the city, they will find him a most instructive and amusing guide.

The object of the expedition to Tivoli is first to visit the famous gorge in the Sabine Hills, where the Roman nobles had their country-houses and retired from Rome in the heats of summer. The particular spot which we visit was the favourite, because of the waterfalls that stream down the sides of the mountain. They are formed by natural springs bursting from the rock, some small, some very large and copious. The mechanical spirit of our age has appropriated them for electrical

purposes, and many of them have disappeared from sight, being conducted through artificial channels to turbines at the bottom of the valley. I believe the waterfalls that are still left will soon be utilised in the same way, and Tivoli will cease to interest anybody but engineers. The scholar may still go there, if he pleases, and try to conjure up Horace's Villa; he will not derive much assistance from the barren hill side and the few squalid houses of modern Tivoli. He had better spend his time lower down in the plain, wandering through the ruins of Hadrian's Villa.

Now as to what he will actually find there, as elsewhere in the historic sites of Italy, it is nothing at all. There is just one object that dwells clearly in my memory and that is a wall. A very ordinary wall, extraordinary in one respect alone, that it is six hundred and sixty feet long. It formed one side of an enclosure with a portico running round it, where members of Hadrian's suite could take a sheltered walk in wet or sunny weather. Let us remember this was only one annexe of the palace, which included everything that luxurious fancy could suggest, and everything on the same scale. And everything was provided not merely for the Emperor's personal needs, but for those of an immense and distinguished court. It was Hadrian's imperial pleasure to surround himself not only with public servants but with philosophers, artists, and writers of every school and every region in his domains. For these as well as himself he built this unimaginable villa, where he reproduced in miniature every great building and every wonderful scene in the Empire. He had been a traveller, He had seen Canopus and the vale of Tempe; and here on the Campagna of Rome he built his own Olympus and set his own Nile flowing, beneath the walls of a new Academy. He achieved his heart's desire; there are few men who have accomplished so fully every purpose that has crossed their mind. But where does he stand now in the history of men, and what is left of his works?



It will not be amiss if we pause a moment to answer these questions. Hadrian is not reckoned among the great originating rulers of mankind ; he did not, like Augustus, evolve system out of chaos and rescue a civilisation. He was not a great conqueror like Alexander. He does not, therefore, enjoy that measure of true fame which waits only on men like these, and cannot be secured by building oneself a palace or a tomb. If Hadrian had lived in different times, he might perhaps have shown more original power ; but this remains uncertain : Destiny seems at any rate to have confined his opportunities to consolidating the work of his predecessors. This much he certainly did ; strengthening and organising the imperial power, and making it felt throughout the world. He travelled incessantly, dividing his time between public interests and recreation ; pursuing experience, whether in the society of philosophers and artists, among religious assemblies, or solitary on the peak of Etna. He had a passion for building, and probably no man, not even Augustus himself, has ever set on foot more building enterprises. Wherever he went he conceived some purpose of this kind, and the Villa at Tivoli must be viewed as an epitome or memento of all he had seen or done.

The more we consider him the more we feel the difficulties of his character. It is clear that the old Roman type has vanished, the type which we gather from Plutarch and Livy and find illustrated on the Roman coins. We can trace it through many generations, from Scipio to Cæsar and Augustus, but we always feel the presence of it. *Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose* ; we are still dealing with Romans. But by Hadrian's time, the type has vanished ; and what is left us is a book difficult to read. The collision of nations and ideas has produced the eclectic cosmopolitan culture of Hadrian. Sometimes we may see in this a new impulse of human nature, and sometimes merely a drowning effort to float above the tide of confusion.

It must be remembered that we know nothing of Hadrian's inner life. We know that he tried everything ; every charm of

art, nature and literature, every appeal—save one—that religion in his day addressed to the heart. The world knows the story of Antoninus. But in such a life there was no room for faith—even the faith of the philosopher; and that at least was a consolation Hadrian missed. No doubt if we could draw aside the veil we might find a resemblance between the last stages of his consciousness and those of another Emperor, who like Hadrian was a builder, a connoisseur, a mystic and a voluptuary, the Preacher of Ecclesiastes.

- "I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards,  
"I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and  
of the provinces; I gat me men singers and women singers,  
"And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not  
my heart from any joy,  
"Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the  
labour that I had laboured to do, and behold all was vanity and  
vexation of spirit."

Hadrian's memoirs have perished; yet he cannot have despised religion or philosophy, since he chose Antoninus and Marcus Aurelius to succeed him. The stream of Time has carried down to us his dying verses:—

*Animula blandula vagula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quae nunc abibis in loca?  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.*

"Soul of mine, pretty one, flitting one,  
Guest and partner of my clay,  
Whither wilt thou hie away?  
Pallid one, rigid one, naked one,  
Never to play again, never to play."

We have now surveyed the chief memorials of old Rome; what remains is to be found in the various Museums of the city, which belong to the Pope, the Italian Government, and the Municipality of Rome. To these the stranger may go to learn in the first place, something of the splendour of Rome. The



buildings now standing on their sites have long ago surrendered the last vestige of their decoration. If we can—however rarely—discern their size, we can never realise their splendour. For this we must go to the museums. Here we shall see carving from their walls, marble pavements, and great vases of precious stone which formed part of their furniture. For these Roman taste had a great and well-judged inclination. There is no object so fitted to adorn a palace as a fine porphyry vase. The colour and grain of the material seem to bestow on it a natural nobility; and the fine outlines of art are like the added graces of education. Its evident cost is an argument of the possessor's power; and costliness is not a feeble attribute when other attributes are present. It is when we miss them that we look with contempt on profuse expenditure. And East and West, in palaces of every kind, how rarely we see the union of splendour and good taste! I sink oppressed by my recollections of palace interiors.

But such is not the moral of the Borghese collections, or of the carving in the Capitoline museums. In the latter you will especially admire the wreaths of fruit and flowers, carved in deep relief, where fancy and realism contribute their influence in equal parts. You will see how exuberance may ally itself with taste and self-control; and Art in her happy inspirations remain both chaste and prodigal of her favours.

Then for a change you may wander among rows of portraits, rendered by a skill which no generation of men will surpass. You will find among them the children of Augustus' family, happy, healthy, childlike children; and those imperial ladies, their mothers. Whatever truth there may be in the dark tales of Suetonius, it has not left its mark in these marbles. What can I say of Plotina, whose countenance expresses so beautifully all that is gentle, cultivated and serene?

There is one relief that shall keep us a little longer, a sarcophagus in the Ludovisi museum. It represents a contest between legionaries and savage Gauls. The Gauls have got the

worst of it, and are just begging for mercy. There is no mercy however in their enemies; the Roman soldiers with grim satisfaction and even a pitiless jeer on their faces are mowing them down. But at that moment an officer interferes, an officer of high rank, you may know him by his horse and his distinguished dress. He stretches out his hand with a gesture, at once of command to his soldiers and clemency to the vanquished. His attitude is free and noble, and his face combines authority and culture. It is a fine trophy of art and a fine memorial of the higher spirit of Rome.

But it is growing time that I should relinquish for the present the subject of Rome. I do not mean to do so without a final glance at her character and history. If I inflict too much on the reader, the reason may partly be that I am conscious of making what he too perhaps ought to make, an act of reparation towards the *manes* of Rome. To appreciate her greatness is not natural, perhaps not commendable in the boy or the young man. In the early days of our life, before the instincts of chivalry and generosity have deserted us, we find much that is repellent in the character of Rome. Her unvarying success annoys us. We find her harsh—to individuals—in the hour of victory; and disagreeably self-sufficient. She has no such figures on her side as Hannibal and Pyrrhus, Sertorius and Vercingetorix, Boadicea and Arminius. Whatever is romantic and generous in our natures ranges itself on the side of these great unhappy heroes.

We must learn, however, to make fair comparisons and to judge by appropriate standards. Rome will then be found not more aggressive but only more successful than other races; when we read of Ariovistus in Cæsar's commentaries we shall remember Brennus and Alaric, and we shall place Cæsar in his true light as the champion of Italy rather than the conqueror of Gaul. We shall give Rome her due credit at least for clemency towards nations; we shall not forget Flaminius and Marcellus.

But above all, we learn by the experience of mature years that wherever Rome won, the cause of civilisation won. No type of human character surpasses, perhaps, none has equalled the general type of Rome. I do not think it has yet received enough justice. We are still too prone to think of the Romans as mere soldiers. We forget their love of domestic life, of agriculture, and their respect for honest trade. We remember certainly their achievements in the field of law, but we overlook, perhaps, the reality of their religious sentiments and the amenities of their social intercourse.

Interesting evidence on this point may be gathered from the vocabulary of the Latin language. The vocabulary of a nation no doubt shows us with sufficient accuracy the range of its ideas; and if we interrogate the Latin language we shall find it remarkably copious in expressions to denote shades of social and moral character. Many of these words would repay examination; *comis*, for instance, which occurs in Ennui's line,

Homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam  
Quasi lumen a suo lumine accendit, facit.

It means "humane." Other interesting words are those connected with friendship, with good manners and the social graces, *hilaris*, *lepidus*, *jucundus*, *elegans*, *concinuus* and many others. These all belong to the old Latin language, before the Greek influence, and the ideas are inherent in Rome. If we turn to the pages of Plutarch to verify this impression, we shall find many impressions of old republican Rome which confirm it and anticipate Cicero and Pliny, the cultured and civilised Romans of later times. We shall understand then how the Roman character appreciated so readily Greek art and literature and submitted to their influence.

As regards Roman religion I feel bound to think better of it than some who have more claims to judge it. Mommsen, for instance, tells us that "it early became shrivelled into an anxious and dreary round of ceremonies." But this does not

accord with the feeling present in Latin literature ; and we know that from first to last throughout Roman history men of the noblest character observed the ceremonies of religion with scrupulous care. One of the Capitoline reliefs depicts Marcus Aurelius offering incense to the gods— will any one who has read his Memoirs believe this was a mere ceremony of State? Or to put the argument in another way, if Rome produced one Lucretius, why did she not produce many more? The reason is that she felt a blank in her system, which she was neither able to fill nor to forget, and which remained empty till the triumph of Christianity.

In fact, the history of the Roman religious consciousness presents one of many mysteries in the religious history of man. We might suppose in the early days of Rome that religion started with a favourable chance of reaching the greatest heights of purity and influence. The old Roman religion was sensible and elevated. It was free from cruel or licentious rites ; it stood close to man in all his daily actions, and it was closely, even sternly, allied to morality. It seems that only a step was wanting to reach a religion as exalted as that of the Jews but more humane.

That step, however, was never taken. The religion of Rome never expanded. Other religions came to Rome, bringing with them that spirit of devotion and rapture which was perhaps the one thing wanting in the native system, and whenever they came they rapidly made way. Bacchus, Mithras, and Isis soon had their followers ; and the faith of the Nazarene was accepted as easily. When Paul came to Rome in A.D. 60, he found Christianity had preceded him and penetrated the household of Cæsar.

Of this, however, I say no more at present, but return to the type of the Roman character. The point I have made is that from the first it possessed many elements and was not that of the mere soldier. No doubt in various men these elements were variously mingled ; no national character is uniform.

But in all the old Romans we must suppose the same tenacity, the same practical sense. We must suppose, too, that they communicated these to other races, within Italy and even without it. The spread of the Roman Empire is to some extent a spreading of the Roman spirit. Conversely, some of the conquered races brought with them gifts that did not belong to Rome, but have enriched her fame; it will be found, for instance, that of all the Latin authors there is scarcely one who was a Roman. The relation of Rome to Greece is a well-worn subject, and I need not say here what Rome actually borrowed. On the whole it seems to have been the superficial parts of the achievements of Greece; the deeper parts passed on as a heritage to Christianity. This remains true even when we have reckoned up such different parts of the debt as a taste for statues and systems of moral philosophy. I believe the same is also true if we ascend to the remote times when Rome was a debtor to Etruria; what she accepted was chiefly in external fields and did not affect her politics or her character.

This, however, is more or less speculative; it is not a matter of speculation what the world owes to Rome. It is not quite true that she gave Greece to the world; this achievement belongs rather to the Fathers and the Schoolmen. Rome can only claim to have disseminated the graces of Attic style and certain ideas of the later philosophers. But Rome taught the world the art of civilisation on a grand scale; the organisation of social forces, so combined as to bring together under the protection of the State all sorts and conditions of men. Whatever failures interrupted her, she set the conception before the eyes of mankind as an ideal. As to her fall, it may be doubted whether all the explanations explain it. We can no longer accept the naïf explanation which identified everything Pagan with vice; there were Pagans of the highest principles and character down to the last. When we approach the final scene closely, we can only say that Rome fell for want of energy. If we ask why this failed, we may say that over-organisation seems



to have crushed local spirit; and over-taxation in favour of Italy to have depressed the Provinces. But it remains unexplained why no reaction attacked these evils; when it became clear that the civilisation of Rome was threatened, people knew very well what they were losing. We may, of course, point out that the energy of the times went largely into the development of Christianity; but one may still ask why this failed to ally itself with the defence of the social order.

I believe that on the ruins of Rome we must be content to inscribe as an epitaph the word which Victor Hugo found on the wall of Notre Dame, *Anagke*, Necessity, which carries men forward not by the ideal path which we should choose ourselves but by other courses full of mystery and pain. Sometimes this power bestows on men the gift of energy and sometimes she withholds it. Where she gives it, she gives, too, on the whole, the higher instincts which find expression in ideas and systems. Within what limits these protect or dissipate energy no philosophy can say; it is certain that when it is fled they cannot revive it. Such is the lesson of Rome and of all dead civilisations. They exist not to make life easier, but to teach us how hard it is.

At this point, however, it is time to become concrete again; and I propose to visit with my reader a few relics of Greece. Let us shake off Rome awhile and pass on to Naples, and from there to Paestum. It is about fifty miles from Naples, and now that bandits have been abolished it belongs to the regular tour of Southern Italy. The chief attractions of the place are two temples, both in the Doric style of architecture, one inferior, the other a perfect model of its kind. The pillars of the first are narrow at the top and look like champagne bottles; those of the other have found exactly the right proportions for the style. They are all standing, the roof is standing, and the building preserves its full effect. Beautiful as it is, I think one's taste for the pillar and lintel style cannot fail to be spoiled by acquaintance with the arch. An arch is alive; and a



building composed of arches is like a community of men; even to exist it must impose a harmony on its members, and in the masterpieces of this style the harmony becomes a marvel. Beside such a composition as Notre Dame any Greek temple subsides into the second order of buildings.

Of the pathetic interest of the Greek temples I will say nothing more because I have said so much on similar topics already. But I should like to have been present in the Mediterranean three thousand years ago, when the Greek Colonies were settling on its shores. I suppose men never sought new homes under brighter auspices. Wherever they went, they found the same sunny skies and seas, the same panorama of mountains and sea-girt plains, the same world of kindly nature. They took with them the memories of their old cities; and sacred symbols to recall their homes, "fair leaves and flowers and sacred dust," as one of their poets says. Paestum is now one of the few places where any relic of their age survives.

Of Greece itself we have the famous collections in the Vatican and the other Roman museums. The names of these are known throughout the three worlds and the reader will like to hear something of their effect on the visitor.

In the first place, it is something that cannot be discounted by any previous acquaintance with photographs or casts. It is curious that this should be so, but the assertion is unquestionably true. It might not be true of first rate copies in marble, but people who could afford these do not buy them, through some obscure law of our minds which makes us indifferent to copies. Accordingly the treasures of the Vatican can remain at ease on their pedestals, waiting for the homage of their visitors, who come and must come from the farthest corners of the world as long as the world lasts.

For, certainly, there is nothing in human art—there is no possibility of anything—that will depose from their place the finest Greek statues. They are perfect in every way, in proportion, in grace and in faithful representation of the subtle

muscular balance that support the body. They are perfect, too, in their representation of character, and finally perfect in the grandeur of the characters conceived.

This is much to say, and it is by no means said of all the statues in the Vatican. But consider for one moment what they are. They are merely the fortunate relics of a general destruction.\* The mass of the old masterpieces—far more than ninety-nine per cent. of them—perished ignominiously; the marbles were burned to make lime, the bronzes were cast into spears. So to begin with, we have very little left of Greek art in any shape, and that includes scarcely any thing of the best period. There is in fact only one statue which all critics allow to be the genuine work of an "old master," the Hermes of Praxiteles, which is not in Rome but far away in Olympia. The famous pieces of the Vatican are all copies, some of them very good copies,—some very bad. And here we may recall the saying of Praxiteles, that great art is distinguished by its perfect finish; the copies which neglect to reproduce that are worthless.

However, in the galleries of Rome one may find a few things that silence all criticism. Such is the head of Juno in the Ludovisi museum. It is placed beyond a perspective of arches, perfectly lighted, and free to strike its own harmony without a jarring note. I have said that before it all criticism is silenced, I might say, one's whole nature seems to be silenced. We find ourselves before a life—a being—a world, that is far away out of our reach. In this no doubt there is some undercurrent of sexual feeling, for the face is that of a beautiful woman; but it is not Venus, addressing the spectator, *toto jactans e corpore amorem*; it is the consort of Jove, the Queen of Olympus,

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\* Some of them have been saved by the queerest of chances; those which ornamented the tomb of Hadrian were tumbled on to the heads of the barbarians in one of the Roman sieges, and were rewarded for this service by lying safe under the mud in the ditch, till they were rescued by some artistic Pope of later times.

looking beyond us at something we cannot see. She is gazing at the Elysian fields—

Apparet divom numen sedesque quietæ  
 Quas neque concutiant venti nec nubila nimbis  
 Aspergunt neque nix aeri concreta priuna  
 Cana cadens violat semperque innubilus aether  
 Integit, et large diffuso lumine rident.

—it lies

Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns  
 And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.

To these regions belong the spirit of the Ludovisi Juno; not to that mansion of the blest which Fra Angelico with diviner insight painted in his cell at Florence, but still to a world which embodies the dearest of the waking dreams of men.

She remains to me the most impressive figure in Rome; and beside her I cannot place either the head of Zeus in the Vatican or Apollo Musagetes that stands not far away. The last seems scarcely Greek at all; it breathes more the spirit of romance, the restless aspiration, the passion that can neither express itself nor find the Cynosure of the soul:—

The desire of the moth for the star  
 Of the night for the morrow,  
 The longing for something afar  
 From the scene of our sorrow.

It is the mark of Greek art to have conquered its problems; in the phrase of Plato, it sets a limit on the unlimited, it brings order out of chaos; it detects and with iron hand imposes on Nature the mean of art—we misread this doctrine of the mean if we think of it as something passionless; it is passion controlled and directed to an end.

Turning to other statues in the Vatican, we have the allegory of the Nile, a most noble image of grave benevolent age; the marble Faun, listening to the echoes of his flute, wrapped in a reverie of subtile recollections; and Ariadne's beautiful but weary face, as she lies deserted by her false love, sunk in a repose of sorrow and exhaustion. We have Demosthenes and

Sophocles, perhaps as their countrymen knew them in the short heyday of the genius of Athens.

We can stay with them no more ; for these though part of Italy are yet not a part of her ; they are borrowed glories, and it is a strange irony of Fate that has placed them under the protection of the Popes. I know not what is thought of them in the inner councils of the Vatican, or whether His Holiness of to-day blesses the too catholic taste of his predecessors. At any rate the late Pope determined that these representatives of Paganism should not add indecency to their other offences and he has adorned them all with a vestige of clothing. The Municipality has not adopted this policy, and I for one think they are right. We are not all obliged to interest ourselves in Greece, but if we do, let it be living Greece, undisguised by the plaster of modern decorum.

From museums we step once more into the open air, and following our historical plan return to Naples, to visit Pompeii. We take the morning train from Naples and descending from Pompeii station join the large crowd of tourists, touts, beggars, pedlars, guides, and ragged boys that is streaming towards the ruins. These do not proclaim themselves to the outer world ; they lie concealed in a low grassy hill, which is entered by a cutting. Passing through this we find ourselves at once admitted to the City of the Dead. The change of scene is sudden and complete, for the rabble vanish and Pompeii is large enough to swallow up hundreds of tourists. You are not obliged to take a guide—a blessed innovation which shows more sympathy with the traveller than anything else that I remember in Italy. You can be alone, the whole day long, or as long as your inner man consents, for the Italian Government, which makes forty thousand lire a year out of visitors, does not provide a refreshment or a retiring room. However, let us be grateful for what we do enjoy. The excavations have been well made, and the place is kept clean, a state of things which the people of Naples would not tolerate for a moment.

The features of the town may be considered under three heads—the ordinary streets, the principal houses, and the public buildings. First, then, of the ordinary streets.

They are all at right angles to each other, very long, sometimes broad, and always regular. They have all side pavements, between which the roadway is sunk about a foot. It is paved with polygonal slabs of stone, carefully fitted and levelled; and at intervals it is crossed by square stepping stones, so that all carriages in Pompeii must have been regulated to one size, to allow of their wheels passing between these stepping stones. The houses on each side are built of stone and concrete. What is left of them at present is the walls of the first storey, with no sign of the roof or ceiling, or the second storey which occasionally existed. The rooms have all been thoroughly cleared, and look fairly large and comfortable. In many of the houses the front room was a shop.

The visitor might walk up and down some miles of these streets; but his impatience would soon lead him to the large houses of the chief citizens of Pompeii. The plan on which these are built is one familiar in hot countries; the centre of the building is occupied by a court, and the various living rooms surround it. In a large house there may be two of these courts, and one may be occupied by a garden, and the other paved with mosaic, while in each case there is a fountain and a cistern in the centre. The roof probably rests on a fluted colonnade. The effect of the whole is extremely spacious.

Leaving these houses for a moment, we will explore a few of the public buildings and open spaces of the city. There is an amphitheatre, for public games; there are two theatres, a vast range of public baths, and a magnificent forum, where the bases of pillars mark the sites of arches and colonnades. There are very beautiful temples, to Jupiter and Isis, and Apollo—whose names remind us of the composite character of Pompeian life. We must now try and discern what that life was like.



We shall find it amply illustrated by the museums, both at Naples and at Pompeii itself. The very food of the Pompeians is preserved; grain of many kinds and loaves of bread. Their implements of all kinds are displayed before us, apparatus for cooking and heating water, tools, articles for the toilet and surgical instruments. Beyond all these we have the Pompeian works of art. The walls of the better houses were covered with paintings, partly landscapes, partly scenes from mythology. Some of them are still at Pompeii, most have been removed to Naples. This difficult operation has been performed with great skill; but it will hardly be rewarded in the end, for the paintings since their exposure to the air are rapidly fading. The best known of them is the dado of Cupids which runs round the house of the Vettii. It represents these little deities pursuing all the occupations of men, gathering the vintage, holding races, and keeping shop, with a charming play of fancy that delights every visitor. Of the mass of paintings we may say they seem to be the second-rate work of a finished School of Art, and provoke rather than satisfy our curiosity as to what antiquity really achieved.

This character of the paintings is due to a fact that accounts for much else in Pompeii, an earthquake which overthrew the town shortly before the eruption of Vesuvius destroyed it. There had just been time to rebuild it, perhaps with wider and straighter streets, and more ambitious public buildings, but with much hasty work in the masonry and the decoration of private houses.

Now when we contemplate all these features of Pompeii together, what conclusions about the life of the city present themselves? One is struck from first to last with the advanced character of the civilisation visible. Of course, we may be deceived in some of our inferences, and if we could fill Pompeii again with the teeming population of A.D. 79, we should find the seamy side of its life; but in the ruins of to-day this is not what we think of. The wide streets, the arrange-



ments for drainage and bathing, point to a systematic cleanliness which is the very foundation of health, and which, let us add, is the invariable mark of the influence of Rome. The small houses look comfortable, the large houses magnificent. Public and private life, in every respect, are considered and provided for.

Beyond this, the whole place is instinct with the keenest perception of beauty. Some of the finest relics of ancient art have come from Pompeii; the mosaic of the battle of Issus, the small bronzes of Narcissus and the Dancing Faun. All these came from *one* house in Pompeii; and they are only part of the treasures we have recovered. Innumerable bronzes and cameos and gems enrich the Naples museum; many of the latter quite perfect in their beauty. Beauty, indeed, seems to have been part of the vital air of these people.

So indeed, I believe, was religion. I felt many times in Italy that we dismiss too easily the popular faith in the deities of the Roman Pantheon. We imagine too easily that Jupiter and Æsculapius continued for centuries to be merely the themes of artists. If this had been so, would the people of Pompeii have troubled to rebuild their temples in A.D. 63, merely to admire their columns, when they had so many columns around them already? I cannot think so, and I cannot doubt that the influence of the Pagan religion was in many directions noble and elevating. But how far this assertion may be carried I cannot say, because the laziness of earlier years has left me ignorant of things that may, perhaps, be known.

It has certainly not left me without curiosity; above all, curiosity about Isis. I learned long ago from the pages of Martial that the ladies of Rome paid many visits to the Temple of Isis, but what they went for, according to him, was not exactly to improve their morals; *facultas moechandi*, says one of the commentators. As this seemed very probable, I remained content with it, till one day I found Isis looking at me

under the roof of the Vatican, a cold white image of the purest marble, with grave austere and "other-worldly" features. In her hand, to be sure, she held that objectionable rattle ; but, at any rate, she did not look like the presiding spirit of licentious orgies. And this is her own account of herself, as Apuleius records it :—

"I am Mother Nature, Mistress of all elements, First-born of the ages, Queen of names, Ruler of the gods, whose glance makes awful silence in the shining heights of heaven, in the depths of the sea, and of the world beneath, whose unchanging being is worshipped with many rites and under many names, the Mother of the gods, Cecropian Minerva, Paphian Venus, Dictynnian Diana, Stygian Proserpina, Ceres, Juno, Bellona, Hecate, Rhamnusia,—but my true name is Queen Isis." And this no doubt is true of her ; she is the *ewige weibliche* of all creeds, the deity that man's devotion has so often created and enthroned and dethroned and reinstated in his heart. Expelled as the Mother of the gods she returns as the Mother of God ; if we neglect her when she offers peace in the name of the Church, she will assume her terrific form, and destroy us. "O Love," says Sophocles, "that keepest thy vigil on a maiden's soft cheek, neither immortal can escape thee nor mortal man ; and thy victim is sane no more."

But let us return to Pompeii. We may as well remember that not everything under the religious sanction of the ancients was edifying. There were things visible at every turn in Pompeii which stun the modern imagination. They are not visible now because the authorities have locked them up, and the custodians only open them to visitors in whose countenances they espy a chance of backshish. This no doubt is necessary, since the house of the Vettii is visited by troops of school-girls ; and it would not do for them to see the emblem on the front door or the statue of Priapus in the middle of the garden ; but an estimate of Pompeian civilisation must not forget these features of it. It appears to me, however, we can really make nothing

of them. The relation of morals to decency is one of the most obscure questions of human nature. It is certain that wickedness is often decent; and substantial virtue often permits a great deal of indecency. It is certain, too, that differences on ideas of decency (such as those existing between England and France) present an immense and disproportionate barrier against mutual understanding. One cannot therefore decide how much harm was done by the indecencies of Pompeii; it is sufficient to say that their presence divides us by a vast interval from that civilisation.

But the mood in which we leave the place must be one of sympathy. The sudden blow which fell upon it is one of the most terrible in history. We realise it in the little museum, where there are several plaster casts, formed in an ingenious manner by filling up the hollows in the ashes once occupied by corpses. They show us the last struggles of the inhabitants as they writhed under the fiery shower; and bring to mind with dreadful force the horrors of the occasion—the darkness, the unearthly uproar, the streams of lava, the shower of pumice stone and ashes. Nor when we recall the scene can we forget the skeleton of the Roman sentinel that was found upright in the gate of the town, grasping a spear; let us hope this at least is not one of the myths of "history".

The vivid impression of these corpses accords with all the other impressions of Pompeii; it is not a city of the dead but a city under a spell; we feel that the inhabitants are only gone elsewhere for a time and will some day return to reassume their property. Everything seems in such perfect order for them; with a little re-building Pompeii could be made in a few days one of the most comfortable towns in the world.

Yet the knowledge of the truth breaks in upon the mind and battles with this fancy, till the tension becomes unbearable. And all the while we are further distracted by the strange beauty of everything; the gardens in the large houses; the little views of the country at the end of the long streets

the smoking cone of Vesuvius in the background. We do not know which way to turn; we seem to have been carried to the last verge of melancholy experience. We hear behind us like the sound of waves upon a shore all that sages and poets have ever said of the vanity and pain and perplexing mystery of life. *Ave atque vale.*

Proceeding now a stage further, I will speak a little of the Christian antiquities of Italy. They form a world in themselves, which brings to the country many travellers who care nothing for Greece and Rome. I did not myself devote much time to them, because they offer little to see, though they are interesting to the archæologist.

What there is falls under two headings, Churches and Catacombs. The Churches take us back to about 600 A.D., possibly earlier. In many cases they have been remodelled out of Pagan temples or other buildings, and it is interesting to puzzle out their arrangements. One such is S. Maria Antiqua, in the Forum, which was formed out of the Library of the Temple of Augustus. Its walls are covered with frescoes of about 700 A.D. representing saints, martyrs, the crucifixion, the Virgin enthroned. One may note how the presence of this Church in the Forum completes the history of the place. It is now a ruin and is not used for public worship. Another building equally interesting is the Church of S. Maria in Cosmedin, (most of the Roman Churches are dedicated to Mary). It was built originally about 500 A.D., out of the remains of the Roman Corn Exchange; many times altered by later generations, and finally restored a few years ago with very great care to its early mediæval form. Perhaps I should not err in calling it the most interesting of the early Christian Churches in Rome. To describe its arrangements here would be tedious; it is enough to say they carry one back into a world as far distant from the present as that of the Forum or of Pompeii. It is not a large building, and is rendered still smaller in effect by its curious little windows, its

galleries and aisles and raised platforms. The arrangements are in the Greek rather than the Latin style.

In saying that such a building carries us back into the past, I do not wish to overlook the continuity of Roman ritual and faith which it evinces. The member of the Roman Church would from this point of view find himself thoroughly at home in it. But I suppose, too, he would feel as much as any one the distance that separates the early middle ages from to-day, which is marked by the rise and fall of the Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance styles. Perhaps what he would feel most acutely would be the possibilities now lost of a union between the Greek and Latin Churches, which are somehow indicated by the style of this building. Perhaps, too, he would feel—with me—the intensely ecclesiastical character of the architecture. This is impressed upon us by the arrangements for separating the men and women during the service, as though no earthly reflections should be allowed to intrude there. It is also due to the business-like character of everything; all the arrangements are definitely intended to meet the requirements of worship; inside and outside the place ignores the world of secular life. Other schools of architecture seem designed to vanquish the world on its own field, by superior splendour. This effect is not so devotional as that of the very early churches.

But still earlier than the Churches are the Catacombs of Rome. Everybody knows something about them, and every tourist at Rome visits one to verify his ideas. So accordingly did I, choosing like most visitors the Catacomb of St. Callixtus. The entrance is outside the city; one of many small scattered irregular buildings, such as lie on the fringe of great towns, tenanted by a few monks, whom I can only distinguish by their habits as brown. The visitors having purchased their tickets and a candle apiece are conducted down a staircase and follow their guide along a narrow passage about a yard wide. On either hand they observe niches or shelves in the rock, and the guide informs them that in these the bodies



of early Christians were originally buried and plastered up. He also shows them a small chapel, where service is still performed; and enquires if they are Catholics, which they generally are not. Shaking his head mournfully over this, he conducts them upstairs again, wraps up the ends of their candles, as mementoes, and places himself at the disposal of the next party. The proceedings are brief and uninteresting, as they are in every part of the world where arrangements are made for tribes of tourists.

Nevertheless there is a unique interest about the Catacombs, and if the reader is a buyer of books there is no book better worth adding to a small library of general culture than Northcote and Brownlow's *Roma Sotteranea*. It is half way in style between the popular and the learned, accurate and fair, and equally useful to Protestant and Catholic writers. It will tell him the true history of the Catacombs, and the nature of the objects deposited in them, and now preserved in the museums of Rome.

Their total length has been estimated at five hundred miles. They formed from the very earliest times not only burial grounds, but meeting places of the Christians, who were driven underground by the hostility of the Pagans. Many of the chambers used for this purpose were decorated; and their decorations along with the inscriptions on the tombs form the chief part of the evidence concerning the early Church which the Catacombs afford. After the triumph of Christianity they were gradually disused; and for almost a thousand years remained unvisited. Unlike the tombs of Etruria they contained nothing to interest thieves; and it was reserved for modern archæology to appreciate and explore their treasures.

We interrogate them with anxious curiosity to ascertain if they throw any light on the character of the early church. Some light they certainly do throw, they show us a mild unwavering faith in Christ, as guide and teacher. He is constantly represented as the Good Shepherd carrying the sheep on his shoulder,



a young man of benign aspect ; while the spiritual food on which he feeds mankind is represented by streams of water and cakes of bread. All the art is of this character ; there is nothing terrific about it ; no scene of martyrdom is represented, not even the Crucifixion itself. The inscriptions on the tombs breathe the same spirit. Where the character of the deceased is painted, it is the softer virtues that are dwelt upon. Here, for instance, is one of 362 A.D. :—

Mirae bonitatis secundo  
Quae vixit pura fide annis  
Viginti pudica cessavit  
In pace id virgo fidelis  
Bene merenti quiescet Id Jul  
Palumbo sine fells.

“To Secunda, of wonderful goodness, who lived with pure faith twenty years ; modest ; she died in peace, a faithful virgin, well-deserving, a dove without gall.”

There is generally added a prayer, “Mayest thou live in the glory of God and in the peace of Christ.”

This much and more to the same effect we can read in the inscriptions of the Catacombs ; but on other points we interrogate their evidence in vain. What relation do they indicate between Christianity and Paganism ?

Paganism, we must reply, they simply ignore. A few symbols of Pagan significance they may borrow, like Orpheus for instance ; but these are rare, compared with the far more numerous types adopted from the Old Testament. What again do they prove regarding the truth or falsehood of the Roman tradition ? To this we must reply, as far as the apostolic ages go, nothing. There is nothing in them inconsistent with the claims of Rome ; and in some respects they indicate practices in the early Church which Protestantism has rejected, such as prayers for the dead. But other conspicuous features of the Roman system are absent ; there is, for instance, no early mention or representation of the Virgin. When, however, we

reflect that there is no representation of the Crucifixion we can see that this proves nothing.

I hope it will not weary the reader, or, if he is a learned man appear to him too absurd, if I here introduce a digression on this problem of early Christianity. Considering the range of the Christian religion, it is not too much to say that its original and native character is the most interesting question in all the human past. How strange then is the fact that it is not only the least soluble of such questions but that which puts the greatest differences between mankind. It is still possible for learned and sincere men to hold that the very existence of Christ is a myth, a revival of an ancient heritage of myths belonging to the whole of Asia. Accepting Christ as a real person we have the conflicting views of Catholics and Protestants as to his teaching and the practice of his Church. The interval which separates their views from each other is as great as that which separates each of them from the rationalists, and admits of no compromise whatever; while each of them is supported by men of even greater learning and sincerity.

This chaos of opinions is partly accounted for by the extreme scarcity of evidence regarding anything in the Apostolic Age. What evidence we have consists chiefly of late traditions; and the contemporary evidence, such as it is, remains, as a rule, inscrutable. Even where it appears to one mind clear, another sees it in quite a different light. Protestants, for instance, see it as an obvious fact that Paul stood outside the system of Rome; while the Roman Church finds no difficulty in claiming him as her own. One cannot see where the two parties have any principles of judgment in common.

I do not at this moment wish to be controversial but simply to point out facts; nevertheless, I may say that as regards the problem of apostolic Christianity it seems to me desirable to retain all the clear impressions that present themselves, however difficult it may be to work them up into a system. Thus

it is a clear impression that the evidence of the Catacombs, so far as it goes, is in favour of the Roman tradition—but it does not go far. It is a clear impression that the Gospel according to Matthew contains matter from Jewish sources, that according to Luke, from Buddhist, that according to John from Greek. It is a clear impression that Christianity had nothing to do with Mithraism. And so on, and so on. What to make of all these impressions I do not suppose we shall ever know. But it is time the world had a little respite from the pretensions of systems; and that speculative historians came to recognise their limits.

The next period of Italian history which is illustrated in the remains of the country is that which I have called the third; that which saw the rise of the Italian cities. To this accordingly we turn. We find ourselves brought into contact with individual cities, whose history in each case we must briefly recall.

The first we shall deal with is Florence. It lies in a plain beneath the Apennines, with the height of Fiesole rising just beyond it. Its early history is obscure; tradition assigning to it a mixed Latin and Etruscan origin. At any rate, it was protected and encouraged by Charlemagne, and rose to some importance under the Countess Matilda of Tuscany, a lady of the eleventh century who has earned a place among illustrious queens. At this epoch the Government was a republic, divided already by the fierce hostilities that never slumbered throughout Florentine history. There were two great parties, the popular party, the Guelfs, supporters of the Pope, and the Ghibellines, or aristocrats, supporters of the Emperor. In 1260, the Ghibellines defeated the Guelfs in the battle of Montaperti, "which reddened the Arbia," as Dante says; in 1266 the tradition of the Empire perished in Southern Italy at Benevento, and the Imperial party at Florence were expelled for ever. Even so, however, party strife at Florence did not cease; the victorious Guelfs split up into Blacks and

Whites, and the struggles of nobles and commons, rich and poor, never flagged. One constitution of the State followed another, all equally ingenious and unsuccessful; till the need for such things disappeared with the rise of the Medici.

"The purchaser of the State," as somebody called him, was Cosimo dei Medici, a rich banker, who established himself as a tyrant of the usual type. He crushed the nobles, made friends with the lower orders, and secured his own safety by a bodyguard of mercenaries. His power dates from 1433; he died in 1464, and was soon succeeded by his grandson Lorenzo. Lorenzo lived till 1492, and with him passed away the great age of his family and native city.

To understand this we must observe that all the turbulence of Florence at home had not prevented her from strengthening her power abroad. From 1300 to 1400 she had gradually shaken off certain claims of Naples and Milan; and in 1310, she successfully resisted an attack of the German Emperor, Henry VII—the last which was made in the name of Imperial authority. Finally she subdued the smaller Tuscan cities, and in 1406 imposed cruel and disastrous terms on Pisa. The Medici did not continue this career of conquest. They lived on friendly terms with their brother tyrants of Naples and Milan, and during all the fifteenth century Italy remained at peace.

In 1492, Lorenzo died prematurely. "*Oggi e morta la pace d'Italia*"—"To-day the peace of Italy is dead"—so truly said the old Pope Sixtus when he heard the news. He too died a few days later; and in 1494, the King of Naples died. The same year saw the invasion of the French under Charles VII. which has been described elsewhere in these papers. It plunged Italy into ruin; a miasma of evil passions infected the land, and no breath of fresh air meets us till three centuries later we hear the name of Garibaldi.

The history thus sketched is not without political interest, be it only of a negative character. The story of Florence illustrates

the futility of paper constitutions, where there is not a general disposition towards harmony. It illustrates the curious union of discord at home with vigour and success abroad, so opposed to all *a priori* ideas, but so well and so often established by history. It illustrates the merits and defects of the absolute system of Government, which seems to have been the only one possible for Florence when the Medici established it, and which certainly gave Florence a century of peace and splendour, but after all left her a prey to France.

It brings before us, too, one great political writer, one of the greatest of all times, Macchiavelli. He was a public servant of Florence from 1498 to 1527, by which time Florentine history had run its course; and he witnessed all the chaos and misery of the age. He was first and last a devoted patriot, and all his thoughts are centred on the problem how to found a strong government in Italy. The plan he supported was essentially that of the Medici, absolute power exercised without any restraint from the principles of humanity or good faith. We can understand his devotion to this ideal, (so thoroughly Italian!), but we need not despair so much of human nature. Even in Italy, when the way of salvation was found, it was found under the influence of an ideal—United Italy,—an ideal for every man and every class of men. Now ideals, when they parade the street, may be mixed up with a good deal of humbug, but without their aid humanity has seldom renewed its struggle against the evil of the world. The Medician and Machiavellian plan, which is very like the suicide of the moral nature, has not many successes on its side.

But the usefulness of Florentine history in affording warning examples does not make it attractive. There is in fact no more sordid tale in the world, no record stained with more perfidy and cruelty and malice. Whatever the stranger may think of the Medici he cannot help feeling they were good enough for the people of Florence.

Foreigners, however, have not troubled themselves much



about Italian tyrants ; the type is too narrowly Italian and to foreigners unintelligible. They cannot understand the Italian contempt for morality, which culminated in the Renaissance period and naturally bore its most striking fruit when it was associated with despotism. Seeing so much splendour abroad, so much art, and so much intellectual power, they feel staggered at the absence of guiding ideas, and of all principles except one :—*Faites ce que voudrez*—Do as you please. And the mystery is deepened in the case of Cosimo by his own curious ugly face, which agrees so little with his fine endowments, and his very plain habits of life. His son Lorenzo is a less interesting figure—Louis XIV. as it were, on a small scale.

However, let us leave Florentine politics alone, and turn to Florentine art ; it is this which interests the world in Florence. Let us glance briefly at the chief names in the list of Florentine artists. The first is that of Cimabue, a twilight figure who is said to have been born in 1240, when Florence was small and struggling and wholly unadorned. Then follows Giotto (1266—1337), the friend of Dante, with whom we emerge into the clear daylight of history. He was not only a painter but an architect, and designed the campanile or bell-tower which stands by the Cathedral in the centre of the town. Giotto died in 1336, and after his death the Florentines still went on building, though no really great painter followed him till about 1400. Then we have Fra Angelico (1387—1455), Fra Lippo Lippi (1406—1469) and Botticelli (1447—1510). These are the great figures in the early Renaissance of painting, the Quattrocento, as it is called, "the fourteen hundreds,"—not the fourteenth century. Much of the work then produced received the generous support of Cosmo dei Medici.

Between these artists and their successors a clear line must be drawn. We come to Andrea del Sarto (born in 1486), Michael Angelo 1475—1564) and Lionardo da Vinci (1452—1519). The two latter quitted their native city for Rome and Milan and scarcely belong to the Florentine tradition. Raphael (1483—1520),



on the other hand, was born at Urbino, and during a few brief years in Florence imbibed so much of her spirit that he may almost be called one of her sons. Later on, he went to Rome, the market place—and the grave—of so much Italian genius.

Allied to painting is sculpture ; and the early Renaissance includes the names of Donatello (1386—1466) and Ghiberti (1378—1455), as well as those of the Della Robbia family. In architecture there is the mighty genius of Brunelleschi (1377—1446), who enjoyed like all the best the patronage of Cosimo. In the Cinquecento the greatest name in this art is that of Michael Angelo.

Of all this artistic work one may say what cannot be said of Greek art that it is not only extant but admirably preserved and rather improved than injured by the lapse of time. Moreover, the best part of it is concentrated at Florence. Indeed, throughout Italy it may be said that the Italians have been very successful in selling their second-rate pictures across the Alps and keeping their best at home. To Florence, therefore, you must go if you wish to see Florentine art.

To describe it in detail would not be appropriate in these pages, and I doubt if at any time it is worth while to write much description of art. But a few general impressions I may impart to the reader, and I will beg him for this purpose to accompany me first to the picture galleries.

Here we observe, in the first place, that a few steps from one room to another place before us the whole history of an artistic era. We begin with the tradition of Byzantium, we end with the Italian decadence. That tradition of Byzantium is itself a decadence from the best days of Byzantine art ; it now produces nothing but harsh angular figures, rather maps than pictures of men. We cannot call it an inspiration, hardly even a suggestion for Italy. Nevertheless, we can watch it transformed by the impulse of life till expression returns to the features and movement to the limbs and we find before us the Quattrocento.

What produced it? That, in one sense, we cannot say, for nothing explains the fact of genius. But as to its conditions, religious devotion was one of them, and a keen eye for the material world another. Religious devotion is a fact of the Italian character, as much as the cynicism I have spoken of already. No other country has produced either the monsters or the saints of Italy; or shows such wayward relations between these aspects of humanity. Generally, however, they appear as strongly opposite tendencies, both of which have inspired the fine arts; and the devotional mood is a cause of the Quattrocento. So too is the keen eye for the material world. Religion scarcely trains this and can subsist without it, but in happy conjunctions of human history she has employed it. Such a conjunction once arose in Florence and while it continued for a few brief years gave us Florentine painting.

The wonderful thing about this painting is that it satisfies both the devotee and the connoisseur. A whole dictionary of epithets would fail to exhaust the merits of its colouring; its action is full of grace; its expression exact and perfect. If limited in its effects—as all art is limited—it knows its limitations; and with all its power it contains nothing to offend the mind. To the devotee it offers an image of holy rapture and finally to us who are born in this latter age of time, amid the present chaos of sentiments and aims, it presents the satisfying spectacle of a problem solved and a struggle finally triumphant.

But this harmony of early Renaissance art was soon dispelled. It is difficult to say why, or to decide whether the world at large or the painters themselves were most to blame. Perhaps, on the whole, the blame rests most with the painters. One may doubt if the spirit of devotion had so far declined as to withdraw its inspiration from Italian society\*; it is more

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\* Palestina, the Fra Angelico of music, flourished amid the decadence of painting.

probable that the painters declined to serve it. They took the themes of religion as mere excuses for the display of talent ; and in gaining apparent freedom they lost their inspiration and the habit of self-restraint which in art is fundamentally necessary for success. The habit of exaggeration depraved their taste, and by the Sixteenth Century Florentine painting had run its course.

The life of Raphael, it is well known, forms the turning point of the story ; and the question, " Who is to blame ? " presents itself with much force in the course of it. Some people may think I have not sufficiently censured the Popes, who inveigled him to Rome and wasted his talents on the huge follies of the Vatican. Others may think Raphael pleased himself and there is an end of the matter. It is certain he was not content to be a religious painter of the old type. But no genius will be content to do exactly what his predecessors have done ; sooner than do that he will throw away his principles and break all rules for the sake of effect. Thus, the very perfection of an art leads to its decadence ; and this may be one reason why artists as soon as they have found out the grand secret of their art at once lose it. But the whole truth of the matter is beyond explanation ; we have to take fine art as a gift of Fortune, which she bestows like other gifts as it suits her capricious humour.

I have written so far as though the paintings of Florence were exclusively easel paintings. Of course this is not the case. Some of the best and most important are frescoes, covering the walls of churches. These are significant in the history of the art as showing the special purpose which called it forth,—to represent the religious life to the people.

We may now accordingly leave the galleries and visit the two great churches of Florence, taking first the Franciscan Church of Santa Croce. From the artistic point of view this is notable for the frescoes by Giotto, whose name as we have already seen stands at the dawn of Florentine painting.

It is probable that we do not realise to-day the impulse of life which underlies these frescoes, or the impression they made on their own age. We find them too grave and formal, when once we have seen the successors they produced. But this is not the way to try them; we must measure the advance they made. Then we shall understand their power, and their truly pictorial character, which fixed for later generations the type of religious composition. There is also in one of the chapels a famous picture by Giotto, representing a crowd of saints and devotees, where we see already in suggestion the final triumph of Fra Angelico.

Giotto has his place in history as one of the originating spirits of the world. He was a shepherd boy whom Cimabue saw sketching a sheep upon a stone, and took home with him for a pupil. We shall meet him again as an architect. He remained to the last a rough shrewd humorous peasant; art and religion inflaming like two divine sparks the clay of his commonplace humanity.

Santa Croce possesses another attraction besides Giotto's pictures, the tombs of many famous Florentines, and memorials of some who are not buried there. Michael Angelo and Macchiavelli are the chief names among them. Most of the monuments are huge and elaborate; few of them good, and many of them deplorably bad. It is fortunate that the Church is too dark to see them; and one may add that the circumstances which have brought them together are rather artificial. It is probable, therefore, that the visitor whether ignorant or informed will not find his heart vibrating with much emotion over this "Florentine Valhalla." He may accept the situation, reflecting that it is part of the art of travelling to dismiss from the mind the spurious appeals of the guide books.

Santa Croce, on the whole, is much inferior in interest to the Dominican Church and Monastery of San Marco. Even the tombs of San Marco are more pathetic, including as they do those of Poliziano and Giovanni Pico della Mirandola. If it

be the business of a tomb to convey a moral, surely no tombs are better fitted to convey one than these—how few of the thousands that visit Florence know the names of their tenants! What indeed has become of the Renaissance? I keep the theme for another place; here only observing how often in Italy, while pursuing the object of the day, we tread on some fragment of a vanished world.

Our object at San Marco is unquestionably the pictures of Fra Angelico. I have mentioned him as the successor of Giotto, whose artistic tradition he carried on, while himself in life and character a complete contrast to him. Giotto was a man of the world; Fra Angelico a monk. Giotto was a versatile genius; Fra Angelico only a painter. Giotto's religion was real enough, but to Fra Angelico, one may suppose, religion was the only reality, and the whole object of art, as he conceived it, to render its inner truth through the vehicle of the senses.

This he has done by many frescoes in the Monastery cells, representing scenes from Christ's life, some larger frescoes in its chapel, and some easel paintings, now chiefly in the galleries. They are not remarkable for composition nor for anatomy. While Fra Angelico was working in the cloisters of San Marco, Masaccio was painting Adam and Eve on the walls of the Carmine in a style which revealed the nude figure to the world, and opened another epoch in art. But nothing of this kind interested him. He cared for nothing but the life of the soul; and its representation by the features of the human face. Concentrating his attention on this he studied the expression of religious feeling, and remains in religious painting the unquestioned master of physiognomy.

I do not much admire the superlative style of writing but it seems to be called for here. The work of Fra Angelico is perfect, whichever way we look at it. Whatever technique may be, there were no secrets of it beyond him. Whatever the sentiment of religion requires, he offers it. Let us choose, in proof

of this, out of many masterpieces, the Coronation of the Virgin. Christ is placing a crown on his mother's head, amid the acclamations of the heavenly host. Every countenance is radiant with celestial joy; pervaded and transfigured by a light of celestial bliss. We see before us visibly the scene of St. Bernard's hymn:—

They stand, those halls of Sion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an Angel  
And all the martyr throng;  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene,  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is nothing wanting; we are satisfied. After these pictures of Fra Angelico we feel that religious art has nothing more to give us, and it is not surprising that art should seek its rationale in some other achievement.

The monastery of St. Mark's still exhibits to visitors the little cell belonging to Savonarola, very small, and very plainly furnished. There are also manuscript books, a hair shirt and a robe belonging to him. The surroundings are precisely those preferred by imaginative genius; I remembered Savonarola's cell later on, when I visited Luther's room at Eisenach and Goethe's bedroom at Weimar. There is nothing to distract the thoughts and no superfluity of furniture. There is, however, that one thing which the thinker needs and the world so often denies him, and that is peace.

Savonarola's stormy life is well known to English readers through George Eliot's novel. As a moralist and preacher of the preaching order of Dominicans he descended into the world of Florence about 1490, and shook the hearts of the Florentines with fierce conviction against the morals of the age. He had his day of triumph, when a fit of remorse overtook the city, and a heap of cards and cosmetics and other apparatus of worldly follies was burned in public by their



owners. But so fierce a reaction could not last ; his enemies lay in wait for him and found their opportunity through the very power that should have supported him—his own Church and Pope. Alexander VI.—Borgia—was not the man to sympathise with a reformer of morals ; and in 1498 he excommunicated this inconvenient enthusiast. As Savonarola did not subside, two commissaries were despatched by the Pope to seize and torture and hang and burn him, which was accordingly done, with all due ceremonies, amid the general acclamation of the Florentines. Their conduct is the more hateful when we reflect that Savonarola had been a friend of the Florentine populace against the Medici, and spent many efforts on the fruitless project of restoring public freedom.

His career suggests many reflections, especially as he was a contemporary of Luther, who was born fifteen years before his death. Both were deeply religious men, mystics, who dwelt amid dreams and visions, reformers of morals, and great preachers among their own people. Luther, however, was happier in his destiny, for he not only carried his countrymen with him but found more than one faithful ally in the native princes of Germany. Savonarola was driven back on the old Italian plan of calling in the foreigner ; and fixed his foolish hopes on Charles VIII, hopes, alas ! not more foolish than any he might have formed from an appeal to Florence. He lived in a hopeless age ; and it becomes after all useless to criticise him. Criticism we might abundantly supply ; but it is silenced when we read the story of his death :—

“They returned at last with the decree of the Signoria in writing, but with the open promise that Fra Girolamo should be restored safe and sound, together with his companions. When he heard this, he told them that he would obey. But first he retired with his friars into the Greek library, where he made them in Latin a most beautiful sermon, exhorting them to follow onwards in the way of God with faith, prayer, and patience ; telling them that it was necessary to go to heaven

by the way of tribulations, and that therefore they ought not in any way to be terrified ; alleging many old examples of the ingratitude of the city of Florence in return for the benefits received from their Order. As that of St. Peter, Martyr, who, after doing so many marvellous things in Florence, was slain, the Florentines paying the price of his blood. And of St. Catherine of Sienna, whom many had sought to kill, after she had borne so many labours for them, going personally to Avignon to plead their cause before the Pope. Nor had less happened to St. Antonius, their Archbishop and excellent Pastor, whom they had once wished to throw from the windows. And that it was no marvel, if he also, after such sorrows and labourings, was paid at the end in the same coin. But that he was ready to receive everything with desire and happiness for the love of his Lord, knowing that in nought else consisted the Christian life, save in doing good and suffering evil. And thus, while all the bye-standers wept, he finished his sermon. Then, issuing forth from the library, he said to those laymen who awaited him : ‘ I will say to you what Jeremiah said : This thing I expected, but not so soon, nor so suddenly.’ He exhorted them further to live well and to be fervent in prayer. And having confessed to the Father Fra Domenico da Pescia, he took the Communion in the first library. And the same did Fra Domenico. After eating a little, he was somewhat refreshed ; and he spoke the last words to his friars, exhorting them to persevere in religion, and kissing them all, he took his last departure from them. In the parting one of the children said to him : ‘ Father, why dost thou abandon us and leave us desolate ?’ To which he replied, ‘ Son, have patience, God will help you ;’ and he added that he would either see them again alive, or that after death he would appear to them without fail. Also, as he departed, he gave up the common keys to the brethren, with so great humility and charity, that the friars could not keep themselves from tears ; and many of them wished by all means to go

with him. At last, recommending himself to their prayers, he made his way towards the door of the library, where the first Commissioners all armed were awaiting him; to whom, giving himself into their hands like a most meek lamb, he said: 'I recommend to you this my flock and all these other citizens.' And when he was in the corridor of the library, he said: 'My friars, doubt not, for God will not fail to perfect His work; and although I be put to death, I shall help you more than I have done in life, and I will return without fail to console you, either dead or alive.' Arrived at the holy water, which is at the exit of the choir, Fra Domenico said to him: 'Fain would I too come to these nuptials.' Certain of the laymen, his friends, were arrested at the command of the Signoria. When the Father Fra Girolamo was in the first cloister, Fra Benedetto, the miniaturist, strove ardently to go with him; and when the officers thrust him back, he still insisted that he would go. But the Father Fra Girolamo turned to him, and said: 'Fra Benedetto, on your obedience come not, for I and Fra Domenico have to die for the love of Christ.' And thus he was torn away from the eyes of his children."

He is not a figure of world-wide significance. It is curious that Italy has produced no such figure in literature,—with the one exception of Dante. As he too is a Florentine, I will say a few words about him here.

He has a statue in Florence outside Santa Croce, a monument not much respected by the Florentines, for its condition reminded me of Byron's verses on De Foix' pillar at Ravenna—for which see Don Juan IV., 103-8. Byron makes a great point of the fact that the statue is outside the church and not inside it; and he reproaches Florence for her ingratitude:—

Thy factions in their worse than civil war  
Proscribed the bard, &c., &c.

But he does not say anything about the part which the bard

himself took in those factions, a part as implacable as anybody. Dante the Ghibelline is the same sort of figure as Milton the regicide, whose poetical vein did not make him a bland politician. Nor is the portrait of Dante in the Bargello unlike that of Milton; it has the same grave thoughtful beauty, which conceals perhaps in each case a temper ill to live with.

Dante resembles Milton, too, in other ways. There is the same obstinate impracticality about both of them. Milton reasoning in favour of divorce resembles Dante sighing for the restoration of the Emperor. In spite of this both had a great belief in their own practical wisdom, and both desired to figure in the world as theologians rather than poets. Both would have been disappointed if they could have foreseen that posterity would ignore these claims. I cannot indeed say what the Roman Church thinks of Dante's theology, but it is certain that readers outside that church do not trouble about it, and it is certain, too, that Milton's readers seldom enquire whether he has carried out his "vindication". In fact, it is usual now-a-days to laugh at Bentley for having complained of the poem in this respect, which proves how much we misunderstand Milton.

We read both Milton and Dante largely for their phrases. In Milton we have, too, the interest of character, and the beauty conferred on his work by its scale and symmetry. In Dante the interest of character centres round Dante himself; and there is, too, a historic interest which is absent from Milton. He represents the mediæval point of view, as Aristotle represents the Greek and Goethe that of the modern world. He has, besides, his place as a teacher of humanity, though his lessons are exceedingly difficult to understand. The chief of them, no doubt, are connected with the place he assigns to Beatrice; as the celestial guide with whom he travelled through Paradise. We have here, however disguised, a view of woman's place and function in the world, which, whether we accept or reject it, stands before us for examination. Dante himself, perhaps, would not expect us

to make this the central lesson of his poem; and a Catholic reader to-day might not choose it as such; it must, however, remain such for any reader who cannot restate Dante's theology in terms of his own. I at least cannot do this, and not find in him any support for philosophic or religious faith. It is no doubt moving to see how Dante's faith survived its own trials, for no one has ever perceived or felt more of the evils of life, yet no one remains more free from cynicism or keeps a firmer hold on the higher experiences of the soul. The popular tradition which associates him with the Inferno quite forgets this. But, after all, this tenacity of Dante under his own conditions remains an external fact to modern readers; and does not supply them with water from the spiritual stream. Meanwhile, his language is extremely hard, his allusions innumerable and totally foreign to us, and till we have absorbed these refractory elements we do not feel his verse as poetry. It is certain therefore, that Dante's audience even more than that of Milton must be fit and will always continue few.

Passing on now from the painting and literature of Florence we may recall its architecture, both secular and ecclesiastical. I give myself the preference to the former, if merit is to be weighed. Its great achievements are the Florentine palaces, of which the first is easily that of the Strozzi. It is an immense square building, constructed of huge rusticated stones. It might be supposed that one square building must look very like another; but a difference soon makes itself felt when genius has been at work. It is characteristic of genius to see chances where other people do not see them; and the architect of the Strozzi Palace has contrived to see how the impenetrable strength of its fabric can be united with proportion in all its openings, in the huge projecting cornice and the touch of decoration that beautifies the door and windows. It is a noble building and not without satisfaction does one find that alone among the Florentine palaces it belongs to the family for whom it was built.

Of public buildings there is the Bargello, a castle built for

the chief magistrate, now a museum of antiquities. It encloses a famous courtyard, where all the arms of the Florentine nobles are carved on the walls. This is the only bit of Florence that vies in splendour with Venice. The Palazzo Vecchio is another castle, larger and more imposing, with a curious but majestic tower.

Ecclesiastical buildings include many churches, but conspicuous among them all the Cathedral and the bell tower or Campanile by its side. Both belong to the early days of Florence; Giotto built the Campanile, and Brunelleschi the dome of the Cathedral. A volume might be written on each edifice. Giotto's tower is 292 feet high; it is built of white marble, with bands of geometric pattern inlaid in dark stone, and it is ornamented with many sculptures and small reliefs. I was not able to admire it as much as Mr. Ruskin, because I could not see the statues and I found the geometric patterns stiff and uncomfortable. They looked to me too much like a pavement. The building has not been imitated, and in this respect it stands in a very different position from Brunelleschi's dome, which inaugurated an era in architecture. It was the first dome to rise boldly in the air and show itself as a noble feature of the building. We may contrast it with the flat dome of the Baptistery close by and see what a magnificent idea it conferred on architecture. It remains the noblest feature in Florence, as those of St. Peter and St. Paul, its lineal descendants, are the monarchs of London and of Rome.

Otherwise the churches of Florence are failures, like almost all the churches of Italy. No matter how many good features they may have, they are failures on the whole. There is no unity of design about them, they are mere aggregates of walls and windows. Very often they are so badly lighted that nothing inside them is visible. I cannot suggest any explanation of this. It constantly happens that some part of a church is very beautiful; and almost as constantly that that part appears like a jewel shining on a heap of rubbish.



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The criticism of Italian architecture is rendered extremely difficult by the variety of styles that have overtaken it. Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance, they chase each other and cross each other in the most perplexing manner. It is rarely that a building emerges of which you can say that it is a distinct success of a distinct type. There is no reason why this should be so; when a man of clear aims appeared, like Palladio, he was able to see his way through the wood. But for some reason or other Italian genius did not flow in this channel.

We may now, I think, take leave of our mediæval Florence. 1300 A.D.—1500 A.D.:—this is about her “floruit;” how short a period of time if one considers it! It is like the short prime of Athens, which lasted a little longer and achieved, no doubt, something more for the world. But how much Florence herself achieved when we look into the reckoning to sum it up! There are many things I have passed over here—Donatello’s sculpture—the Della Robbias; I have only reviewed her supreme achievements. We may say no modern city has done so much for Europe; she follows Alexandria in the history of the world.

Athens and Alexandria are her true analogues, not Rome. Rome has never been a centre of ideas, but always a directing and combining force, which has pressed the forces of the world into her service. Florence and Athens kindled their own materials; when these were consumed their light was quenched; but Rome replenished hers. Not that the old Roman stock died out; it lasted and maintained its vigour, without which some centuries of life would have been lost to Rome; but it widely extended its scope by enlisting and organising the talents of foreigners.

Catholic Rome has done this as much as classical Rome; and we shall see it in the Renaissance period of Roman history, to which I am now returning. This is represented, naturally enough, by churches, of which there are so many in Rome that

you can go to a new one every day for a year. I shall by no means exhaust the reader's imagination with so long a tour, but invite him to consider a few general points of interest in the later Roman churches.

It is curious that in Rome we find some of the most severe church architecture in Italy. This appears in St. Paul's outside the walls and San Maria Maggiore. Both are very large buildings, the former being 390, the latter 291 feet long inside. The nave in each of them is supported by two rows of pillars, Corinthian in the former, Ionic in the latter church, which have all been carried off from Pagan temples. The great size of these pillars, the number of them and their splendour confer a striking effect on the buildings which have them under contribution, but the effect of the whole is too monotonous for it to claim a place under the higher successes of architecture.\*

These churches are ancient buildings which have been regulated by the severer impulses of the Renaissance; there is plenty in Rome too which represents its riotous and decadent aspects. We will not linger over this, but proceed to St. Peter's and its allied buildings, the Vatican and the Castle of St. Angelo.

The last of these is Hadrian's tomb, erected by the great builder to be a final memorial of his labours. It was a vast round tower, encrusted with marble, crowned with a circle of magnificent statues and approached by two bronze doors whose splendour is still reflected in tradition. We can form some conjectural image of its glories by restoring them one after another to the inner shell that is still left. The middle ages stripped it of everything, and made it into a dungeon and a castle, where the Popes have more than once resisted their temporal enemies. Its dimensions are such that it seems naturally fitted for this part; it even shares the dominion of the sky with the

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\* The roof of Sa. Maria Maggiore is gilded with the first gold that came from America. If it was employed in a spirit of pride, the Church nevertheless does well to keep it there, for the moral of the tale it tells is deeply humiliating to her—to Europe—and to human nature.

dome of St. Peter's. So if Hadrian desired to be represented by a known and notable building, he has his wish, but in what a shape it has been granted to him ! How many of the thousands that see it daily, citizens and strangers, ever connect it with his name ?

From the Castle of St. Angelo we pass along a narrow street to St. Peter's. In front of it lies the piazza, with its obelisk and fountains, and a flight of steps approaching the main door. The aspect of the building is pretty well known ; I will not describe it. It is also well known what its merits are ; and I need say nothing of them either. They are simply *nil*, the whole building does not contain one redeeming feature—except the dome. The design is trivial and the work dishonest ; after all the plunder of ancient monuments \* the place is disfigured by paper mosaics and plaster marble.

I put my own impression strongly, which is also the impression of most cultured visitors to-day ; but to show how taste has changed in these matters let us quote Byron :—

But thou of temples old or altars new  
 Standest alone, with nothing like to thee,  
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.  
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
 Forsook His former city, what could be  
 Of earthly structures, in His honour piled  
 Of a sublimer aspect ? Majesty,  
 Power, Glory, Strength and Beauty, all are aided  
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Modern taste would say instead of "worthiest" perhaps "least worthy." It is not merely that the architecture is vicious, but all associations of the building are ignoble and unworthy of its own Church. It replaced an older and more sacred building, which would interest the world far more to-day ; and

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\*The re-building of St. Peter's alone caused more destruction, did more injury to ancient classic remains than ten centuries of so-called barbarism.—*Lanciani*.

its fabric was dearly bought when we recollect what the sale of Tetzels indulgences cost the church. The inscription on the facade celebrates chiefly the name of Paul V., and inspired an excellent pasquinade.

Angulus est Petri, Pauli frons tota. Quid inde?  
Non Petri Paulo stat fabricata domus.

I leave it to the reader if I write too much like a Protestant. The Catholic visitor has, of course, reasons of his own to enter St. Peter's with emotion. To him it is, after all, the umbilicus of the Papacy; and here are preserved some of the most venerable relics of his faith; the body of St. Peter, the head of St. Andrew, a portion of the Cross, the spear which pierced the side of Christ, and the handkerchief of St. Veronica which received his miraculous portrait. In the presence of these objects no doubt errors of taste in architecture or even a few indiscretions of particular popes sink below the threshold of consciousness.

We now proceed to consider the Vatican Palace, which abuts on to St. Peter's and forms a considerable portion of the view as we approach it. It does not under this aspect present to our eyes the most dignified portion of its person, and it resembles more than anything else a block of working-men's "tenements". As St. Peter's is the largest church, so the Vatican is the largest palace in the world, but it has no architectural pretensions.

I do not intend to say anything of its antiquities, Egyptian—Etruscan—and Graeco-Roman; they have partly been dealt with already. Nor did I see anything of the quarters where the Pope lives and holds his court. To enter these you must either be or pretend to be a Catholic. The rest of the Vatican is opened with great liberality to all the world—Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics. They are even allowed to excavate what they like out of the Papal manuscripts, where every nation of Europe—except Italy—has a representative at work.



I need not say that the Vatican library is one of the finest in the world.

But what I did see and shall here speak of was the Sistine Chapel, the most famous of the native glories of the Vatican. It was built in 1478 for Sixtus IV.; strictly speaking an inner room of the Vatican, where the Pope himself—the Prisoner of the Vatican—still officiates at the services of the Church. Its artistic attraction is the frescoes with which its large flat walls are covered.

These frescoes are the work of many artists, since nearly every artist of the Renaissance was some time or other “invited” to the Vatican, and set to work painting frescoes on its walls. But the *chef d'œuvre* of the whole is the roof of the Sistine Chapel, which was executed by Michael Angelo. We are now brought face to face with this celebrated master and may try to form a general idea of his work.

It is pretty well divided between Florence and Rome. Florence has the David and the statues on the tombs of the Medici; Rome has the roof of the Sistine Chapel, and St. Peter's. The roof of the chapel contains illustrations of the Bible, from the Creation of Man to the Last Judgment, which is depicted on the wall behind the altar. The roof is a simple concave, like that of a tunnel, and the artist has divided it into recesses by painted partitions, each recess containing one Biblical scene, besides certain additional figures. The most notable of these represent the Sibyls, or inspired prophetesses of Paganism, who darkly foresaw Christ.

Wherever Michael Angelo's work meets us, we see in it the same audacious challenge of the artist, the same assault on technical problems of the last difficulty. To hoist the Pantheon into mid-air;\* to represent the human body under the most difficult conditions of vision, throned above our heads, flying or flung from the skies; these were tasks he accepted with delight and accomplished with bewildering success.

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\* This is how he describes his aim in designing the dome of St. Peter's.

All artists indeed delight in problems ; but Michael Angelo is further distinguished by his preference for the abnormal in every direction. This is so far the case that he never seems satisfied with anything that admits of clear conception. Could he have found appropriate subjects, we may suppose that the opinion of mankind would have placed him among artists where Beethoven stands among musicians, or Shakespeare among literary men. But in this respect, all important from the highest critical considerations, his work generally fails. Not, of course, always. Among the Sistine frescoes we perceive Adam and Eve retreating from Paradise, before the archangel's sword ; their features and the contortions of their limbs display the very last agonies of shame and woe. Here certainly we have an idea treated in an appropriate manner. The reader may perhaps prefer Milton's conception of the same subject, where the chastisement of God is not unmingled with consolation, but Michael Angelo's conception is at least legitimate. We are on more doubtful ground in the scene of the creation, where God appears an old man, summoning to life the newly created form of Adam. This conception does not really harmonise with anybody's theology, Jewish, Protestant or Catholic ; and it is only in an artificial and secondary way that the scene possesses any interest except that of anatomy.

It does not belong to any tradition, and that is always characteristic of Michael Angelo's work. He never finds his element. This is partly because he chooses so often for his vein moods of wrath and frenzy which have little counterpart in life. Sometimes these are appropriate ; in the Delphic Sibyl for instance, which for this reason is a true artistic creation. As a rule, however, his works remind one of an elemental power, a thunderstorm or a whirlwind, raging with vast but undirected force. Perhaps this consideration may explain why he left so many of his works unfinished.

The comparison between him and Raphael is celebrated as one of the most interesting in art. We may say perhaps that

they both touch the point where the inner harmony of art breaks down. It has thrown off its duty as the handmaid of religion, and is seeking uneasily for another sphere. To find that sphere Michael Angelo as it were swept the skies, Raphael explores carefully the treasures of the earth. The latter path is the more promising for mankind, because it leads, if duly followed, to new inspirations and a new harmony between the purposes and pleasures of art.

Alas! that Raphael was forbidden to follow it further. He died at thirty; while his great rival lived to eighty. Of his brief life much was taken up in the vast frescoes which he painted for the Popes. I have nothing to say of them—the "School of Athens" and the rest; *vidi tantum*. They possess no significance and to me at least no interest. There are miles of such things in the Vatican. But returning to Raphael one may wonder what he would have done if he had lived longer and been left to himself. Would he have taught the artists of Italy to paint the world around them—as the artists of Northern Europe did? One cannot say; probably the notion is idle. At any rate since he did not, nobody else did; and Italian art soon after his day "ceased to count".

And one thing too I should like to add about Michael Angelo, a fact of much general interest. It will be found that every original genius, no matter how original he seems to be, has had some starting point, some suggestion that decided the character of his work. If we search long enough we shall find out what it was. In the case of Michael Angelo it was the Torso Belvedere, now in the Vatican; the trunk of a seated statue, whose head and limbs have vanished. It is uncertain whom it represented, probably Hercules. To this fragment Michael Angelo acknowledged as an inspiration all his conception of the nude; and in his blind old age he used to be led up to it that he might pass his hands over its muscles. The spectator as he looks upon it will recognise at once the parentage of his art; and it is no ignoble origin, for this torso of Hercules is one of the

grandest models antiquity has left us. Unluckily for Michael Angelo its vigour is still disciplined by the Greek spirit of self-control, it stands a silent rebuke to his too audacious outlines. Our eyes may sometimes accompany and always admire the excursions of his rebel powers, but our judgments will tell us in the end that the essential canons of art must be sought higher up the stream and nearer to its source.

I have nothing else to say of the frescoes of the Vatican, except that in one instance they possess some historic interest, in the Sala Regia before the Sistine Chapel. This was formerly the audience hall where ambassadors were received. It was appropriately painted with the triumphs of the Church, as a reminder for the ambassadors, no doubt. The scenes chosen included the battle of Lepanto, the humiliation of Henry IV. at Canossa, and the destruction of the French Protestants on the Eve of St. Bartholomew's Day.

Leaving now Rome for the second time, we return northwards to Venice, a city which forms an interesting contrast both with Rome and Florence. Her history is not difficult to master. Obscure in origin, it appears her population first increased in numbers after 452 A.D. when Attila ravaged the north of Italy and drove the inhabitants of Venetia to the islands of the coast. Other invasions, especially that of the Lombards, strengthened her in the same way, and in 697 the first Doge was chosen, and Venice may be considered started on her career.

Without going into details we may say that for eight hundred years that career was one of solid and almost unbroken success. Some adversity the Venetians had to meet; there were times when the Genoese, their great rivals, won the upper hand, and once the ships of Genoa even threatened the outskirts of the island city. But the effort failed, Venice destroyed the expedition and with it the power of Genoa, so effectually that from that date, 1387, she never recovered. Her own decline dates from the League of Cambray, in 1508, when

the Emperor, the King of France, and the Pope made a shameless compact to destroy her. Accident and their own quarrels frustrated the scheme; but Venice lost many of her possessions, and she never had the chance to regain them. The trade routes changed with the discovery of America, and the triumph of the Turkish arms interrupted commerce with the East. Venice was deprived of her income and she gradually fell into insignificance. Nevertheless, she continued independent till Napoleon's day, and he has the distinction of being the first conqueror who ever entered her walls. Contemptuous as he always was of human sanctities, he sold her to Austria, and not till France had won the battle of Magenta did she recover her freedom and join United Italy.

One episode in this struggle was the revolt under Manin in 1849, when the Venetians defended their city for five months against the Austrian forces. It is one of the few stirring moments in Venetian history, for her tale does not abound in crises or scenes of pathos. Like Rome, Venice was successful, and we are not easily moved to sympathise with success. She gradually subdued all the neighbouring shore of Italy, to some distance inland, much of the peninsula of Greece, and at one time even the city of Constantinople. To this day the winged lion, the emblem of her power, marks its presence in many a town of Eastern Europe where her name is quite forgotten. There were small patches of Venetian territory all over Asia Minor.

But if we do not easily sympathise with Venice, we can without reserve admire her. There is no city—not even Rome herself—which has been for a longer period the centre of political sagacity. Amid the changing struggles of Italy and Greece, the Venetian authorities steered their way from century to century with undeviating judgment. Their state papers are models of insight. We cannot compare them to Rome in breadth of conception, and they undertook no such task as the civilisation of Gaul, but their tenacity and organising skill give them a claim to be placed in the same imperial line.

Moreover, if Venice' name is not associated with glorious struggles, it is sullied by no great crimes. Her administration was just; and her reputation in the world of commerce unstained. This Shakespeare has reflected in his Venetian plays, and he has correctly divined the spirit of her polity.

Her constitution at first was free, she was governed by magistrates publicly elected. The chief of these was the Doge, who held office for life and wielded general power of almost unlimited scope. In 1172 an unsuccessful Doge was murdered by the people, and the leading men of Venice established the Great Council, of 480 members, by which popular rights were much curtailed. In particular, the election of the Doge passed from the people to members of this Council, and the same body gradually dispossessed him of his powers. In 1297 membership of this Council was made hereditary; and in 1310, an inner Executive Council was formed, known as the Council of Ten.

Thus the constitution of Venice entirely ceased to be free. Those who value political freedom beyond everything else will look unfavourably on the change; but let us consider for a moment what it conferred on Venice. We must put this at nothing less than peace and prosperity at home and strength abroad. The proof—so far as such an assertion can be proved—offers itself in the history of Florence, where freedom ended in despotism and slavery.

It is, of course, impossible to say what the political stability of a people owes to its constitution. On the one hand, where a reasonable spirit is abroad, a very poor constitution will work well; where a habit of faction exists, no constitution will save the state. We must assume in Venice a political instinct over and above the constitution; nevertheless, we may observe this advantage in the constitution, that it abolished those temptations to discord which prove so easily disastrous to the Italian temper. Moreover, the Venetians had an Empire to manage, and negotiations to conduct all over Europe; it is certain that no democratic system could have en-



sured the state efficient service. We may say then that Venice had to choose between her Empire and a free constitution—a choice which lies in a different shape before England to-day. Looking at what she actually did and what democracies have actually done, there seems no reason to reject her choice.

Of the memorials of Venetian history the most famous is St. Mark's, with the Palace of the Doges adjoining it. The Cathedral itself is in the form of a Greek Cross, with four equal arms, surmounted by domes and cupolas. It was originally—in the 11th century—built in the Byzantine style, and later on much Gothic carved work was added outside. The material is marble. In its present condition it is suffering from the hand of Time, most of the walls having fallen out of the perpendicular, but by extraordinary good fortune it has escaped the degradations of the 17th and 18th centuries and contains nothing but work of the best periods.\*

The result is that St. Mark's remains a building unique in the world. It does not belong to any one style, yet every part of the work in it is harmonised by its perfection. It seems to contain the very soul of generations of artists. I suppose it would be possible to criticise it, but in its presence, the mind quite refuses to be critical. Its splendour is governed by the most perfect taste; its symbolism is equally significant and beautiful. Inside, it displays the whole history of Venetian mosaic, by perfect examples of every period. Though not actually a very large building, its proportions, especially inside, make it most impressive. With the Taj of Agra, the Parthenon of Athens, and Notre Dame of Paris it may claim the very highest rank among all buildings ever raised in the service of religion.

Before it, over the porch, stand the four bronze horses, which Byron has commemorated. They belong to classical times, but their early history is unknown. Napoleon carried

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\* This fortune it owes chiefly to the fact that the Doges chose to be buried elsewhere; the church of the Frari is honoured with their tombs.

them off to Paris, as he carried off the Lion from the column close by, and every thing else he could lay his hands on. Fortunately the allies sent them back again, though some of his ill-gotten plunder still adorns the Louvre. One thing certainly he left alone in Venice, the armour of Henry IV., presented by him to the city as a token of good will, and placed by the Venetians in the public armoury. I saw it there with some interest, and reflected on the interval which separates Henry IV. from Napoleon, and the degradation of modern France, which has found its hero in that shameless Corsican robber.

The buildings which adjoin St. Mark's, the Library and Palace, deserve though not so abundantly the same kind of praise as the Cathedral itself. Their style is a mixture of Gothic and Renaissance; the work throughout is always excellent. The inner Court of the Doge's Palace displays the climax of secular magnificence at Venice, as the Court of the Bargello does at Florence. I prefer the Court at Florence, it is more eloquent, but both of them are vastly superior to anything at Rome.

Inside the Doge's Palace there is an infinite treasure of beautiful design; and, for those who like such things, Veronese's painted ceilings. I have a perfect horror of them; yet it is worth while screwing your neck round to see his allegorical ladies—always the same lady, whatever her virtue may be, but a distinct type of feminine beauty, a speciality, as the dealers say. You will be glad to add it to your collection. The historical paintings are most interesting, there is nothing like them in Florence. They depict the great scenes of the past, "when Venice sat in State". The taking of Constantinople is a glorious battle-piece; Port Arthur will find no such chronicles; it forms a suitable complement to those where the Doge receives foreign ambassadors.

These latter scenes obtain a peculiar interest when one thinks of theorists and popular sentiment in other parts of the world

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piling up the "Divine right of Kings". The true rebuke to the notion, if men had only seen it, was the First Citizen of Venice, or later on, of Holland.

Below all this splendour lay a row of dark underground dungeons, ending with a narrow corner where executions took place. They are part of the spectacle to-day, and the guide points out to you the hole in the corner where the blood ran out, and the opening where the body was pushed through into a boat. Up above the Council held their deliberations; here down below the sentence was carried out. There was no eclat about the scene; no dying speech, no crowds of witnesses, nothing but an obscure and shameful death.

It was here that prisoners of note were confined; the larger prison in the neighbouring building across the canal was occupied by petty thieves. The bridge which leads to it has witnessed no such pathetic sighs as Byron imagines, and is rightly dismissed by an American traveller as a "swindle". It belongs to that curious list of things all over the world that have obtained an unfair celebrity and are visited by troops of tourists and after all are not worth seeing.

After these buildings there remain to be seen the palaces along the Grand Canal. They were built by the Venetian nobility throughout the middle ages, and belong to various Gothic and Renaissance styles. One may observe that their architectural interest in any case is not of the highest or truest kind, because they are simply so many facades, ranged along the canal like a row of book-bindings on a shelf. Now the merit of architecture is at once to serve practical ends and to invest the result with beauty; and we discover its highest success when we perceive a whole building to have been treated in this spirit. The Venetian palaces cannot be judged in this way; one sees nothing of them except the one side that fronts the canal. Speaking of this, however, many of them exhibit a noble sense of proportion and symmetry. The problem of the architect was simply to arrange windows in a

square wall,—with the aid of pilasters if he thought proper ; but this problem, simple to formulate, is not simple to work out, and it is the merit of these buildings in many ways to have solved it. Moreover, they are free from all the horrors that might be expected, when a lot of wealthy people set to work to build each a more notable house than his neighbour. There is nothing vulgar or gaudy, and, on the other hand, nothing mean amongst them. They are exactly appropriate to men of rank and culture.

One subject more remains in connection with mediæval Venice, and that is its painting. We have already traced the history of Florentine painting; that of Venice begins, one might almost say, when that of Florence declines, and follows a course at once resembling and differing from that of its predecessor. As to why it was born so late, I should prefer to give no opinion. Some historians assert that the popular freedom of Florence produced her art—but if we take the whole history of art in the two cities, we shall find that it owed much more to patrons—ecclesiastical and secular—than to any other specific cause. Giotto is not the only type of artist; and St. Mark's, after all, is more successful than any building at Florence. The fact is that the friends of popular freedom are in too great a hurry to claim it as the inspiring source of all human blessings, whereas it has certainly not shown itself favourable to art. Whence comes it that England, which has the finest houses and the finest churches in the world, has also the meanest public buildings? I admit we are improving matters, but not because popular freedom is expanding. What about Athens? At the foundation of Athens lay the system of slavery ; and has not Aristotle, the countryman of Praxiteles, decreed that it is vulgar (*banaisos*) to be a sculptor?

However this is a digression. There are no Pre-Raphaelites in Venetian painting. There is a Raphael—Giovanni Bellini, who was born about 1430. His Madonnas and Infants resemble those of Raphael, but somehow they are not so



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famous. When one stands before them, however, they seem to claim a place as high both in feeling and technique. If like Napoleon I could carry off what I chose from Italy, I should certainly seize, in the first place, Fra Angelico's Coronation of the Virgin, and then it would be a hard choice between Raphael and Bellini.

Venice has its Michael Angelo in Titian, who resembles him in fertility and variety if not in dæmonic power. His works are to be found all over Europe,—religious, mythological, and portraiture. I must explain to the reader that I do not like them. Cicero has said somewhere that of sculptors and painting no one need pretend to judge who is not a sculptor or painter himself. A hard saying for amateur critics!—but one perfectly true and in some ways most important. No unpractised person can judge of technique. At least he may judge, but his judgment will always be less secure than if he had practised; and his enjoyment will be less perfect. Those painters, therefore, whose merits lie in technique will be the furthest removed from the comprehension of the mere connoisseur, and will interest him least. Those will interest him most where character is treated, *éthos*, as the Greek critics said. Here, I believe, by a kind of compensation, the connoisseur may sometimes understand the artist's work better than the artist himself. Let artists, too, know their province. It is their peculiar gift to reproduce our faces, and for this purpose they do not need a profound sympathy with the character displayed there. A far away glimpse of it is enough for their purpose. Courage, wisdom, or innocence they may depict with skill and fidelity, while in their hearts they know, or care little about them. This view is a heresy in the present day, with its impatience of distinctions; but if we look facts in the face we shall find it to be true.

Now, personally, what I like to carry away from a painter is a type of man or woman. Titian appears to have no such type; for so great a painter surely there is no one so little

characteristic. The picture of his that dwells most in my memory is the early work at Rome, "Earthly and Heavenly Love"—so called. It represents two women sitting by a well, one naked, the other clothed; and one question for the spectator is, whether there is any difference of character between them. It is a question that will find no positive answer, but I am inclined to think "Innocence and Experience" may suggest the answer. Anyhow, the uncertainty of the meaning—as often happens—is one charm of the picture; and the inherent beauty of the drawing deserves its fame.

For the rest I devote my special admiration to Palma Vecchio, one of the few painters who have ever painted a beautiful woman. One of his best pieces is in the Fitz William Museum at Cambridge—Venus reclining on a grassy turf, while Cupid, according to the old legend, wounds with an arrow his not unwilling mother. She is by no means a Venus of the skies, nor Botticelli's mystic spirit of the sea, but earth-born of the earth, a flower like the flowers on the grass beside her.

Palma Vecchio has pictures at Venice of a more religious cast; but this is the style that suits his genius. He has his share in the Venetian mastery of colour, that speciality of Venice, a golden radiance that penetrates the mind like an odour. Some people say it was taught the Venetian painters by atmospheric hues of Venice; but I doubt this explanation. Anyhow there the colour is; you can observe it in the Venetian Academy.

I must pay a tribute to the management of this Academy. Directly you enter you find yourself confronted with Titian's Assumption of the Virgin, a stupendous pile of drapery and babies, which the eye can hardly measure. There is a row of inviting chairs in front of it—a luxury extremely rare in public galleries; it is so attractive to tourists that they sink into them at once and exhaust all their energies in feasting on this masterpiece of Titian's. Consequently when they come to the

famous. When one stands before them, however, they seem to claim a place as high both in feeling and technique. If like Napoleon I could carry off what I chose from Italy, I should certainly seize, in the first place, Fra Angelico's Coronation of the Virgin, and then it would be a hard choice between Raphael and Bellini.

Venice has its Michael Angelo in Titian, who resembles him in fertility and variety if not in demonic power. His works are to be found all over Europe,—religious, mythological, and portraiture. I must explain to the reader that I do not like them. Cicero has said somewhere that of sculptors and painting no one need pretend to judge who is not a sculptor or painter himself. A hard saying for amateur critics!—but one perfectly true and in some ways most important. No unpractised person can judge of technique. At least he may judge, but his judgment will always be less secure than if he had practised; and his enjoyment will be less perfect. Those painters, therefore, whose merits lie in technique will be the furthest removed from the comprehension of the mere connoisseur, and will interest him least. Those will interest him most where character is treated, *ethos*, as the Greek critics said. Here, I believe, by a kind of compensation, the connoisseur may sometimes understand the artist's work better than the artist himself. Let artists, too, know their province. It is their peculiar gift to reproduce our faces, and for this purpose they do not need a profound sympathy with the character displayed there. A far away glimpse of it is enough for their purpose. Courage, wisdom, or innocence they may depict with skill and fidelity, while in their hearts they know, or care little about them. This view is a heresy in the present day, with its impatience of distinctions; but if we look facts in the face we shall find it to be true.

Now, personally, what I like to carry away from a painter is a type of man or woman. Titian appears to have no such type, for so great a painter surely there is no one so little

characteristic. The picture of his that dwells most in my memory is the early work at Rome, "Earthly and Heavenly Love"—so called. It represents two women sitting by a well, one naked, the other clothed; and one question for the spectator is, whether there is any difference of character between them. It is a question that will find no positive answer, but I am inclined to think "Innocence and Experience" may suggest the answer. Anyhow, the uncertainty of the meaning—as often happens—is one charm of the picture; and the inherent beauty of the drawing deserves its fame.

For the rest I devote my special admiration to Palma Vecchio, one of the few painters who have ever painted a beautiful woman. One of his best pieces is in the Fitz William Museum at Cambridge—Venus reclining on a grassy turf, while Cupid, according to the old legend, wounds with an arrow his not unwilling mother. She is by no means a Venus of the skies, nor Botticelli's mystic spirit of the sea, but earth-born of the earth, a flower like the flowers on the grass beside her.

Palma Vecchio has pictures at Venice of a more religious cast; but this is the style that suits his genius. He has his share in the Venetian mastery of colour, that speciality of Venice, a golden radiance that penetrates the mind like an odour. Some people say it was taught the Venetian painters by atmospheric hues of Venice; but I doubt this explanation. Anyhow there the colour is; you can observe it in the Venetian Academy.

I must pay a tribute to the management of this Academy. Directly you enter you find yourself confronted with Titian's Assumption of the Virgin, a stupendous pile of drapery and babies, which the eye can hardly measure. There is a row of inviting chairs in front of it—a luxury extremely rare in public galleries; it is so attractive to tourists that they sink into them at once and exhaust all their energies in feasting on this masterpiece of Titian's. Consequently when they come to the



little room where the Bellinis are they can only look in at the door and say, "Das ist auch schon," or something of the kind and pass on.

I say, I admire this arrangement very much, because it prevents the little Bellini room, from being crowded. Something of the same sort might be done to relieve the pressure on the National Gallery in London. Martin's pictures of Hell might be purchased and planted in the visitor's path. It would be worth trying. At present, with sight-seers from the country, and schoolboys who want to talk to the old soldiers, and tramps from Trafalgar Square, you are nearly squeezed to death in this collection of old masters,—unless you go on a copying day, when there is nothing visible but copies.

The traveller to or from Venice, if he has a little time to spare, should certainly spend it at Vicenza, which will give him a good idea of an Italian town in Byron's time. It possesses some admirable pictures, some beautiful Gothic architecture, and, above all, it produced and reveals in its most successful inspiration the genius of Palladio.

Palladio (1518—1580) was the last architectural genius of Italy, that is to say, the last man who struggled to conceive a building as a structure, apart from its ornaments. I have elsewhere said that this is what the Italian genius seems unable to do. It possessed the finest tradition of buildings in the world, the Roman tradition, now, indeed, almost a name, but more than a name a thousand years ago, when the monuments of Rome were still preserved. And this tradition, as it appears, was inherited by a guild of workmen, who continued their existence from classical to mediæval times.\* We might therefore expect, when architecture revived, a revival of the Roman canons and even masterpieces of buildings equal to theirs. Something of the kind we do get, in the early middle ages, but mostly the buildings of the Romanesque period, in Italy, are

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\* See *Cathedral Builders*, by Leader Scott, a recent work of importance.

formless and uncomfortable to the æsthetic judgment. The best of them are the Campaniles, the tall square towers adjoining the churches, a speciality of Italy, and the one direction where she has settled the model for the world.\* The distinctive feature of the Romanesque style is the round arch; but in due time the Gothic, a pointed arch, invented beyond the Alps, found its way into Italy, accompanied by its characteristic carving. But not in this style either did the Italian builders succeed as the northern builders did; and with the Renaissance they abandoned it. They returned to the round arch of Rome, Brunelleschi, the great Florentine, leading the way. The movement has two aspects, it sometimes aspires after the structural severity of the Romans, and sometimes—or rather usually—forgets everything in a passion for riotous ornament. This was the constant temptation and the ruin of Renaissance architecture; the names of the few great architects in Italy are those who struggled against it. Palladio, late in the series though he comes, was one of the number, and the beautiful Town Hall of Vicenza—which he designed at the age of 31—is the finest of his efforts. It has been before now, and it will be yet again, an inspiration to his countrymen; indeed, one might say to the world. We in England must not forget that we owe to Palladio Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren.

From Vicenza the traveller may proceed to Verona, with its Roman amphitheatre; and finally to Milan, where there are more interesting monuments of the Middle Ages than is generally known. Of the earliest times there is S. Ambrogio, an exceedingly fine church, which dates from about 1100; though it carries our thoughts back even further, to the baptism of St. Augustine, which was performed by St. Ambrose on this very spot. Of the Renaissance period there is the Cathedral, one of the largest and most ambitious structures in Europe. Like St. Peter's however it remains a failure, and is contemplated more

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\* The tower at Panch Howds in Poona is an excellent example of the class.

with wonder than admiration. It is amusing to observe that it remained unfinished till Napoleon's time and was completed by his orders. It is just the sort of building to suit him, talented, pretentious and wasteful.

It was built by one of the tyrants of Milan, Galeazzo Visconti, in 1386. Milan fell into the hands of tyrants sooner than any Italian city; and its history under them remains as uninteresting as it was before. Always large and wealthy it remained always unideaed; while Florence has a place in the history of the world, Milan has none. At least, if it has one, it owes it to the fact that a Milanese tyrant induced Charles VIII. of France to invade Italy.

The most notable sight near Milan is the Certosa di Pavia, a Carthusian monastery, built by this same Galeazzo Visconti; now a national monument. No place of the kind anywhere contains so much sumptuous work. There is a large church, and chapels innumerable; halls for various purposes, cloisters and cells. All—except the cells—are decorated within and without, every inch of their surface. Nor is the decoration at all feeble; it is most of it exceedingly fine; what one complains of is a total absence of repose. If the work visible could be distributed over a hundred establishments, it would suffice to ennoble all. As it is, the visitor sees it with astonishment and confusion, which the circumstances of his visit increase. By the regulations he has to go round with a "party" and a guide, and one impression succeeds another so rapidly that the mind refuses to take them in at all. One is glad to escape and take refuge in the Certosa liqueur, which is still made and sold here. It is a comfortable invention, and a glass of it will be found to stimulate wonderfully one's comprehension of the Renaissance.

If the reader has patiently accompanied me so far, I dare say he is beginning to hope that I have done with the Middle ages. I have almost done, but one place has been passed over by the scheme of my paper and must now be included, and that is Pisa.

Pisa was a small seaport town that rose into eminence before Florence, and by 1100 was almost the chief maritime power in the Mediterranean. For two centuries her glory lasted, then in 1284 she was crushed by Genoa, and in 1405 she became a wretched tributary of Florence. Since that day her fortunes have never revived, she is still as ever "Pisa the Unconsolable." When I asked some one there what the state of the place was, I received the answer which, no doubt, has been given to many strangers, for many centuries—*molta miseria*.

After all, her fate is not unique, and I enter into no judgment as to whether she deserved it or not; but we find ourselves touched by her sorrow because of her place in the history of Art. Perhaps this is unfair; and so it is unfair to sympathise with a beautiful woman in tears; but the unphilosophic part of men always do so. And the art of Pisa rivals that of Florence; indeed in some ways surpasses it. Her Cathedral is a nobler monument of architecture; and I love her leaning Tower better than Giotto's Campanile. I need not describe it; most people have seen it in pictures; but few realise how it stands, with the Cathedral and the Baptistery, in a vast open grassy space, clearly and beautifully visible, forming one of the most striking groups of buildings in the world. The Pisan style, with its rows of arcaded columns, is truly architectural, and full of dignity.

In the Cathedral there is a bronze lamp which hangs by a long chain from the roof, and not without interest do we learn that from its movements Galileo was led to the theory of the pendulum and the construction of the astronomical clock, on which all precise measurement and, therefore, all the verifications of astronomy depend. He began his wandering life at Pisa and became Professor at Padua, contended with the Pope and the Inquisition at Rome, and now he lies buried at Santa Croce in Florence.

There are many beautiful little Churches at Pisa; most beautiful of all the Sailors' Church, S. Maria, by the Arno.

No words can exaggerate the faultless beauty of its carving ; it is very small but a miracle of the sculptor's art ; a treasure alone sufficient to draw the stranger to Pisa. Yet, if he has any sensibility, as old writers said, he will go there for no æsthetic pleasure, but to honour a memory, to lay his wreath of immortelles on Pisa's grave, and to place himself a while under a spell as sombre and almost as potent as that of the Forum or the ruins of Pompeii.

With Pisa we finally leave behind us mediæval Italy, and turn to Italy of modern times, the Italy visible and attainable by the tourist world of to-day. I will begin by saying a word of caution regarding its climate.

Those who have visited the country during its few chosen weeks, (which vary in different places,) bring back glorious accounts of Italian weather. The reality, however, year in, year out, for those who live in Italy, is something different. The winter in Northern Italy is exceedingly cold ; the thermometer sometimes sinking below zero. Preparations against this temperature are very imperfect, the Italians being in general tolerant of discomfort, and not inclined to spend money in reducing it. Their houses are warmed by little wooden fires, which sulk if they are not petted and taken notice of, and dispense a feeble heat at the best of times. The visitor, therefore, outside the big cosmopolitan hotels, will soon correct his ideas of Italian weather. The sky above may be clear and blue, but the north wind carries with it the icy spirit of the Alps ; and even at Brindisi, landing there in February, 1896, straight from England, I found the air amazingly cold.

The skies, however, are by no means always clear and blue. The month I spent at Rome—in November and December—was drowned in a continuous flood of rain ; and later on in spring, from Venice to Genoa, during six weeks I had scarcely a fine day.

The summer is extremely hot. I believe temperatures over 100° are quite common ; and in the Val d' Aosta I noticed the hill sides looking as brown as those of the Deccan.

Of course, there are pleasant seasons in the year. Spring and autumn at Florence, and Naples in the winter will satisfy the connoisseur in climates; and from their merits is derived the reputation of the Italian skies.

As for the reputation of Italian scenery, I cannot account for that at all. Byron started the tradition—at least for Englishmen:—

Thou art the garden of the world, the home  
Of all art yields, or Nature can decree,  
Even in thy deserts, what is like to thee?  
Thy very woods are beautiful, thy waste  
More rich than other climes' fertility.

With passages like this echoing in his ears, the tourist approaches Italy in a frame of high expectation. This has various results. It leads some people to see over again, through Byron's spectacles, what he saw; and others it sends away disappointed and dissatisfied. I was of the latter number; and consider Italian scenery a fraud.

Most of it consists of cultivated plains, very flat and very carefully tilled, pleasing only to the economic eye. The monotony is only slightly redeemed by the vines running from pole to pole; trees there are none to speak of, nor hedges either. When we leave the plains and enter the mountains, we find little grandeur, but a wild confusion of trivial peaks and ridges, where nothing specially interests us or impresses itself on the mind. Trees again are absent, and I may add that birds are absent too, as the smallest thing that has life is promptly caught and eaten. No doubt every country looks beautiful in the flush of spring, as every woman looks, or is said to look, beautiful on her wedding day, but that is the most I can say for Italian scenery.

Nevertheless there are some qualifications of this verdict necessary. The air of Italy is at once clear and soft, especially in Tuscany, and invests even commonplace objects with a remarkable atmospheric charm. Scientific people may per-



haps explain this ; we have the same effect nearer home in the west of Scotland, the colours are all curiously heightened, and in Tuscany there is a violet strain infused into everything. One sees this especially on a fine evening, when the harmonies deepen as the light fades away and day closes like a symphony "in linked sweetness long drawn out."

Among scenic effects of Italy we must recall those of the Campagna near Rome. The City, as every one knows, was founded on a malarial site, and civilisation has never fully reclaimed it. In fact during the middle ages it definitely retired from the contest, and the country for many miles round Rome became a desert. Of late years a good deal has been brought back under cultivation, but much of the old Campagna still remains. Its solitude and silence make it a strong contrast to the noise of Rome, and it has always attracted artists and poets. Beyond it lie the Alban hills, whose summits in winter are crowned with shining snows, and offer at all times of the year many pleasing effects of light and shade.

Further south again there is the coast scenery near Naples. A fine point of view is the summit of Capri, which lies just outside the famous bay. It rises straight out of the water hundreds of feet high, so that the visitor when he has gained it finds himself at the very centre of all things, with the sky and the sea and the mountains actually enclosing him. The outlines of the mountains are magnificent, especially those of Capri, and they are visible under every aspect, both near at hand and far away receding into the distance. The expanse of waters seems quite infinite, and the whole scene is steeped in azure of celestial beauty. It is one of the great spectacles of Europe, not unworthily described by Shelley,

Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
The purple noon's transparent might.

For one more example of Italian scenery we may visit the far north, the Lake of Como. It is a long narrow sheet of water

insinuating itself between the bases of the Alps. Ever since the days of the Romans its beauty has been recognised; Pliny had a villa on its shore, and many of the rich Milanese to-day follow his example. This is not a fortunate circumstance for the tourist, as these villas occupy all the points of view, and the road (where there is one) like all Italian roads is so constructed as not to give away the scenery gratis. In fact, if you want to see Como you are almost obliged to take a steamer,—which is a counsel of despair. However, if you stay at one of the towns on its banks, you will find glimpses of the original undefiled Como, and it is certainly a lake *tout premier ordre*, as the hotel-keepers say. It is surrounded by steep mountains, of which the most contemptible is several thousand feet high, while in the background are the veritable Alps, with their eternal and apparently unapproachable snows. The vegetation near the water is the finest in Italy, and in the gardens of the villas, where it has been enriched by art, as remarkable as any in the world. This is due to the peculiar position of the lake. The cold winds of the Alps blow over it, and the sun streaming down into the deep hollow produces a sub-tropical climate. In the gardens this has been taken full advantage of; and I met among them various old friends from Poona, palms, crotons, the Bougainvillea and other creepers. It is a melancholy pleasure to visit these gardens—you join the party, the gardener trots you swiftly round, pouring out the Latin names of the trees as he goes, and in a few minutes you are shot out into the road again, with a wall on each side of you, wondering what to do with the rest of the morning.

I should say, do not go to these places to enjoy yourself, but just to learn that they exist, and to add their names to your list of trophies. For enjoyment's sake you must turn to nature and solitude, if you can. For instance, at Bellagio, you must go up Monte San Primo. It rises behind Bellagio, about 5,000 feet high, a good day's walk, but most repaying. The ascent is something like that of Kilimanjaro, as depicted in the

Atlases, you pass through every phase of vegetation from the tropic to the Alpine. By the banks of Como you leave behind you the palms and crotons; you ascend to birches and firs and broom, and finally to barren heights, where the snow, if not eternal, had by no means vanished when I was there in May.

It was a wet day—the whole spring was wet,—but the flowers were resolved not to be cheated out of their season, and bloomed in countless multitudes. I have never seen in one day either so many or so many kinds. Buttercups and daisies, cowslips and primroses, columbine, crocus, anemone, iris, narcissus, with others known and unknown to the Englishman, bloomed in countless millions; and beyond their range I met once more the unforgettable blue of the Alpine gentian.

I have said nothing of the mountain scenery, but it was truly fine, especially the glimpses of the Alps, when the envious clouds disclosed them. I looked upon them with a long steady gaze, knowing it would be my last chance; and at such times the eye attains to an almost photographic power. So I can see them at this moment, amid the heat and uproar of Bombay.

I can see, too, the hills between Milan and Genoa, the grandest part of the Apennines; and finally I can see the Riviera. Now I had decided *not* to see the Riviera, because the best known places in Europe are so often disappointing, and I took a through ticket from Genoa to Marseilles. I was well punished for this contempt. As the train moved along I suddenly became aware that we had entered a region unlike any I had ever seen. The train passed along the sea shore, and the Mediterranean with its cliffs was much the same as the Mediterranean always is. But running down to it from the mountains inland one after another we crossed a succession of woody glades, which seemed to have sprung from the imagination of some romantic poet. One after another they presented themselves, as the train hurried on, and I stood petrified to think I had coolly passed over the loveliest spot in Europe. And I have yet said nothing of the flowers, which no poet would

have even dared to imagine, and which I dare not describe as I saw them,—millions of flowers, chiefly yellow, spread out in masses of beaten gold and sparkling like jewels in every crevice of the rocks.

The Riviera to-day is cruelly defaced. A railway skirts the whole of the sea-shore, and every height is occupied by villas and clumps of mammoth hotels. At Monte Carlo the great House of Ill Fame peers down on the railway, flaunting its splendid architecture before the eyes of men and gods. "The consecration and the poet's dream" are rudely dispelled by these vulgar intrusions. But I am sure that for the pedestrian the Riviera holds a few recesses unexplored, where the spirit of her old loveliness still delays and lingers.

The reader now knows, as far as I can tell him, where to find the natural beauties of Italy. I should proceed to speak of the aspect of her towns to-day, but first I will dwell for a moment on the change which has overtaken them since Byron's time. It must be remembered that Byron visited Italy at the very end of an epoch. The eighteenth century in Italy was an age of complete exhaustion and stagnation. The very name Italy was "a geographical expression"; politically the country was held by a dozen little princes—including the Pope; mostly foreigners, and all sunk in vice or lethargy. There was no intellectual or industrial activity anywhere.\* The country seemed like those sites which were solemnly cursed by the Romans to be devoted to the nether gods for ever.

The ruins of the Past were almost wholly unexplored, overgrown with vegetation, neglected and ignored. The Forum was a pasturage for shepherds; the Coliseum a forest. Venice was as silent as the grave; and it was a natural expectation of Byron and Shelley that she would some day sink back into the waters from which she rose.

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\* In spite of the name of Alfieri.

To-day all this is changed. The chief ruins have been excavated and weeded and preserved. The dead cities have come to life; their filthy lanes and slums have been pulled down; the streets have been straightened and widened; the spirit of the modern age has passed like the wind of Ezekiel over the dry bones in the valley. Italy has become a manufacturing country. In electrical apparatus she may almost be said to lead the world; and it is not by accident that she boasts the name of Marconi. To-day in many parts of Italy it is not the old but the new that first impresses the visitor.

Of course something has been lost by this. The "picturesque" has largely vanished. But what does the picturesque consist of? Largely of insanitary and uninhabitable broken-down houses, where human life is hopelessly degraded. The queer outlines and weather-worn stains of these places may gratify the curious eye of the tourist, but the outcry against their removal is at the bottom downright selfishness. So, too, it is selfish to complain that a revival of industry has disturbed the mouldy mildewed repose of Venice. When one thinks of the hungry mouths and empty bellies that abound by thousands in her dismal slums, it is at least a passing satisfaction to reflect that a few more of them may hope to be satisfied.

There is perhaps more to regret in the loss of the Roman gardens. But even these must be dispensed with in the heart of a large capital city. It would be more to the point to complain that the Municipality of Rome have not constructed a single garden for the public. This is an unpardonable neglect of their duty. The construction of fine public gardens has a humanising effect on people's minds, and does to some extent compensate us for the loss of the natural scenery of Europe. I may say that throughout Great Britain and Europe their value has been fully recognised. But returning to Rome, I think the Municipality have a good defence to many of the charges made against them, charges urged in the most unsparing



language, of vandalism and brutality. They have sought to make Rome habitable, a task of extreme difficulty. They have pierced a tunnel through the Esquiline hill, a work on which the Romans themselves might congratulate them; they have lined with solid masonry the banks of the Tiber. Whether this has been done with the best possible judgment, I cannot say; at any rate, it has prevented the floods which for ages made the lower quarters of Rome miserable.

No; Italy of to-day (like other places) is in a "state of transition"; the very old exists everywhere by the side of the very new. And certainly in the way of architecture some parts of the new are excellent; I will mention especially the new buildings of Genoa. The tourist, of course, does not go to Italy to see these things; he has them in his own country; but he must not on that account expect the Italians to abstain from rendering their own towns comfortable places of residence for themselves. As far as the provision of museums goes, and the deliberate preservation of old buildings, Italy is not behind hand.

But in many other points of which I am now going to speak she is terribly behind hand, and her defects are woefully plain to the tourist. Almost all public arrangements are wretched. I except the electric tramways, which are well managed, but cannot express my feelings about Italian railways. There is nothing about them that is not bad; the routes are badly planned, the time tables badly planned, the stations wretched, the carriages wretched, and punctuality is not even contemplated. There are five varieties of trains, from the *treno di lusso*, for millionaires only, to the *treno misto*, or mixed train, adapted for very humble requirements. I spent nearly eight hours once, in a *treno ordinario*, travelling from Paestum to Naples, about 50 miles; the carriage, (second class), of course was crowded, but no one seemed to think the case extraordinary. In fact, one of the passengers said distinctly he had known matters worse, and the rest merely muttered something about the Government being thieves.



I say the carriage of course was crowded because it is the theory of Italian railway officials that a train should always be full ; it should start full and the numbers of passengers leaving and entering at each station should exactly correspond, so that the equilibrium may not be disturbed. If the public will not enter into this arrangement, they have to take the consequences ; and what actually happens is that the trains do start full and every station witnesses a fight for standing room.

The passengers' luggage, it is well understood, will always be searched by thieves, and any valuables extracted. The railway companies undertake no responsibility for such, and make no enquiries. If you suffer and appeal to your consul, he politely replies that he cannot interfere, but he will add your complaint to some hundreds of others he has received, and he will eventually lodge them all before the Italian Government, together with a solemn remonstrance. This dishonesty of the railway companies seems to me in itself to exclude Italy from the community of civilised nations.

Other features of Italian life point to the same conclusion. But I am gradually being drawn on to the topic of the Italian character, and had better speak of it methodically. Of course, as a tourist, I did not see anything of the upper classes ; but the behaviour of a nation towards foreigners is one great test of its civilisation, and the tourist can certainly speak of that.

The Italians, viewed in this way, are not without good points. They are friendly and communicable ; and very often have a sort of dignity of manner, which adds a charm to life. This is *cortesia*, and if you choose to exhibit it yourself, it will certainly be appreciated and you will be a solid gainer by your wisdom. If, for instance, you wish to buy a few chestnuts, you should not approach the vendor of chestnuts brusquely and say, " Give me ten-centesimi worth of chestnuts," because if you do, observing you are a stranger, he will give you the worst he has got ; you should lay aside every appearance of haste, and accost him thus :—" Good day, Signor ! I am desirous of buying

a few of these excellent chestnuts which I see roasting before you. I am not in the habit of eating chestnuts and am therefore not well able to contend with those that are broken or burned or infested by worms. So, I beg that my portion may include somewhat less than my share of these; and in consideration of this I shall not expect you to give me quite so many." I do not mean that you should actually *say* all this; part of it you may say, according to your command of Italian, and part of it you may intimate by gesture and attitude and inflection of your voice. It will all be understood however and appreciated; and will lead to a satisfactory transaction in chestnuts.

But I grieve to say that in many ways the Italian treatment of strangers is a national disgrace. The great principle of the whole nation is by every possible means to cheat and plunder them. There is no country in the world where you get so little gratis as in Italy, or such poor value for your money. The very roads are devoid of views, they either wind about between high walls or creep along nullahs. The fees for all public institutions are high, and when you have paid them you have to satisfy incessant demands for gratuities. These indeed are a perpetual plague in Italy; you cannot stir without incurring them. Men, women and children constantly thrust their unnecessary services upon you, and if you do not accept them, you are fiercely abused and insulted. I remember Venice as the climax of these nuisances; some people say Naples, but I do not hesitate myself about Venice.

After this it seems unnecessary to add that every pecuniary transaction—in Southern Italy at any rate—means a wrangle, if you are not indifferent to extortion. Even at the hotels you have to bargain for your rooms. You will not, as a rule, have much difficulty over this, but you are certain to be cheated at the shops. Here, however, descending from generalities, let me relate two tales of my own experience.

Once upon a time I set out to walk from Naples to Camaldoli. The distance was about five miles, and the road, as it

soon appeared, followed the economical plan of creeping up a long nullah. It promised therefore to be extremely dull, and I was not sorry to overtake a country fellow carrying a keg of wine, who seemed inclined to enter into conversation. He informed me he was going to Camaldoli himself, and we agreed to go together, I on my part casually displaying my map in order that he might not establish a claim as a guide. Presently we reached a point where it appeared I ought to turn off to the left, but he persisted in continuing to the right, and I weakly consenting to accompany him, we suddenly entered a little village obviously quite out of my way. Just as I was going to ask the meaning of this he stopped before a small inn, and informed me that this was his inn, where I might conveniently drink a bottle of wine and continue my way to Camaldoli later on, escorted by his son. I did not waste much time rebuking his treachery, but just as I turned to depart his wife appeared at the door trundling before her a dirty urchin of about fourteen years, both aware of the situation created by the head of the family and both briskly alive to take advantage of it. Nor could I shake off that boy by any possible means till I came to another inn, where I bethought myself of a plan which succeeded. Calling up the hostess I said to her, "I propose to refresh myself at your establishment and to drink a bottle of wine there, but the offer is made strictly on the condition that you set me free from the society of this boy." There was a brief fusillade in the vernacular; the boy held his own remarkably well, but he saw it was no go and retired. And I according to my agreement drank a bottle of wine at that inn and became so sleepy that I left my note-book there and had to walk all the way back for it next day.

It is curious that in Italy the stranger never can get anything but a bottle of wine to drink. It costs him a rupee, and, if he is not strong-minded enough to leave half of it, makes him too sleepy to enjoy anything but a long siesta. In Germany you can always get a glass of beer, which costs you two annas,

and does not interfere with your subsequent proceedings. But it would not suit the Italians to let the stranger off so cheaply.

Then, as to my other experience, it relates to Ventimilia, on the French-Italian frontier. The principal train from Genoa to Marseilles, by some devilish cantrip, changes itself there from a first and second class to a first class only; and the second class passengers are left the alternative of paying the excess for the first class or waiting for a *treno ordinario* at midnight. By the artful inactivity of the customs house officers their discovery of this position is delayed to the very last moment, and they have scarcely time to make a change if they wish to. This is what happened to me; and I decided to make the change; so I planked down a sovereign on the counter, received my ticket and a handful of silver and just caught the first class train. When I examined the silver it was a lira short. I permit myself to think that this comedy is enacted at Ventimilia more frequently than once in a blue moon.

Enough now of such stories, though I could go on with them. I will say no more of Italian dishonesty, nor of Italian treatment of strangers. But I must say something of the way they treat themselves, especially in the matter of cleanliness. On this point even Baedeker is moved to a dry joke, observing that perhaps in the opinion of Italians dirt is neutralised by the brilliance of their climate. Well, if this is their opinion, it is sadly mistaken, and there is nothing which interferes with one's pleasure in Italy more than the all-pervading and unspeakable dirt. Sanitation in many places there is none; *verbum sapienti*; I will say no more. Except that it is a pity a people of such poor physique should waste so much of their strength in spitting.

The brightest feature in Italy of to-day is the industrial awakening, and on the whole the progress towards better municipal management. There can be no doubt that in these directions real progress is going on. One sees many signs of it; new buildings rising, and old abuses of management disap-

pearing. It is significant too that Italian paper money has steadily improved its position till it now bears its face value. I am bound to say that these facts are very striking.

What they are really worth, only close acquaintance with the country would show. It is certain that they are not inconsistent with much severe poverty. The poverty of Italy is about the first thing the stranger notices, and it remains perhaps the deepest impression on his mind. There is no country where the poor suffer such extremes of misery, at any rate none where they suffer more. In lodging, food and clothing they support life on the very minimum that makes life possible. Beggars swarm in every direction, and the habit of begging is engrained in almost all the common people.

As there is much poverty in Italy, so there are also very rich people. Like England it is a country of extremes; and the sharp contrast of fortunes embitters social relations. The revolutionary creed is widely accepted and widely preached. In every shop window you see its publications, denouncing the "three curses of mankind," Clericalism, Capitalism, and Militarism. If there is little freedom of meeting in Italy, there is plenty freedom of speech.

Without judging these issues, I may say that if the Italian Government is hated by the poor it must thank its own system of taxation for this. Italy may or may not be the most heavily taxed country in the world; I believe all countries claim that distinction; it is certainly the country where taxation is most in evidence and falls most oppressively on the poor. It seems to include both all taxes that are known elsewhere and several peculiar to Italy. I will not profess to name each of them. There are, of course, the usual taxes of civilised governments, including income-tax; there are heavy import duties, and heavy octroi duties at the gate of every town. Every notice exhibited to the public is taxed half an anna, no matter how small it is; every box of matches bears a stamp. Tobacco and salt are Government monopolies, dear and bad;

the lowest postage on a letter (outside a town) is two annas. These are specimens of a large tribe of imposts ; and it must be added that in parts of Italy wages are only six annas a day.

And what the people get as the result of all this is not honest or efficient government. Of course that is largely their own fault. Corruption is bred in the air of the country, and not specially invented by officials. But it is difficult not to feel that government ought to make things better. They ought, for instance, to make the railways tolerable and worthy of a civilised country. At present they are not only disgraceful in every other respect but entirely unsafe for passengers' luggage. Mungo Park among the African savages was not much worse off than he would have been in Italy to-day.

Here, however, I may quit these topics, and discuss briefly the merits of different places in Italy as centres for the traveller. Rome, in my opinion, has to be endured. It is dear and uncomfortable. The chief street, the Corso, is about as wide as Kalbadevi Road, Bombay ; and the footpaths on each side scarcely accommodate two passengers abreast. One has to traverse it pretty often, and I shall not easily forget the annoyance of threading my way amongst the carriages there, like a little dog running about. The city is healthier than it used to be, thanks to the much abused municipality ; and I understand it does not always rain incessantly during the winter. Still there seems to me a great absence of refreshing walks about Rome, unless you are really a pedestrian and make for the Campagna.

Venice is again a place to visit and not to stay long at. Except the Piazza of San Marco there is scarcely an open spot in it, and the stranger will soon weary of its gloomy smelly little streets. The best plan to enjoy the place is undoubtedly to stay at the Lido, the long island that lies opposite the town, about a mile away from it. Here there is quiet ; excellent hotels ; and a wide stretch of sand, where the stranger can muse over what he has seen, or shake it off, if he prefers to. Then



in the evening he can enjoy the famous view of Venice across the lagoon. Forgetting how dirty the water is, he can enjoy the reflection of the sky in it, and try to conjure up the Venice of the past. He may imagine the Bucentaur carrying the Doge to wed the Adriatic; and Venetian fleets returning in triumph with the fruits of trade or the spoils of conquest. Otherwise, he may represent to himself the deserted city of Byron's day, when the Lido was a waste of empty sand. He will find this recollection lies just as far as the other from the Venice of to-day.

But more interesting than Venice for a long stay is Naples. Indeed I doubt if there is any city in Italy—or in the world—which combines so many interests as Naples. I have written of Pompeii and the museums; of the panorama of Capri; and yet I have said nothing of Vesuvius. But volcanoes are not such common things that the traveller can neglect them, and as I did not neglect to visit Vesuvius so I will not neglect to write about it.

A visit to Vesuvius is, up to a certain point, an easy affair. You pay Messrs. Cook a small sum in Naples and they transport you in a carriage to the foot of the mountain and thence in their own railway to the foot of the "cone." Here you have to deal with the natives, who are kept somewhat in order nowadays, but still make themselves a nuisance, till you have settled with a "guide" and started for the summit. It is not far off, but the sides of the mountain are formed of a fine ash resembling tooth powder, and stout or elderly people find it fatiguing. Steam is continually issuing through this ash, and verifies by its presence the fact that you are ascending a volcano. On arriving at the top you find yourself just on the edge of the crater, which I may compare to the bowl of an exceedingly large pipe. It is probably full of smoke, which, if the wind blows your way, excites a choking sensation. Down below you have a great rattle of stones, and if the smoke blows aside for a moment you observe some of these thrown up into

the air, to fall down again within the crater. It is certainly a striking scene, though you have not much time to observe it, as the "guides" have no sooner taken you up than they hurry you down again, in accordance with the usual Italian principles. You may however purchase a little delay by buying copper coins imbedded in fragments of lava, which are sold to visitors at remunerative rates.

Vesuvius is an obliging mountain, and you will seldom see less than this if you visit it. You may of course see more, streams of lava breaking out, and so on. You may, in fact, encounter one of these streams and find yourself carried away by it. This has happened before now, and always remains a possibility. But, as rule, there is no danger, unless, as I suppose might happen, the brink of the crater should give way when a large party of tourists is standing on it and carry them all down.

The sides of the mountain present a wilderness of black jagged lava, apparently as barren as anything in the world. But lava when disintegrated by the weather makes very rich soil, and the lower slopes of Vesuvius are closely cultivated. They produce a heady wine, called *Lacrima Christi*, or Tears of Christ. Messrs. Cook, who foresee everything, recommend tourists to abstain from it till they are safely on their way home again, and then to try it. Having done so, I can say that it is excellent, but caution is required.

And in speaking of Naples, I should not forget its aquarium, supported not only by the Italian Government, but jointly by all the Governments of Europe. It is constantly being replenished, and if you visit it after a few days of calm weather you will find not only the old stagers at home, but most delicate jelly fish and other creatures that soon die in captivity. The Octopus is ready to be fed for two annas, and displays his unexpected agility and horrible method of assimilation. The electric fish may be tested gratis, but soon grows tired of shocking people.

As for the famous Bay of Naples, I think it a little overpraised,

as it certainly is overbuilt. However, it looks well by moonlight and the hotels command a good view of it. There are many excursions, both short and long. Pæstum I have mentioned; Amalfi and Sorrento I did not visit, but they are names that will speak to many ears.

Yes; Naples is a fine place to stay at and the international hotels are both good and cheap. But a serious drawback to comfort is the grinding poverty of the Neapolitans. The Cunard Company in the pamphlet which they publish to entice Americans thither mention among their promised pleasures, "the delightful gaiety of the people." What a ghastly fiction this becomes to one who has looked on Naples with open eyes! Gaiety, I suppose, there must be somewhere among half a million inhabitants, but it did not present itself in my path. Starvation and cruelty to animals, rampant dishonesty and unspeakable dirt - these are what I remember of the place.

There remains one topic on which I deem it proper to write a little, and that is the Church of the country, Roman or Catholic, however we are to call it. The reader may wonder why I introduce a topic so dangerous and so superfluous for an Indian public. I should reply that far from being superfluous, it is a topic of first-rate importance both for Indians and for any one who wishes to understand the march of affairs in Europe. Our scheme of education in India is (necessarily) misleading on this point. We say, designedly, so little of religion in our schools that our pupils may perhaps think religion does not interest the Western world. This would be a great mistake, and the present appears to me a legitimate moment for correcting it. I am aware that I do so at some peril. There are many reasons against making these papers contentious, yet it is impossible for a Protestant to give an account of the Roman Church which would not start a controversy. But I shall minimise the disadvantages of the position, if I disclaim any desire to write with authority. The true course for the reader, if my pages arouse him to any interest in the subject, is to

study the position of Rome from the writings of Roman authors, and when he has pursued that study long enough to base his views upon it.

I seek here only to isolate the points of difference between Rome and the Protestant churches, as far as I can perceive them. The subject is one on which whole libraries have been written; and not much of them can be crowded into a few pages. But salient points may be distinguished, and the issues may be defined.

Let us approach the question on the ground of doctrine, asking what each type of church teaches. It is a further question how far each Church lives up to its ideals; we must put this on one side for the present. And for the sake of clearness I contemplate Protestantism in its really distinct form, that of Scotland for instance, where the difference of systems is not confused by any pretence of compromise.

At the outset I may premise that the Roman system is very difficult for a Protestant to understand. It lies as far from his own point of view as Hinduism, and information about it is not more accessible. It is true there are works in defence of the Catholic system, but they usually omit things that Protestants wish to know, even when they are specially written for them. There is, for instance, F. De Bruno's "Catholic Belief" (400 pp.), which has passed through twenty editions, and does not discuss the subject of toleration.

Whatever way we look at it the chasm between the Roman and Protestant systems will be found deep and broad and impassable; in dogma, ethics, ritual, discipline and views of history. One point of contact there must needs be between all religions, the belief in God, and one other point of contact the Roman and Protestant systems have had in the past, the faith in the mediation of Christ. But the difference of views over the Eucharist reduces this consent to insignificance; it points to a far-reaching difference of philosophic systems. I do not even attempt to fathom it here; the whole problem of the

nature of reality is involved, and with it the foundations of belief.

In point of ethics, the method of the Roman Church differs from that of Protestantism ; it proceeds by rules and classifications, which Protestantism suspects. If, for instance, the question is raised whether falsehood is permissible or not, both Protestants and Catholics would to some extent admit it, but the former grudgingly and in general terms, the latter on specific occasions precisely defined. Thus the Roman system refers men to law, the Protestant system leaves them alone with their conscience. The Protestant system rejects ritual ; the Roman system employs it, on a scale as vast and as intricate as that of the Vedas. In discipline Rome refers all to the hierarchy, and ultimately to the Pope ; the Protestant system leaves all, or almost all, to the individual.

On points of history the difference is as great as elsewhere. The Roman Church holds a view of the Reformation quite opposed to that of Protestants, maintaining especially that in England the people did not reject the Roman system, but were "robbed and cheated" of it. And surveying the contemporary world Roman writers differ from Protestants no less strongly ; an American Catholic proving for instance (in 1900), that Protestant communities are much below Catholic in "civilisation, happiness, intelligence and morality." \*

How much of each system is really coherent and necessary as a part of a whole is a very subtle question. Some points on each side have doubtless been determined by mere antagonism, like the practice of standing at prayers, which the old Protestants adopted because Catholics knelt. It would take a comprehensive mind to discuss this point, but I will observe one particular difficulty in appreciating the Roman system, that one cannot easily determine on disputed points what she really means. For instance, it is conceded that Protestants

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\* A. Young, of New York ; the book contains 600 pages and is marked by strong language and intense bitterness.

who truly repent of their sins may be saved without the aid of the Eucharist, and this seems at first an important concession. But when one examines the nature of the repentance required the number of Protestants secured becomes "less than any assignable quantity," and the concession vanishes. There are many points in the Roman system involved in such obscurity, and it remains open to members of the communion to take different views.\*

This indeed is one strength of the Roman position. The Church and its doctrines have so many aspects that many types of men are attracted into her fold, worldly and devout, learned and unlearned together. This is part of the conception of the Roman Church, which does not like Protestantism confine the name of membership to the elect. Each system has different advantages and disadvantages. The knave who wishes to profit by the Protestant Church has to be a hypocrite; his brother of the Roman communion can secure the desired amenities at the cost of a little external conformance.

Summing up in the broadest terms the difference so far discussed, we may say first that Protestantism is more speculative than the Roman system. With a correct appreciation of this Newman prefixed to his Grammar of Assent the words, "It did not please God to redeem His people by means of dialectics." The Roman Church wishes to appeal to facts, and Transubstantiation, though a mystery, remains on one side also a fact, established in the same way as any other fact. Then the Protestant

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\* An interesting example of this may be offered in connection with the use of images. "If any one," says F. De Bruno, "seeing a poor Catholic woman praying before an image of the Blessed Virgin were to say to her, 'The Blessed Virgin is in heaven and not there, my good woman', she would look at such a person with pity and surprise for thinking it necessary to remind her of that." Nevertheless if this supposed poor woman could have visited the Marian Exhibition in 1905 she would have found there a photograph of the image of the Virgin at Foligno, "which moved its eyes in 1796", and she might perhaps have been led into some errors.



faith throws each man back on himself, while the Roman Church offers him all sorts of assistance, from the church, from his friends, from the Saints and the Virgin; and finally by the aid of Purgatory it makes his chance of ultimate redemption almost certain.

Now I do not wish to discuss which of these forms of religion effects the most for man, nor which of them is more easy to sustain. We all know what Protestants and Catholics think on this point; and there seems no chance of agreement between them. Discussion between the two sides is rendered fruitless by the absence of any common set of facts. It has always been so. Let the reader compare Spenser and Dryden, both Englishmen and almost contemporaries, in their pictures of the Roman Church, and see if he can identify the milk-white hind of Dryden with the monster of the Faery Queen. I would rather direct him to observe that the ideal of the Roman Church is one altogether foreign to the Protestant mind and incomprehensible to it. It demands that society shall be ruled by a theocracy where all power is in the hands of celibate priests, who control all education and all publications in the interests of religion. To them we must suppose all secular power subdued and responsible; and every voice silenced that is not permitted by their own. Undoubtedly human life might bring and have brought forth noble fruits \* under such a system, but to the Protestant it remains unacceptable.

Protestantism is essentially an attempt to conceive the relation of man to God spiritually, without reference to the "material" facts of life. Its danger is Unitarianism and Theism, which ultimately become no religion at all; and its problem (as a Christian system) is to keep the idea of a mediator. It is constantly evading this issue by taking refuge in "the moral teaching of Christ"; but it has so far returned as constantly to a legitimate position. The difficulty of the

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\*In ancient Egypt for instance.

Roman system is its mass of doubtful "facts," which the large world outside the church refuses to take seriously. The facts about the Virgin are the most conspicuous of these; and the best practical test of the bent of a man's mind towards or away from the Roman Church is his attitude toward the Virgin.

Protestantism, of course, changes its form, and claims in this way to preserve religion. There is some ground for the change if we contrast England and France. In England all the changes of the nineteenth century have not disturbed the religious bent of the national mind. The religious and "scientific" temperaments have fought some battles, but have not driven each other into extreme attitudes. It is not so in France. The victory of Catholicism over the Huguenots has been dearly avenged by French Rationalism.

It is true that converts from each camp pass over into the other. When I was in Rome I came across a book, "Roads to Rome," in which many distinguished converts explained their motives. This promised to be interesting, yet, as a matter of fact, it contained nothing decisive. I thought the most notable experience recorded was that of a judge, Sir Henry Hawkins, who refused to allege any reasons for his change of views, as they would only be misleading. But I may say myself that I can only see one convincing ground for such a change, and that would not lie in argument at all but in impressions of facts. It would indeed be the same reason that did for a time make a Catholic of Gibbon. If the miracles of the first centuries were true, he said, the claims of the Catholic Church were true; and accordingly, as long as he believed in them, he remained within the Church. Now the Catholic Church does not allow that these miracles are inventions, and she claims that they have continued in an unbroken line to the present day. The Nineteenth-Century, says the *Tablet*, is "an age specially marked by marvellous manifestations of the Blessed Virgin." If this is true, we might burn up all the books of argument at once; why then do we not verify this assertion?

I cannot say ; but reflection over it will bring out yet more forcibly the gulf that divides the two Churches. At present there is an armistice between them. Whatever be the circumstances that drew the line between the Protestant and Catholic countries, the line was drawn pretty strongly and has now for some time remained fixed. But it cannot remain fixed for ever. Both sides are bound by their own principles to recommence the struggle, and the farsighted on both sides know it. It is a struggle that in the nature of things must be eternal, since it is waged between different tendencies of man's nature. Even if the names of the sides were changed, the struggle would not cease, for it began before these names were invented. But the circumstances of the future will not be those of the past. The other religions of the world will play their part in the drama ; and no one can predict what the new act will produce. I feel, however, that it will not run its course without reproducing the evils that religious strife has already witnessed ; and life will be shed on the field and on the scaffold, by fire and sword, as freely as ever in the days gone by.

This reflection darkened a good deal of my stay in Italy, where for the first time in my life I realised the power and vitality of the Roman Church. Bunyan in the XVIIth century could describe her as an old giant sitting trembling with his nails pared at the door of the cave where he once lay in wait for passers by. Gibbon in the XVIIIth century bestowed on her a patronising eulogium with much the same implication—"a mild, decent and tranquil system, exempt from the dangers of a minority, the sallies of youth, the expenses of luxury, and the calamities of war." But the XIXth century has found that these views were premature. The Roman Church is not by any means on the brink of a calm dissolution.

When I was in Rome she was celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Promulgation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. Rome was decorated and illuminated ; there was a Marian Exhibition, magnificent

services at St. Peter's, and a canonisation of two saints. I did not attend these occasions; it is a painful experience to find oneself out of sympathy with other people's rejoicings. Of course many good Protestants did so, for many good Protestants at Rome do as Rome does, and visit the Pope and receive his benediction as easily as they visit the Coliseum. On this occasion naturally they went to St. Peter's, and beheld the Pope carried up the aisle, followed by a retinue of a thousand ecclesiastical dignitaries. They came away enchanted with the music and the polychromatic drapery, and untroubled by any after thoughts. For my own part I betook myself elsewhere, and reflected on the strange irony of Fate that has brought together under a common name two of the most different religious conceived by man.

In Italy, the Roman Church has things all its own way. There is a Protestant Church, even in Rome, almost at the gate of the Vatican. I went there one Sunday, and found the building very clean and orderly, but a great deal too large to accommodate the congregation of about twelve people who were gathered there. From this experience I derived the impression that there is not, and never will be, a Protestant Church in Italy, and that it does not suit the genius of the people. Nevertheless, the last person I met in Italy was a Pastor of the Waldenses, in Northern Italy, a small Protestant Church that no persecution has been able to drive out of existence. He had been educated in Scotland, spoke Scotch, and in other respects resembled his model very closely. Our conversation reminded me once more how perilous all generalisations are—especially on the subject of race and religion. Protestantism in Italy—Catholicism in America—what a problem is suggested by these facts!

Still, Rome is the Church of Italy, and is likely to remain so. She and the King are feeling their way towards a better understanding. The King needs an ally against the Revolutionaries; and the Church has begun to realise that the continuous ex-

communication of the King, without visible results, reflects unfavourably on her power. So, there is a *rapprochement*, as the diplomatists say. When the Vatican caught fire the other day the Pope sent for the Municipal fire engines, whereas years ago I suppose he would have preferred to see it burned. Still, there is a hard nut to crack in the Temporal Claims.

We have now, I think, really and truly finished our Italian tour. What a world of history and romance has passed before our eyes! What shall we make of it? Where is progress visible? What is the conclusion of the whole matter? I hardly like to say. From Etruria of 1000 B.C. to modern Naples is not a transition that brings much consolation to the spirit. Modern Naples is richer in ideas, or at least has more ideas within reach, but the life that men and women live there does not draw much upon them. I cannot see that it is any better for the long struggles, the toil and self-sacrifice that generations of men have encountered during the last three thousand years. This is what makes a visit to Italy so sombre an experience. It seems to rebuke and annihilate all extensive hopes for humanity. It seems to teach us that whatever men gain they are destined soon to throw away, whatever they learn, to forget. The optimist may reject this conclusion if he will.

I do not therefore recommend Italy as a holiday scene except for the professedly thoughtless, or the thoughtful when they expressly mean to relax the bow. Then it is neither better nor worse than other countries; much inferior to Germany in comfort though superior in variety. For the Anglo-Indian it has the merit of being conveniently situated on the way home. Smokers, however, should remember there is little good tobacco there, while that little, rarely accessible, is also very dear. "It is like smoking pure gold," said an old Anglo-Indian Colonel to me, as he eyed my Wills and mournfully lit a *sigaro Toscano*,—price one anna, and much less enjoyable than an Indian *bidi*.

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## GERMANY

I left Florence for Germany in January, 1905. It so happened that I was not very well at the time, and partly a desire to nurse myself, partly a spirit of curiosity, led me to travel by the *train de luxe*, which runs from Palermo to Berlin. It reached Florence in the evening; a long row of sleeping-cars, dining-cars, and drawing-rooms, invested with an air of aristocratic and plutocratic rank. The whole staff of the Florence station stood marshalled on the platform to receive it; and as it stopped a covey of stewards and guards fluttered down to meet them. I, who was the only passenger to join it, was also the only member of the general public present; and I felt the situation; none but people who are born to such things can step successfully into *trains de luxe*, tipping the porters, saluting the station-master, and performing gracefully all other duties of the occasion.

Inside the train I found myself still the only passenger; January is not a month when tourists are travelling northwards. The journey lasted a day and a half. We climbed the Brenner in the night, reached Innsbruck in the morning and started across the great plain of central Europe. It lay deep in the snow of a continental winter. Every tree was loaded with snow; here and there the white expanse was broken by the ice of streams and rivers, but otherwise it stretched unvarying, and vanished in the misty airs that hung about the horizon. Not a sign of life appeared anywhere, except at the railway stations, and even that was a kind of unnatural life, for no one invaded our train. We stole into the stations and we stole out again, and recommenced our rapid noiseless flight. Towards the end of the day the unearthly character of the scene began to prey upon one's mind; I felt as if I were taking



one of those mystic journeys described by Tennyson, in which experience begins to shake off the limits of time.

We have nothing in England like the continental winter ; nothing so long and so stern. Some reflection of its character may be gathered from the verses of Campbell ; he had lived in Germany, and seen it there, an aspect of nature's hostile power as tremendous as the fiery sky of India.

My journey ended at Berlin, and I dropped shivering on to the cold platform and drove to an hotel. As I did not know anything about Berlin hotels, I took the Hotel Minerva out of Baedeker, partly because it was well situated in Unter den Linden, and partly because, as I had come to Germany to visit schools, the name seemed auspicious. It turned out a satisfactory choice.

So now I have brought myself and my readers to Germany, and I had better lay before them in a plain prosaic way the route I followed there. Unless they know German topography pretty well they had better turn to the map, where they will find with more or less trouble the following places :—Berlin, Hamburg, Kiel, Rendsburg, Lübeck, Kassel, Frankfort, Wiesbaden, Eisenach, Gottingen, Halle, Leipzig, Dresden, Munich.

Looking back on all these places, the first thing that I recall is the excellence of all their public arrangements. In this respect Germany stands, without a rival, at the head of all civilised nations. From imperial Berlin to little provincial Rendsburg the same intelligence presides over all public administrations. The towns are well laid out, the means of locomotion perfect. The railways and tramways are models of system ; you will find everywhere your requirements foreseen and provided for. Nor is there anything dirty or untidy to vex the senses ; order and propriety prevail in every direction.

This does not in the least mean that German towns are common-place ; far from it. Their architecture is full of interest and life. In many places, notably in the smaller towns, people have spared fragments of the picturesque past ; elsewhere they

have rebuilt with great judgment and good taste. Of course all their architecture is not equally successful; but no art, least of all architecture, has failed to make mistakes. The critic who can temper his judgment with mercy will find plenty to admire in modern German buildings. Most of all, as I think, in the true modern style, which has taken in hand the buildings of our modern cities, the hotels, theatres and shops. As a legitimate feature of our life these deserve the interest and help of art. The first perception of this came no doubt from Paris, but the furthest progress has been made in Germany.

We have lagged behind in England; but let me add that in a different direction we have beaten Germany altogether. We know much better how to build a house. In Germany a middle class house is a sort of toy castle, with little turrets and pinnacles all over it; in England it follows its own lines, and proclaims itself what it is, a comfortable, straightforward house. More than this, it is often beautiful, for utility is close to beauty, and only needs a touch of the magician's wand to assume it.

In Germany then it is not the private houses but the public places that are worth observing, and it is always pleasant to observe them. The air is clear and brilliant, for there are no coal fires in use and no smoky chimneys to tint the skies with sepia. There are none of our English fogs, and nothing that ought to be visible is lost. Moreover the posters which disfigure English and French towns are agreeably absent; I suppose the authorities forbid them. There is nothing to interfere with your pleasure; when you are tired of the street you can turn into a little park or boulevard, pretty and clean and furnished with comfortable seats.

Nor is it only these externals that make Germany an attractive country. The manners of the people at once endear it to the philosophic tourist. They are everywhere courteous and obliging. They will not assume, (as the French do,) that you ought to know their language; if you don't know it, they will

not punish you by adopting the most voluble and idiomatic style of conversation. Minor officials do not leave the impression that in their opinion brusque incivility is their proper grace. It is recognised that a foreigner should be politely assisted.

Moreover, it is recognised that honesty, even towards foreigners, is the first duty of a self-respecting people. I felt this acutely because I had just come from Italy, where, as a friend of mine puts it, "swindling is the common rule of life." The contrast between the two countries soon showed itself. It happened that in Italy I broke my purse, and in Florence, I wanted to get it mended. In order to ascertain the proper phrases for enquiring the cost I produced it at one of my Italian lessons, and went dramatically through the scene at the shop with the signora who instructed me. She told me how I must say "*Too much! too much!*" and gather up my belongings and leave the shop; when the shop-keeper would come down to reasonable terms. I gave her my opinion about their proceedings and she politely offered to take the purse and get it mended herself. This offer I accepted, and next day she informed me that the repairs contemplated would cost ten annas. I thanked her, of course, and said I would defer them. I deferred them till I reached Berlin, where I took my purse to the first respectable shop I saw, and told them to mend it; and when I asked what I had to pay, after the work was done, they replied at once, two annas. This accords with all my experiences in Germany, among every class of people, including even cab men and porters; and I believe the same honesty pervades the whole life of the nation.

Finally, among these superficial charms of the country I must mention German cooking. In point of style it resembles French cooking, which has influenced it. In point of quality I suppose it never equals the highest grades of France, but in France directly you sink below these grades you meet with inferior quality and sadly inferior quantity, whereas in Germany the standard is high from the top to the bottom of the scale.

If you go to a second rate German restaurant, you will find the food good and plentiful and cheap.

Let me say, this is accounted no small matter in the Fatherland. One of the chief daily interests of the Teuton is a sympathetic consideration for his inner man. It even leads him into a sort of tenderness for gluttony, which is a weak point of the nation. Every nation has some such weak point, a vice of which it may be said, "they are not unaware of it, but they bug it." In Britain this favoured vice is drunkenness; in France it is lust; in Italy it is cunning. The German comic papers are full of jokes about great eaters, bad cooks and so on. "Why do you always sit next the window?" says some one to a stout party in a restaurant, "Because I always get the biggest helpings here: it advertises the place!"

We have now perhaps said enough about the externals and superficials of German life; let us turn for a few moments to German history and prepare ourselves for a deeper interest in the people.

The origin of the name "Germans" is unknown, but it seems to have been a Gallic word applied by the Gauls to their neighbours across the Rhine. That river has always been an ethnographical boundary in Europe. On the southern side of it, three thousand years ago, were the Gauls, on the Northern or Eastern side the "Germans." The latter included a host of tribes, whose names I scruple to repeat, except in so far as they are indispensable. One at least must be mentioned, that of the Teutons, who invaded Italy in 113 B.C., and were wiped out by the Romans. In spite of their disappearance their name has become the general title by which the race recognise themselves—Deutschland;—though the rest of Europe apply it to the people of Holland, the Dutch. After their incursion we hear no more of the Germans till the time of Caesar, who defeated Ariovistus in 55 B.C. Augustus continued the struggle, but found it best to leave the Germans alone on their own ground, and for a hundred years the Romans watched them

without a conflict from the banks of the Rhine. Then began—about 166 A.D.—a new forward movement of the Germans, which in the end broke down the power of Rome.

In this movement two tribes took a conspicuous part, the Goths and the Franks. The Goths were the easternmost branch of the race, and their territory stretched from the Black Sea to the Baltic. They were the first Germans to feel the pressure of the Huns, and about 400 A.D. came into active conflict with the Roman Empire of Byzantium. The great name of the period is that of Alaric, under whom the western tribes or Visigoths not only mastered Byzantium, but invaded Italy and sacked Rome. Travelling still further West, they entered Spain, and founded there a Visigothic kingdom. Meantime the Ostrogoths or Eastern Goths, after some vicissitudes, followed them to Italy, under Theodoric (474 A.D.), who occupied Rome and ruled Italy for thirty-three years. Thus two Gothic kingdoms were created, and they ran their course for about a century. The Gothic kingdom of Italy was destroyed by a reviving effort of Byzantium (550 A.D.), directed by Belisarius and Narses. The Gothic kingdom of Spain perished later (711 A.D.), when Roderic, "the last of the Goths," was defeated by the Saracens.

The chapter of Gothic dominion, which we have now opened and closed, must clearly be conceived as one great episode in the history of Germany. The career of the Franks is another. They were a German people dwelling between the Rhine and the Harz Mountains, who first definitely stirred against the South about 500 A.D., when Clovis made Paris his capital, and founded the Merovingian line. To this succeeded the Carolingians, whose greatest name is that of Charlemagne, crowned Emperor at Rome in 800 A.D. Thus the star of the Franks rises as that of the Goths sets, and when it culminates in 800 a Frankish ruler controls the whole of Europe except Byzantium. This too we must account an episode; perhaps the second great episode in the history of Germany.

What followed Charlemagne was chaos. His empire fell to pieces. In the West there slowly formed itself the French nation and kingdom; in the East one German tribe after another claimed the title and enforced as far as possible the rights of the Emperor. As for France, we must dismiss the country here, together with the puzzling question how much of France is really German. In Germany proper the first great house is that of Hohenstaufen (1137-1254), whose power was centred in Swabia; they were followed by the Hapsburgs of Austria, in whose family the Imperial crown continued till 1806. We should perhaps count these the third and fourth episodes in German history. That of the Hohenstaufens is a glorious and romantic failure. Misled by the dream of universal power, time after time they descended into Italy, staining their fame with the sack of Italian towns and unsuccessful warfare against the Popes. To this epoch too belonged the Crusades, with their legends of Barbarossa and Frederick II. It is the period of romance. The Hapsburgs were more politic rulers, and their glory culminated in the days when a few fortunate marriages made Charles V ruler of all their territories in Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Spain and America. This was of course too great a burden for one man to take up; Charles handed the German territories to his brother, and with them the terrible problems of the Thirty Years War (1618-1648). The origin of this war is well known; its effect was to reduce to misery and insignificance the great and flourishing empire of Maximilian. With this disaster we may perhaps close the fourth period of German history.

The fifth we must reckon from the eighteenth century, when Prussia begins to develop her power. The story is better known to English people than some of those that precede it, for Frederick the Great was more directly connected with us. The power which he founded fell on evil days after his death; but it still had the vitality to rise, and Prussia of modern times has passed from Jena to Sedan.



The reader will not forget that a great deal is left out of this sketch. It says nothing of those provinces which have never risen to lead Germany; nor does it say anything of the Hanse towns in the North. It simply attempts to put German history somehow before the eye, a task puzzling through the magnitude of its range and the absence of one clear line of development. At any rate the English mind feels this, perhaps unduly. The interest of English history, like that of Roman, lies chiefly in the course of political development, and this hardly exists in Germany.

The political ideal of Germany—before the Revolution—was autocracy. Whatever customs of self-government there may have been in the Hercynian forest, there are none in historic Germany; the centre of authority is the feudal lord, the King or Emperor; where he is bad he is a robber, where he is good he is the shepherd of his people, the protector of the poor, and all else that an absolute monarch should be. It stands to the credit of the German people that they have produced so many good kings of this type, of which Charlemagne, being the best known, is the most convenient example. He spent every moment of his life devising schemes for the public good, and appointing officials to carry them out. He ruled the German people as they desired to be ruled, by an absolute monarch directing a strong bureaucracy. This was the German ideal for many centuries; it is still the ideal of most Germans; and the present Emperor plays the part assigned to him.

It is not, however, accepted by the whole nation to-day; for since the Revolution there has been such a thing as German Liberalism. I must speak with caution of a movement which I have not closely studied, but I believe German Liberalism resembles more the practical Liberalism of England than the irreconcilable Radicalism of France. Its object in its early days was constitutional; it sought to obtain for the popular will means of expression and control over the public policy. These ends it has partly attained; and to-day its objects are

largely socialist. It has thus passed through a course resembling that of English Liberalism ; but resembling it with important differences. It has never adopted the competitive ideal or the " *Laissez faire* " principles of Manchester, and it has also remained devoid of that practical force and insight which guided English Liberalism to victory. German Liberalism continued for the most part rhetorical and mystic ; and saw itself for many years unsuccessful and discredited.

That it fell into this position was the work of Bismarck, whose policy and career I will now briefly discuss. He was born in 1815, a member of the " Junker " or country squire class. He made politics his line from the first, entered Parliament, and after serving as Ambassador at St. Petersburg and Paris became First Minister of Prussia and Chancellor of the German Empire. To understand his policy we must place before ourselves the far distant Germany of 1840. It was still suffering, Prussia especially was still suffering, from the humiliations of the French war ; and Bismarck's first thought was—not revenge—but provision against such an indignity in the future. For this provision the country required a strong central force, an army, and above all a real unity between its incoherent parts. These requirements may seem so obvious to many readers to-day that they will fail to realise the immense distance at which they lay in 1840. To begin with, Germany was divided into a vast number of States, small and large, which guarded their sovereign rights with jealous and short-sighted suspicion. It was the traditional policy of these States to take their own line in the case of war, and to pursue, as they thought proper, their own schemes of safety or aggrandisement. If on the other hand, a common head was to be sought, there were the claims of Austria to be met, the traditional enemy of Prussia, the traditional friend of the South German Catholics.

Moreover, if self-interest conflicted with Bismarck's designs, so did sentiment, and even that sentiment which ought to have

helped him. For there certainly was a strong aspiration after unity in Germany, a sentiment which recurs time after time in Germany history. Unfortunately for Bismarck's purposes this sentiment was associated with others which he did not trust. It believed in the dreams of the Revolution; the equality of man; the "perfectibility of the species." It refused to expect or prepare for war; or to believe that German independence must be guarded with the sword. Its political programme was democratic; loyalty to the crown it rejected as a false light, a superstition, an error of the past.

All this was hateful to Bismarck. Loyalty to the crown was a sentiment rooted amongst the dearest convictions of his heart. Like Goethe, whom he resembled so little in other ways, he held that the ideal polity is one where the sovereign serves the country, and the officers of the state serve the sovereign. This idealism was fortified by a strong practical criticism of democracy, or at least of democracy as it would show itself in Germany. He foresaw the chaos of opinions and interests that would overtake representative assemblies; and he deprecated false analogies with England. "We altogether lack the class of people who carry on the public life of England; the class of 'gentlemen,' well-to-do and therefore conservative, independent, gentlemen, whose whole education is directed to making them English public men, whose object throughout life is to take part in the public affairs of England. Our educated men are, with few exceptions, devoted to their private material interests, to their family affairs; most of them would not have the patience to attend to parliamentary business, if this were protracted as it has been for the last three years."\* Finally, though by no means a cynic, he detested sentimentalism. He had no hopes of a millennium of peace; and though not imbued with any love of war he neither feared it nor abhorred it. He knew very well that it is often the only

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\* Speeches, September 24th, 1849.

way of asserting a just right or teaching the world that a nation is in earnest.

We may understand then that he could not ally himself with Pan-Germanic Liberalism. It is a melancholy fact, and as we view it we are reminded of Hegel's observation about Tragedy, that it arises from a conflict not of right and wrong, but of right and right. This reflection came across my mind with great force in the Church at Frankfort, where the first German Parliament sat. There are tablets on the seats which belonged to conspicuous members, one of which commemorates the name of Jahn, and adds a quotation from his speeches:—"German freedom was the dream of my awakening life, the morning star of my youth, the sun of my manly vigour, and now it is the evening star that beckons me to eternal rest." German freedom meant not less to Bismarck than to Jahn; yet how little sympathy this rhetoric would have stirred in him! As little as the song by Arndt, who has also a tablet in the chapel, "*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*"—"What is the Germans' Fatherland?" To which the poet answers that it is not this nor that part of Germany,—though he names and praises each,—but the whole country. Now Arndt was a man whose writings had inspired the soldiers of 1815, but his Liberalism placed him a whole world apart from Bismarck, who contemptuously remarked in 1849 that he had never heard a Prussian soldier singing "*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*"

It was in fact to Prussia that Bismarck turned, as the soundest and most hopeful part of Germany. There he found in greatest force the sentiment of loyalty and the system of administration to which he looked to rescue Germany. The story of his policy cannot of course be followed here. Through good repute and bad repute, in the face of every difficulty, he consolidated the Prussian system at home; he disposed of the claims of Austria, and rebuked with a tremendous hand the interfering and hostile genius of France. As for the civil and

military administration of Germany, he made it what it is to-day,—perfect.

Regarding the means by which all this was effected, opinions differ. Cruelty and even perfidy are alleged against him, with what justice I will not pretend to say; my own knowledge of his policy depends entirely on his own speeches. What one finds in them is certainly candour, convictions, mastery of facts, and a fiery scorn of his opponents; all expressed in language of penetrating force. We feel that we stand before a giant, and indeed the feeling is just, for few greater statesmen than Bismarck have passed across the stage of history.

He did unquestionably give to Germany not only dignity among the nations of Europe but that form of administration which suits the traditions of her past. It remains to be seen whether he mistook or treated wisely the new spirit of his own age. Liberalism, if sincere, is a spirit which will not barter personal freedom for anything. And Liberalism, though depressed and discredited by Bismarck, is still alive in Germany. It continues its own traditions. It resents the expense of the military system; and still more it resents the claims of rank which Bismarck perpetuated. It must be remembered that these claims are far more real in Germany than in England. The slightest word against the Emperor, in public or private, exposes the speaker to severe imprisonment. The slightest insult to an officer—who is usually a man of rank—entitles him to run his sword through the plebeian offender. This has been done and is done and may be done any day. The resentment against this system in the lower orders is very deep.

I am confident that the resentment I speak of is due to this cause. It is not due to any excessive poverty of the German workman. There are indeed writers who explain it in this way. "Do happy, prosperous and contented workmen become the adherents of Herren Bebel and Singer (German Socialist leaders)?"—asks a writer in an English magazine. Not contented workmen certainly, but not necessarily workmen who are

extremely poor. I doubt if the anarchic and socialistic movements of Europe were originated or even now are chiefly promoted by this class. They proceed from men who have begun to rise a little, and find themselves impelled more by sentiment than hunger. No doubt the spectacle of surrounding misery affects such men, but the motive they really obey is a desire to extinguish a false claim and throw off an ignoble yoke.

It seems likely that this motive predominated in both the social Revolutions of England and France. The English Civil War, it is certain, was a protest against the assumptions of a class; the French Revolution was probably nothing else. Carlyle's audacious "history" leaves the impression that sheer want of bread brought it on; but this is a distorted view. The strength of the Revolution lay not in the mobs but in the respectable people who supported it; what these wanted was to shake off a social disability. And I may say that if I should judge by the few Socialists and Anarchists I have known in England I should hold this view. The only anarchist I ever met there was a small cutler, who had a little business of his own, a blue-eyed mystic man, who had thought out his conclusions about the social order and was prepared to sweep it away. I believe he was quite in earnest. He never went to meetings, and did not willingly talk about his views, but spent all his time reading and thinking. Like a true Englishman, however, he pursued order even through disorder, and was not prepared to begin assassinating crowned heads till there was some chance of carrying the process through and reconstituting the world.

However we have travelled away from Germany. The bitterness of the working classes is the one evil legacy which Bismarck left to his country. It has not been alleviated by the vast mass of socialist measures which he introduced himself, which have given the German artisan cheap food, many conveniences of life, old age pensions, and other boons which even America does not offer him. One is tempted to ask whether the great Chancellor's wiser policy would not have tried a little conciliation



of his enemies. But one must not suppose that this suggestion, because it is so easily made, is therefore right; it is very likely that nothing short of too much would have satisfied them; the German Liberal Party have never shown that they recognise what Bismarck has done to save them from weakness abroad and chaos at home.

I may say this in spite of the fact that the German Liberal is often a more sympathetic figure than the official. We in England are familiar with his academic aspect through Teufelsdröckh, and the portrait, though drawn with too much eccentricity, is just enough. The old German professor was often a man of the most simple and lovable character, and an ideal friend. But it is a painful truth that private virtues do not make a good politician; one is almost tempted to say the rule runs the other way.

At this point, however, we may pass on, and, leaving the German character in other aspects, we may proceed with our tour through Germany. The interest of the country, as the reader may suppose, is chiefly modern. But it is not entirely so. There are fine relics and memorials of the Middle Ages; conspicuous among which is one I visited, the Wartburg at Eisenach. It is an old castle of the Landgraves of Thuringia, standing on the top of a little wooded hill. It has been restored with excellent taste, and presents to German eyes to-day an image of many national ideals. It does not strike one pre-eminently as a warlike castle, though it has its walls, its gates and courtyard, and in one of its rooms a fine collection of armour. Its chief features are the Chapel, the Singers' Hall and the Banqueting Hall. Here in the Singers' Hall were held in the twelfth century the famous contests of the Minnesingers or knightly minstrels of love. These were men of noble families who devoted their lives to poetry, and threw into immortal verse the guiding ideas of chivalry. The modern world, which cannot know everything, does not often read mediæval German, and has therefore partly forgotten the Minnesingers. It does

not even remember Walther von der Vogelweide, who surely in the Elysian fields is honoured among the elect poets of all time. Here in the Wartburg full often he sang, of love and beauty, of Germany's charms and the patriotic fervour of her sons.

Here too is the scene of the Tannhauser legend. From the battlements of the Castle you see the rounded knoll of the Venusberg, where, if all the tales are true, the misguided knight, Tannhauser, lives in dalliance with the Queen of Love. It is a tale that will never cease to touch the heart. We cannot always be wise, and many of us have sometimes thought that if we had the chance, we too would fling off the dull tedium of morality and forget the pain of life amid the enchanted bowers of Venus or Calypso or Armida. But perhaps we flatter ourselves too far; it is only the great heroes to whom the gods offer these chances, of guilty happiness.

Descending to the hall again we enjoy (as long as the guide allows) the dreamy frescoes of Schwind, and finally we turn to the room which is consecrated to the memory of Luther. It is a small room lighted by one casement window, equipped with the same rude furniture that it contained in 1521, when Luther lived in it. A clumsy table, a stump of a tree to sit on, and a small cupboard; these were all the externals of his life, except the few books that enabled him to finish, in this chamber, his German version of the Bible. On the wall are portraits of his father and mother, plain harsh-favoured peasants; and a portrait of himself, with the heavy features, the earnest anxious look, which are now familiar to mankind.

Luther's chamber is worth contemplation. It is a laboratory of a kind very different from those of modern "science," but no less a place of work and investigation. As to the value of what was done there Catholic and Protestant do not agree; but I suppose all agree about Luther's place among men. And we in England must bend our national pride to admit

this ; we have no one to set beside him. It is indeed remarkable throughout German history what great examples of human character she has produced, I mean exponents of a view of life, whose own lives at the same time are accessible and instructive. We have produced in England more men of action than Germany, and more men of letters, but we have no men who combine as much as Luther and Goethe literary power with knowledge of life and influence over men. I do not mean, of course, that they resemble each other ; the fact is, they are parallel only in their interest ; in most points of comparison they stand a whole world apart. Luther was a deeply religious man ; Goethe was a philosopher, and this is a final difference of temperament. Luther too was a man of the people ; Goethe was an aristocrat. I will not say that Luther would have been incapable of Goethe's culture ; but he would certainly have put it in the background of life, and probably he would have looked on Goethe's refinement as something unhealthy.

However we may leave Goethe for future discussion, and linger for one moment over Luther before we leave Eisenach. In the town there is the house where he lived as a school-boy ; it bears the legend :—

Wo Gott zum Haus nicht gibt Sein Gunst  
So arbeit jeder Mann umsonst ;  
Wo Gott die Stadt nicht selbst bewacht  
So ist umsonst der Wachter macht.

"Unless God bestows his favour on the house, all work is vain within it ; unless God himself watches the town, the watchers' efforts are useless."

It is a small timbered house, with narrow windows and dark little rooms. We must often remind ourselves of Luther's humble beginnings to realise his position when he stood up against the vast and splendid organisation of Rome. And we must go to Rome as Luther went in 1511, and consider, from what we can see there to-day, what the resources of Rome were

then. We must recall the mass of learning with which her position was fortified, an obstacle better known to Luther than to Protestants of the XIXth century. Against all this what position could he find that was tenable, when once he had perceived that it did not shelter or foster the spirit of Religion?

We know the formula that he found—Justification by Faith;—it has stood the test of time as well as any. Without it there would have been no Reformation, within the Church or outside it. One cannot of course speak without bias; but it seems to me idle for a Protestant to wish that Luther had been Erasmus. He founded the Protestant system; and whatever may be needed to supplement his work, his principles can never become superfluous or obsolete. Unfortunately his methods and his language are in some respects old-fashioned; but the misfortune is ours; if we strip off the unessential and turn to the essential we shall find Luther has the root of the matter in him, and is a better guide than many of those that have spoken in his name.

Eisenach then recalls to the German more than one chapter in his treasured past; it has as many claims as any spot in the world to be a scene of national pilgrimage. Indeed, it has yet another claim, for it contains the house where Bach was born, the great Protestant musician, who perhaps shares with Beethoven the highest pinnacle of musical fame. And it was the scene of the Burschenschaftsfest in 1817—but space really fails me and I must pass on. I will only beg the Indian reader if he visits Germany not to omit Eisenach.

And now for another glimpse at Germany of the past let us turn to Lübeck. It lies in the North, on an arm of the Baltic Sea, one of the old Hanse towns. The story of the League may be briefly re-told. It arose on the shores of the Baltic, in the twelfth century, when a few enterprising towns, with Lübeck at their head, formed a league to secure the commerce of Northern Europe. With this object they fought the Danes

and the Russians, while they came to a good understanding with England; and in the fourteenth century they were masters of the situation. The league numbered eighty cities, from Hamburg and Lübeck to Cologne and Breslau; with factories of their own from London to Nijni Novgorod. Soon afterwards the discovery of the sea routes to America and India, which ruined Venice, greatly damaged them, though they did not perish, and later circumstances have revived their trade.

Lübeck was the head of this league, and still keeps some marks of her old grandeur,—besides those which prove her flourishing circumstances to-day. As you approach the town you are struck with her lofty steeples ascending to the skies. They are the great feature of Lübeck architecture; some of them are four hundred feet high, and they are bestowed upon the churches with such liberality that most of them have a pair. Like the churches they are built of brick, a material which (as the brick pyramid said) nobody need despise. In fact the real triumph of art is seen when it ennobles common materials, and confers a beauty upon clay which makes the splendour of the diamond insignificant. The churches of Lübeck, however, fall a little short of this ideal. They are massive and imposing, but rather bald. At any rate, they are "mediæval"; and give Lübeck an aspect of her own among the cities of Europe.

They contain some fine pictures, especially a Crucifixion by Memling in the Cathedral. Should the reader, however, some day travel with an interest in pictures, I hope he will be strong-minded enough to take my advice and eschew all pictures exhibited in churches. It is really not worth going to see them. In Catholic countries the sight of them is nominally free; but then you have to reckon with the beggars at the door of the church, and when you get inside you generally find that there is only one window that casts any light on the object in view, and that is covered with a blind. Some-one at once appears and removes this blind and the picture becomes dimly visible.

You pay him a trivial sum and then you may sit and admire it as long as you like,—or as much as you can, for you can seldom really see it and sometimes you have to examine it through a screen of artificial flowers. In Protestant churches the circumstances are all different. The church is closed, and a notice on the door directs you to the sexton's house. Having discovered that, you find probably he is not at home, and you have to ascertain, (through the medium of his wife's local German,) where he is gone. Then you may follow him up; and ask him to open the church, which he will readily do for you, by the aid of a huge bundle of keys. Finally you reach, and he unlocks, the picture—which has no doubt been placed in an excellent position and is very well visible. Unfortunately, it is part of the sexton's duty to stand there while you look at it; and when he thinks you have seen enough of it, he begins to cough in a polite but significant manner and you perceive it is time you were gone. As he is such a respectable man and has taken such a lot of trouble with those keys, you feel that a handsome subscription is indicated; it is received with grave dignity and the affair terminates. In neither case, however, have you much enriched the artistic part of your soul. Seeing pictures in public galleries is bad enough; but in churches it is a farce.

You may say perhaps, why not reason with the sexton and ask him to leave you alone a little, and intimate that you are willing to pay for the privilege. If you *do* say this, you show little knowledge of the German official. What he is appointed to do, that he will do, for nothing will stir him from it, least of all anything like a bribe. Polite I have always found him, but inflexible. And this rigour of his principles is one foundation of Germany's success.

Then in Lübeck there is the guild-house of the Schiffer-Gesellschaft, or Seamen's Company, a fine relic of the late middle-ages, with many interesting models of old ships. This was the head-quarters of the shipping interest, and the hopes



of its proprietors are set forth in a charming set of verses on the front of the building :

“Du bist der Mann Herr Jesu Christ,  
 Dem wind und meer gehorsam ist,  
 Darum halt in Gnade deiner Hand  
 Auch uber unserm Schiffer Stand ;  
 Vor Sturm vor Raubern vor Gefahr  
 Herr unser Seefahrt stets bewahr ;  
 Lass die Gesellschaft und Gemein  
 Der Schiffer dir empfohlen sein ;  
 Gieb Frieden Freude und Einingkeit,  
 Bewahr dies Haus vor allem Leid,  
 Dein Segen sich bei uns vermehr  
 Dir Sei O Gott allein die Ehr.”

“Thou art he, O Lord Christ, whom wind and sea obey ; take therefore our ships too under the protection of thy hand. Save our merchantmen from storm, robbers, and peril ; let the Guild and Company of the Seamen find favour with thee ; grant them peace and joy and unity ; protect this House from all misfortune ; increase thy blessing upon us, and to thee, O God, alone be the honour.”

I must now pass over the city gates ; and the warehouses by the river, and even over the Rath-haus itself ; indeed, I did not see much of them when I was there, for the weather was bitterly cold and I caught fever, through the pious affectation of taking off my hat in those great empty churches. Not that winter is unpleasant or unhealthy in these latitudes, if you have a comfortable house and fire and food and clothing on your side. The thin keen air is full of vigour ; and I should think it is favourable to genius. Besides, there is always the recreation of skating.

It will not do however to dismiss so hastily the whole subject of the Rath-haus. The Rath-haus, or Council Chamber, was the centre of civic life in Germany, and the most conspicuous secular building in the town. It was at least two stories high ; the upper story, a chamber for deliberations, the lower

story—sometimes the cellar—a refreshment room. I have already said that the German system of life assigns a high place to the due care of the body ; and the cellar of the Rath-haus is an eloquent proof of this. It was managed in the old days by public officers, and in modern times —leased out to a manager—it is always a first class restaurant at a moderate price. I must say, at this infinite distance by sea and land, I often sigh for its comfortable refreshment. I see before me the bright array of national drinks, at prices to suit every purse, from the modest tankard of beer to the long seductive bottle of golden Rheinwein. The scene is quiet and yet busy ; a welcome change from the street, with its rows of low arches, decorated walls and stained glass windows. On the latter you will often find primeval mottoes, the Lebensweissheit, the hoarded wisdom, of older generations, from their experience of social life.

Alter Wein und neuer Witz  
 Bannen fest sie an der Sitz ;  
 Alter Witz und neuer Wein  
 Lichten bald der Zeche Reihen.

“ Old wine and new wit keep you fast in your seat ; old wit and new wine soon empty the rows of drinkers.” A profounder touch is not wanting :—

Altwerden steht in Gottes Gunst,  
 Jung bleiben das ist Lebens Kunst.

“ To grow old depends on the favour of God ; to remain young is the art of life.” The Rath-haus of Lübeck has a fine bit of satire in the Braut-Gemach, or room where civil marriages were celebrated :—

Menich Mann lude synghet,  
 Wen men em de Braut bringet ;  
 Weste he wat men em brochte,  
 Dat he wol wenen mochte.

“ Many a man loudly sings when they bring him the bride ; if he knew what they were bringing him, he well might weep ! ”

We may now leave ancient Germany awhile and turn to modern Germany; first naturally to Berlin. I may say that I had not time to do much sight-seeing, either here or in other large towns, as I went to Germany expressly to visit schools; and the reader must accept for what they are worth these few impressions about their appearance. Berlin has all the dignity of a metropolis. Its principal street runs from a public park, the Thier Garten, to the Royal Palace; broad and handsome, and embellished with rows of lime trees, from which it takes its name, Unter den Linden. Much of the architecture is old-fashioned and belongs to the twilight of modern times, when important buildings patronised the pseudo-classical style. However this too has its uses, for I imagine these harsh and ungraceful buildings carry men's thoughts back to the struggling days of old Fritz, when the star of Prussia began to rise.

The museums of Berlin do not rival those of London or Paris; in fact I thought them, (from the highest point of view,) a little disappointing, though I had not time to visit the Pergamene sculptures. The menagerie on the other hand is very fine and quite surpasses our own "Zoo" in thoughtful provision for its tenants.

I may say the Germans as a nation have a peculiar love of menageries, and establish them almost everywhere. Those of Berlin and Hamburg are the best; the largest collections, the most pleasing to the eye and the least smelly. They draw with great success on the German Colonies; indeed, I believe the principal service which these do the Fatherland is to stock its menageries. I should like to digress awhile on the topics suggested by these collections, but perhaps the subject is not germane to Germany and had better be kept for another occasion. I will only mention the excellent collection of German birds at Hamburg. Every feathered German, great or small, is to be seen here; pecking and chirping at his ease in a comfortable little house; it is a charming and instructive sight; and all the boys and girls in

the Hamburg schools are taken to visit it at least once in their lives ; the boys one year, the girls the next.

I saw Berlin with interest and remember it with pleasure, but not with the affection with which I remember Hamburg. Berlin is a stiff formal military city ; Hamburg is more like England—not in one but in many ways. The language is more like English ; the history and tone of the place are more like those of England. Hamburg, though she has joined the German Empire, is still the free town of the Hanseatic league, and the independent spirit of the old burghers still breathes in her Councils. " You can say many things here you can't say in Prussia "—if I remember right I heard this from more than one citizen of Hamburg. And one evening I heard the Schulrath (or Director of Public Instruction) of Munich address the Teachers' Association of Hamburg, and observed how he coupled the cities of Hamburg and Munich as two resorts of freedom, the one inspired by the " See-luft " of the Ocean, the other by the " Berg-luft " of the Alps.

Yet I believe two further observations remain true. The independent spirit of Hamburg is something different from the Liberalism of Southern Germany ; something more practical, more like the Liberalism of England. It has also, like the Liberalism of England, sometimes assumed a selfish and conservative aspect in dealing with the artisan class. But in England Liberalism has, on the whole, avoided this ; in Hamburg it has not. There is, for instance, nothing in Hamburg like the educational ladder of England, which has more than once in late years made a Board School boy Senior Wrangler. Higher education in Hamburg for the artisan class is expensive and difficult of access. This perhaps accounts for the rooted socialism of Hamburg, which returns a Socialist Member to the Reichstag for each of its divisions.

As there is something English about the tone of Hamburg, so also there is much intercourse with England and a friendly feeling towards the country. I must speak myself in the most

grateful manner of the kindness which I experienced from people everywhere, which together with the outward charms of Hamburg leaves me resolved to see the place again some day. These charms do not reside in the weather, which is gray and rainy most of the year; nor in any masterpiece of architecture that is visible there, but in the general aspect of the place. It is built round a large sheet of water, the Alster, and looks the type of a handsome modern business city. The arrangements of the port are perhaps the most perfect in the world. Everything is new, but not offensively new. The warehouses are built with just that little touch of ornament which is appropriate and saves them from being sordid. Everywhere there is an entrancing spectacle of power and life. The volume of shipping is enormous; there are more ships registered at Hamburg than at any other port. The river is wide enough to be spacious and narrow enough to permit a clear view of its banks; and most of the vessels lie in large open basins where they are easily seen.

Poverty there is no doubt in Hamburg but not the poverty of Liverpool or Glasgow or London. I assured myself of this from a "city missionary," who carried on his work among the lowest classes in Hamburg. He took me to see the worst of his people, and their houses; and I found they were less sensational than their analogues in Liverpool. There is far less casual labour than in Liverpool; the men in the docks wear a sort of uniform and badge. And here as well as in Berlin I observed that artisans in the street appeared to be well and comfortably dressed, and in every direction there was an atmosphere of solid and comfortable prosperity. This was a sight for the traveller quite as much as picture galleries or ruins; a portion of the human race enjoying themselves. In the nature of things the phenomenon cannot last, and when it vanishes in Germany, I cannot say where or when it will turn up again.

Not far from Hamburg is Kiel. It is one of the towns of

which Prussia relieved Denmark, in the sixties; and has been ever since extremely useful to her. It lies at the head of a long narrow inlet of the Baltic Sea, the head-quarters of the German navy. I fancy it would take a hostile fleet a good deal of trouble to worm its way into Kiel. I was permitted to visit the large ship-building yard there, the Germania Werfft, where some of Germany's finest vessels are turned out. It has just been reconstructed, and represented the modern maximum of mechanical ingenuity. All the power is electrical, distributed from a common centre and therefore the surroundings are clean; and, for a dockyard, noiseless. The strange feature of the whole was the absence of men in the place. One saw in every direction enormous machines gravely moving about, supervised by one or two workmen out of sight aloft or scarcely visible in their depths. The dockyard was engaged at the time of my visit on nine ships, including two battleships, and one merchantman of 12,000 tons; yet the number of hands employed for every purpose was just 1,600.

Kiel is a very damp and misty town. It has some fine specimens of modern brick architecture, and a notable museum of antiquities. Amongst these is the Viking's boat in the Thanlow museum, one of the craft in which the Vikings ascended the rivers in the tenth century. It is a long but very slight structure of oak, and belongs to the ages when a sea voyage really meant a thin plank between the traveller and death. Among other relics of the museum there is the corpse of an old German that was found in a peat bog, preserved by some anti-septic action of the peat. His flesh is blackened out of recognition; but his useful shock of red hair is still intact, also his rude blanket, which fortified him from the chilly mists of Kiel.

It is a curious thought that, whatever our station in our own day may be, a few years ago our direct ancestors were no better and no worse than he. What he made of life one cannot say. Perhaps he enjoyed it as much as we do and took his hardships as a matter of course. Anyhow he lived through them as a man



and a baby—which is always wonderful, considering the frailty of babies and the imperfect appliances of prehistoric nurseries—and Fate has preserved him in this curious way to prove the antiquity of the German type, for you may see red hair like his all over Germany to-day.

I spent some time in this Thanlow museum, and feel disposed to give it a longer space in these pages. For one thing it performs the interesting function of bringing before us from their own point of view the nations that Rome conquered. This is a fine exercise of the imagination and takes us a little out of the world of books. There are no books among the relics of the ancient Germans; nothing but their clay vessels and their arms, from the arrows and hammers of the flint age to the Viking's sword. They are all worth examination. The relics of the flint age are remarkable for their beauty and finish, in which respects the highest civilisation does not surpass them. The Viking's sword is the twin brother of that of Rome, short and trenchant; twice at least it has been seen that "the race that shortens its weapons conquers the world." Then there is a fine monument at the door of the museum, a pillar of red granite, with the following lines upon it:—

"Tholf, the follower of Sven, reared this stone in memory of Erik, his brother in arms; who met his death when the men lay before Haithaba. Yet he was a seaman and a good man." This is the true vein for inscriptions; how well it contrasts with the unctuous praise of our monuments to-day! Yet Kiel need not be ashamed of another monument that stands there, as it stands in every German town, a monument of the war of 1871. I thought the specimen at Kiel very successful. The Germans hold that this war was truly righteous and blessed by heaven, a war of self-defence against aggression, a fight for their hearths and altars against the insolence of military ambition. In this no doubt they are substantially right, whatever Bismarck may have done at the moment to force it on. It is with perfect propriety that their monuments, especially that

of Kiel, depict the army type as the bearded civic warrior quitting his wife and children, and marching bravely off behind his King to do his duty. "We come," says the Kiel monument, "obedient from the anvil and the loom; the chain is fully welded, and woe to him who seeks to break it!"

From Kiel I went on to Rendsburg, a little country town of pleasing appearance, where quaint old houses survive not inharmoniously beside handsome public buildings of a modern type, including of course a theatre and a school, without which no German town is complete. The scenery on the journey reminded me more of English scenery than any I observed elsewhere in Germany; there were fine trees about, and hedges between the fields. Elsewhere the landscape consists of wide open plains, poorly wooded and uninteresting to the eye. One may note that the population is massed in the villages or small towns; the scattered farms of England are unknown. But the farmer is also unknown; the land is generally held by peasant proprietors. I believe this class of people is prosperous in Germany, and succeeds (with the aid of some legal prohibitions) in keeping out of debt.

We may now leave Northern Germany for the South; and take a long flight from Rendsburg to Frankfort. We shall find ourselves landed in one of the busiest and richest towns of Europe; the Manchester of Germany, perhaps one may say, as Hamburg is its Liverpool. In appearance it is a bright and handsome town, with a famous railway station, excellent shops and all else that the visitor expects; but without dwelling on these let us turn rather to its past and its memorials of the past. It was a free town in the middle ages, under the special protection of the Emperor; the spot where the Emperor was formally chosen and crowned. This took place in the Cathedral, which is one of the historic sites of Europe. Unfortunately, as a building, it by no means pleases the eye; a tasteless cramped Gothic structure, so dark that scarcely anything inside it is visible.

I turned from this with more expectation to the house where the poet Goethe was born. Perhaps a really just appreciation would place this in the front of Frankfort's attractions, as the chief treasure of the place. But it would be an appreciation founded on a knowledge of Goethe's works, which I cannot assume in Indian readers, and must to some slight extent supply. We have cast a glance at Bismarck, the politician, and Luther, the religious leader; let us now interest ourselves awhile in Goethe, the poet and critic.

Goethe was born in 1749 and died in 1832, living, as most great men live, to be a very old man. His father was a man of means and culture, and Goethe was educated at the University for the career of a lawyer. However he never settled down to this, but after some desultory years entered in 1775 the service of the Duke of Weimar. In Weimar he lived thenceforward till his death, engaged chiefly in work connected with education and the state theatre, but at liberty to read and think and write and travel as much as he pleased.

This liberty he employed in a universal activity of which human nature affords us few other examples. He was a student of almost every subject that has employed the mind of man; and a student in the strictest sense, whose work has contributed something to science; as a botanist for instance he must be reckoned among the pioneers of the evolution theory. But most of all he was a student of human life, whose eye penetrated with a glance of unrivalled power the deeper secrets of human motives and feelings. And his powers of observation were reinforced by an equal command of literary form. Perhaps not in the first rank of prose writers,—a thing almost impossible in his country and his age,—he nevertheless stands here as high as any German writer; while in poetry his position is by the side of the greatest masters.

It is no doubt as a poet that the world knows and will always know him best. Some of his more ambitious efforts may be forgotten, especially his dramas, but his lyrics will last as long

as any poetry of old or modern times. It is not possible to characterise them in words. They ascend into the seventh heaven of passion, and glow at once with the rapture of the vision, and the aspiration after deeper experience which has always vexed the souls of poets. There are many in whom this note is an affectation; it is not so in Goethe. Whatever be the marks by which we decide that poetry is natural, they are present in his lyrics.

Moreover Goethe's work though personal is also impersonal. We feel that he brings his experiences before the reader because of their own interest, not to create an interest in himself. Egoistic in one sense, in another—like most great writers—he is quite devoid of egoism. Perhaps the antithesis is the same as that between pride and vanity. Anyhow the personal tone of his poetry is not felt as a weakness or an impertinence; the reader is grateful for its revelations.

And there are revelations not of love alone, but of all mortal experience. Every tie of friendship, almost every vocation, and every age of life has been characterised by Goethe with complete and luminous insight. He can express this criticism with equal facility in prose and verse, and fit it for every mood of the reader.

What then is his teaching? Goethe leaves us in no doubt about it—live: work: employ your powers of knowing or being. It is the modern gospel of culture in its noblest shape man's; God-like faculties are not given to rust in him unused but to be cultivated and harvested. To this end toil is necessary and pain must be faced; for the imperfect constitution of the world requires this condition, as it often requires, what Goethe fully appreciated, stern self-sacrifice.

On the point of religious belief Goethe temporised. His creed was a bland Pantheism, like that of Pope's Essay on Man. His strong element is a perception of the mystic union between Nature and Man and God; his weak point, on Christian principles, is an imperfect conception of what keeps them

apart. But the fact is religion, as distinct from philosophy, was not congenial to his temper; devotion he studied with occasional curiosity in others, but always disliked it himself. Christianity signified for him a mixture of disagreeables, which he put conveniently out of sight.

Of course there were large blanks in his system. Righteous anger plays little part in his ideal; he seems to have been scarcely capable of it himself, and tells us somewhere that it was no use expecting him to hate the French, for it was not in his nature to hate anybody. Accordingly he remained a tranquil observer of the war of Liberation; and accepted meekly the yoke of the Corsican adventurer. "Shake your fetters as you will, you will never shake the man off; he is too great for you"—such was all the encouragement Germany got out of him.

But if hatred was not possible for Goethe, cold contempt was possible, and formed his attitude towards England. "A practical hypocritical nation" is one of his few brief comments on them; the English campaign against the slave trade he ascribed to a desire to injure the revolted Colonies of North America. In fact everything about England was distasteful to him; her industrial life did not interest him; her religion he despised and her democratic public life he abhorred. There was really nothing in the country for Goethe to admire; except indeed Shakespeare, but it is notable that Hamlet was the play which chiefly interested him, and it is probable that he has given to the criticism of Hamlet himself a more favourable turn than English sentiment would have taken.

If we study Goethe's plan in the history of Human Culture it is probable that we shall find him most significant in connection with the masculine ideal of woman. Here is one of the few writers who with a full consciousness of the problem and equipped with sufficient information have tried to assign to woman her true sphere. That sphere in a sense is subject to man, for Goethe would not "emancipate" women; but in

another sense it is superior ; every one knows the concluding words of Faust—"The eternal-womanly draws us upward." The beauty of woman—even on its merely sensuous side—is extolled by Goethe as a purifying and healing influence ; while the typical virtues of woman, tender and unselfish but not unwise devotion, are represented as just those forces which are suited to inspire the highest elements of man. They are also the virtues which enable the young goddess of eighteen to pass most easily into the wife and mother and to preside over a household, for Goethe is careful to remember that sweet-hearts must become wives and he is not in the least afraid of babies.

Such is Goethe's system ; it is recommended in writings of matchless insight, and often in verse of intolerable pathos and beauty. The beauty of woman in Goethe's poetry becomes a sort of dazzling flame. It is the climax of Nature—a nature which to Goethe's eyes is full of beauty in its meanest aspects. The devotion in fact, which a religious poet would turn into another channel, with Goethe is paid to this reflection of the supreme source of light. But my purpose now is to ask whether Goethe's ideal will last ? Certainly all the world is not prepared to accept it. In Goethe's country more than any other the cynical reaction is to be found, led by the gigantic and lowering genius of Schopenhauer. Nor are women themselves, all the world over, willing to occupy the throne prepared for them. What they really want we do not know, for they have never been wise enough—or foolish enough—to tell us. But one may suppose they are a little incredulous regarding the mystic power of their own beauty, which does not appeal to them in the way it does to man. They wish to surrender the unreal glory of affording this inspiration, in return for practical opportunities of work and amusement. Domestic life, it appears, they do not esteem so highly as the more philosophic sort of men.

Goethe's formula then has not conquered the world ; and



perhaps after all it contains spurious elements, like his romantic praise of wine. But I for one accept it, as the nearest approach to finality that the world has found.

And now I will dwell no longer over Goethe's character, but take the reader to visit the house of his birth in Frankfort. It is a tall and very respectable house of five projecting stories, with rows of stiff rectangular windows. Inside it has been preserved in the state in which it saw Goethe born. That is pretty familiar from *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, "Fact and Fiction," Goethe's Autobiography,—as I was told in lofty terms by the custodian of the house when I enquired for a guide to it. (I may say that this Goethe house in Frankfort was the only mismanaged institution I found in Germany; there was no guide to it, and it was strictly prohibited to take notes, because, as the custodian said, if this were allowed, some people would come and write all day long!) There is the kitchen, with its apparatus and rows of moral plates, with their prim mottoes, "Mann muss uben, nicht nur hören," (men must work and not merely listen.)

Lieb und Dankbarkeit gefallt,  
Undankbar hasst die ganze Welt.

(Love and gratitude are pleasing; every one hates an ungrateful man.)

Mein herz ist erfreid  
Wenn ich dich säh zu jederzeit.

(I should be delighted if I could always see you.) I mention these trifles, because they illustrate the continuity of national life and feeling. Goethe's passion for reflections on the conduct of life is one of the traits of his nation, and one of the lessons of his very earliest childhood.

Then upstairs we can see his father's study, with its library of solemn old-fashioned books, when the young Goethe had to diet himself on old-fashioned works of travel or morality. On the walls are many pictures, in the dark sombre style of

the age. I often thought in Germany how dark and formal the old interiors were, and wondered if that explained the burst of passion with which German poets flung out of doors to greet the spring. Then in cases on the walls were little relics of the family finery, which no doubt the young Goethe used to respect as the last achievement of applied art; cups, necklaces, and bits of dress—how feeble, how childish in their taste! Yet again, one may say, suitable for childish years, and not apt to exhaust the growing mind, as our modern education does.

In the Goethe Museum are collected pictures of Goethe's loves, and many manuscripts by them and him and his friends. Here are some lines from one of them:—

Nur durch Anmuth allein herrschet und herrsche das weib,  
Manche zwar haben geherrscht durch des geistes Macht und der Thaten,  
Aber dan haben sie sich höchste der Kronen entbehrt.  
Wahre Königin ist nur des weibes weibliche Schönheit,  
Wo sie sich zeige sie herrscht, herrscht bloss wo sie sich zeigt.

“Through grace alone rules woman—so may she rule! Many indeed have ruled by strength of mind and deeds; but they have deprived themselves of the highest crown; true queen is only woman's womanly beauty; where this shows itself it rules, and rules only where it shows itself.” I am not sure whether these lines are by Goethe or not; at any rate they illustrate the views of his circle.

From the house at Frankfort it is appropriate that I should take the reader to Weimar, to visit the house where he spent most of his life. It is a place of pilgrimage, like the other, and even more interesting. Like the other, it is a very plain and ugly building. Behind it is a garden, the scene no doubt of many a meditation; and on the garden looks a study which remains exactly as the aged Goethe used and left it. A wooden table stands in the centre; where Goethe sat at one side, his elbows resting on the cushion, dictating to his secretary. There are a few shelves and a little apparatus for botanical and chemical experiments. Opening out of it is the small bed

chamber where Goethe died, containing the smallest of wooden beds and wash-stands. There was no need to preach simplicity of life to him.

Upstairs are Goethe's art collections: coins, cameos, pottery, &c. Frankly, I thought these disappointing; they did not give evidence of the taste one would expect from his poetry; nor does it appear that Goethe knew how to use the collector's opportunities of his day. Horace Walpole had a much better eye.

Among other things there is a large cast of the Juno in the Ludovisi Museum at Rome, presented to Goethe by some of his friends. Whether it was the plaster of the cast, or the northern light or the surroundings, I cannot say; but all the inspiration of the original had fled. There is no work of art in the world more impressive than this Ludovisi Juno in Rome. But here in Goethe's house at Weimar I only wondered what I could have seen in her.

And now we must take leave of Goethe, as we took leave of Bismarck and of Luther. Even so the roll of great German names is not exhausted, there is Beethoven and there is Kant, and if we could trust some Germans of the present day there is Wagner. However more of him anon; I do not believe in him. But taking those names of Germany, whose significance is not disputed, what a roll of honour the country possesses!

I do not feel that I have now much more to do except to make a short tour of Dresden and of Munich. These two places have some features in common. They have never been the centre of great ruling families, or seats of empire; but they have each a long continuous history as typical German states. Their rulers have been absolute but popular monarchs, living as a rule on good terms with their subjects and governing in the usual bureaucratic way. In each case artistic interests have been a tradition of the Court, and each capital possesses museums of great value and importance.

Dresden is the home of rococo architecture, the last phase

of the Renaissance. Everybody knows this whimsical and artificial style, which so captivated the affections of the eighteenth century ; it has become too mean a mark for serious criticism, and nobody wastes powder and shot over it. This opinion is certainly right ; yet even the humblest dog has his day, and there are some rococo buildings at Dresden that possess a quaint dignity of their own. One may treat them with kindly consideration, especially in virtue of the treasures they enshrine.

First among these is the picture gallery, one of the largest in Europe. Here you may see a peerless collection of the small Dutch masters, people like Metsu, to mention one of a dozen, whose works show the art of painting in its very zenith. Their subjects lack the prestige of religious art, and their canvasses the large size which is necessary for popular appreciation. But in the technical qualities which make the finest painting their work can never be surpassed. It not only equals that of the greatest Italians, but in the difficulty of its themes and the subtlety of its perceptions it goes beyond them.

The range of these artists while excluding religious topics is otherwise universal. There are Hobbema's and Ruysdael's landscapes, Van de Velde's sea pieces, the high life interiors of Metsu and Van Miers, Wouverman's combats, and Tenier's peasants. Their style seems to solve once for all the hard problem of the dividing mean between archaic detail and modern "impressionism." It does not lean towards the latter ; nor do my own affections incline that way. I am all for this old Dutch manner which seems to have contemplated and vanquished every lawful problem of the artist ; and if it has left any subject untouched expressly warns posterity against attempting it.

The beginnings of the decadence to my mind appear in Rembrandt. No doubt such a judgment may appear ridiculous ; but let it be weighed with regard to what it means. Rembrandt set the example of sacrificing everything for one particular effect ; a process which it seems hard to forbid, if the effect is

worth it, which leads however by a rapid path to sensation-alism and eccentricity. This is the stage in which modern art finds such unnatural delight, choosing the most impossible and unsuitable subjects and attacking them by wild-cat methods. "Flinging a pot of paint in the public's face"; I am far from swallowing the whole gospel of Ruskin; but thank him heartily for these words. When I was at Venice there was held and much advertised an International Exhibition of Art; which I visited and came away in the mood described by Bret Harte:—

Do I sleep? Do I dream?

Do I wander and doubt?

Are things what they seem?

Or is visions about?

Is our civilisation a failure?

Or is the Caucasian played out?

Returning to the Dresden gallery the most famous treasure of the collection is Raphael's "Sistine" Madonna. It is treated with much respect, and placed in a room by itself, with a row of seats in front of it—a luxury uncommon in public galleries. Looking at the picture you observe the Virgin and the child both gazing upon you with straightforward eyes, inviting you as it were to divine what is passing in their minds. Different people will come to different conclusions on this point. Prof. Anton Springer, adopted by Baedeker, says that "her large eyes embrace the world in their gaze." I am not able to agree with this, and cannot find in her expression much beyond that abstract mood of reverie which we call in daily life a "brown study." But I partly think so because Prof. Springer's notion is so far removed from the traditional character of the Virgin. In the early Italian pictures we see plainly that the Virgin has nothing to do with the world, and is wrapped up in adoration for her son. The artists had only to express this adoration, which Raphael too has expressed in his "Granduoc" Madonna. If afterwards he turned the Madonna's glance towards the spectator it was not through a

change in his notion of the Madonna's consciousness, but merely from a painter's desire to impress the spectator with a new and perhaps more striking aspect of her face. From a religious point of view this must be called a decline in his art, and I question whether the Sistine Madonna does not indicate such a decline. The baby's face is full of a grave earnestness which is a triumph of drawing; yet, on the whole, it may be doubted whether there is not something spurious about this achievement, just as there is about those wise-looking dogs of Landseer. One is not on perfectly safe ground here, as one is with those uglier babies of the earlier school, who lie crowing at their mothers. And in modern times, which are marked by so much gush and cant, one goes to ancient art above all for sincerity.

By way of contrast to this world of very high art let us visit the Gveen Vault of the Royal Palace. There is no high art here, but the largest collection in existence of jewels, trinkets and curiosities. It is impossible to describe these extraordinary things. Their materials include everything rare and precious in the three worlds: tortoise shell, ivory and crystal; gems and precious metal of every description. The processes employed include every variety of carving, chasing, and enamelling. Finally, the objects produced include as their chief types, figures and drinking vessels, rarely graceful but always ingenious and picturesque. The value of the collection it is impossible to guess; all the millionaires of America could not purchase it. It belongs to the Court, but "parties" are taken round it; there is just time to cast a hurried glance at one-hundredth part of its treasures.

The visitor will derive more satisfaction from the Porcelain Collection. It is the finest in Europe; and altogether the most soul-satisfying exhibition I have ever seen. Porcelain is generally doled out to one in such very small quantities that half-a-dozen pieces of it are as much as one ever expects to see; and the imagination even ceases to demand any more. But



here, within these enchanted doors, a whole palace full of it is suddenly revealed; an Arabian Night's tale translated into fact. There are two large chambers, one of Oriental, one of European porcelain. Down the whole length of the Oriental room runs a double row of jars, nearly five feet high; their colour, indeed the prevailing colour of the room, an azure blue; and I concluded before I left the room that blue of all the spectrum is the truly celestial tint. I thought as much in Italy when I sat on the top of Capri and gazed on the panorama of sky and sea, with the rocky heights of Italy, all dyed in lustrous blue of unimaginable splendour; and here at Dresden I confirmed and sealed the opinion as a truth not to be surrendered.

Porcelain is one of the things which the "West" owes to the "East;" but it did not come as a free present. The results came, but not the secret of their production, and this was only ascertained by European chemists after a long and costly struggle. The struggle may to some extent be followed in the cases at Dresden, and step by step we may see how the glories of Meissen and Sèvres were attained. And it seems to me that in these more than in almost anything else we have art as the consoling friend of man. We can scarcely say this of the higher art of painting; it is too full of problems, problems of its own technique and reflected problems of man's destiny. But no such thorns encumber our path in the porcelain gallery. It offers nothing but suggestions of repose, a nectar of Elysian nepenthe.

There is much else to see at Dresden; and you can take a pleasant trip on the Elbe, as far as the Meissen Highlands, if you like, fondly but not inaptly named the Saxon Switzerland. But we have no time for this at present and the reader must follow me to the railway station, and ascend the "Schnell-Zug" to Munich. And how comfortable German trains are, and railway stations; if they would only borrow one idea from England, to raise the platforms to the level of the carriage-

floors. At present all over the continent you have to climb up into your carriage from the ground; an inconvenient and to elderly people most difficult ascent. Once elevated to your seat you are all right, and may depend that your train—in Germany—will be clean and punctual and safe in its passage—though seldom as rapid as many English trains are.

Munich is a city with no political history and owes its importance entirely to its position as an art centre. Yet that position too is a curious one. Munich has never produced a really great artist or a great school of artists. Dresden had at any rate the porcelain factory at Meissen; Munich has produced nothing. Her sovereigns have been assiduous collectors; painting, throughout the nineteenth century, was well taught in her school of art, and to-day she is an active centre of artistic reproduction. She is especially a centre of musical interest; Wagner, who got into trouble during the Revolutionary riots in Dresden, fled to Munich in 1849 and was protected by the Court. You may hear his operas there almost any night in the year; and the music too you may hear as much as you please, especially piano music, for almost every room in Munich contains a piano. Fortunately there is a municipal regulation \* against playing it with the window open.

German music and love of music are things of which a good deal might be written. They are not equally a part of the whole of Germany; Prussia, for instance, being less musical than the South. Nor has the predominance of this art been an unmixed benefit. It seems at once to suit and foster the dreamy side of the German character; and to accord with their condition of political servitude. It has always been encouraged by the German princes, I will not say entirely for

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\* One wishes there were a similar regulation in Bombay, where the number of pianos (and gramophones) is almost as remarkable. In the absence of such a protection the nightly harmonies of the European quarter are perhaps the culminating horror of residence in this city.

this reason, but certainly as an effective means of keeping their subjects contented.

As for Wagner, whom I have just mentioned, I must not dismiss him without a word. In his own country his fame and position remain undisturbed; and patriotic Germans find it hard to discover terms of praise for him. As to the musical side of his genius I will not speak too positively, being aware that only great natural gifts and the study of years could qualify one to do so. Wagner's object was to supply music with a content and make it a source of ideas; and also by multiplying musical elements to make the complexity of music reflect the complexity of life. Both of these are fine aspirations; but both of them seem to me to fail. "Tone pictures" will remain a chimera; the conception rests on a false psychology. Moreover, the complexity of Wagner's music makes it ultimately too much an affair of the intellect, and removes it from the natural order of musical productions. The very study that enables one to understand it may perhaps only carry one further from this truth, and disguise the fact that Wagner's music has largely ceased to be music and fallen back into noise.

Of this certainly musical ears must be the judges; and one might be content to trust them if it were not that the judgment of classes of mankind is so easily led away into crazes. The worship of Wagner seems to bear some marks of this character, and I am disposed to put it along with the worship of Böcklin in painting. Whether this be so or not, it has placed an impossible burden on the heads of operatic performers. They have to be actors,—which vocalists rarely are—to remember enormous books of words, and finally to sing the most difficult music against orchestras which number scores of performers. The human voice is not equal to the strain, and it appears to me the Wagnerian vogue is responsible for the howling of basses and screeching of trebles which has banished singing from the modern stage.

There is yet another aspect of Wagner, as the inheritor and final champion of old German ideas about woman, and other things. He was a great believer in the destiny of the German people, a fierce anti-Semite, and a voluminous writer about art and religion. All these topics he pursued in the same vein of enthusiasm, one may almost say, hysteria. He seems to mark the end of an epoch, when a system of ideas, like an ill-balanced kite, comes toppling to the ground. Historians of the distant future may perhaps mark him as the great precursor of the modern decadence, which threatens to ruin the sanity of art and thought and life.

Be that as it may, we return awhile to Munich. It is a beautiful city, with rows of fine buildings and parks, and everything desirable to entertain the eye. It has museums and galleries innumerable and art shops where the temptation to buy beautiful things swells into a delirium. The chief picture gallery—the Old Pinakothek—is perhaps the most comfortable and “repaying” gallery in Europe. Picture galleries as a rule are a severe trial to mind and body; in fact one could write a whole treatise on the miseries of inspecting them. In London all the pictures are glazed and thus converted into admirable mirrors, where you see little but your own familiar features. The Louvre has become an art-school, where every notable canvas is concealed by three or four copies. You can console yourself by observing the Bohemian figures of the artists. As for Florence, in the season, its galleries are so crowded that you can neither get into them nor out of them. By good fortune I found these and other sources of discomfort at a minimum in Munich, where the Old Pinakothek contains a collection representative of all European art, well lighted, sympathetically arranged, and provided with seats.

Here I reversed my opinion of Rubens, and came to a true conclusion about that artist. The Pinakothek has a splendid collection of his pictures, and here you see him at his best. It is very important to see any artist at his best, if you want to judge

him, because his second-rate achievements leave you ignorant of his high watermark. Rubens appears to have been able and willing to paint anything; but his speciality is mythological scenes. Now if you demand from him religious inspiration or the affectionate study of nature, you will be disappointed; Rubens painted with other objects in view. He was a court-painter and he painted to gratify the fancy of the rich and cultivated patrician. His works are purely recreative. In his mythological pictures you will find a frank delight in the theme of sensual enjoyment. You are carried into a world where the anxious cares of morality are unknown. You cannot call it coarse. His drunken satyrs and their mistresses are not vicious men and women, but beings free in their own element. Their wild life has left no marks of degradation on their faces; the only mood reflected there is careless good-humoured happiness. We see them in every stage of life, from babyhood to old age, always invested with the same glorious health and vigour.

It is a world wholly unreal. There is no pretence of reality about it. The tigers munching grapes are just on a level with the rosy hues of Rubens' flesh colours, which lead the scandalised Italian to exclaim, "Does this man paint with blood?" But as jesting Pilate said, "What is truth?" so the anti-critic may say to himself "What is truth to Nature?" And I do not know where he will find the last word in answer to this question.

Passing over the New Pinakothek and other collections, there is the Bavarian National Museum, I believe the most comfortable and delightful museum in Europe. It contains beautiful relics of the middle ages, and in every direction of applied art, glass, enamel, and ivory carving, cannot be surpassed. There is no place where you can see such statues of the Virgin and the Saints. And the building is the most perfectly adapted for a museum that I have seen.

But not only is the intellectual and artistic soul of man

comforted and cared for in Munich; the alimentary part of his system is also treated well there. To Munich belong the credit and renown of Munich beer. Like the German beers it is a light non-alcoholic beer containing I suppose "a trace," as the analysts say, of alcoholic poisons. Its peculiarity in Munich is a sort of ethereal something resembling a taste, which German beer does not possess elsewhere; and in spite of that it is cheaper than any other beer. Each big brewery has an establishment where its own product is sold; that of the Hofbrauerei has a room which accommodates a thousand persons. Not only beer is sold, but food, and that excellent food, well cooked and reasonable in price. Every evening the establishment is crowded, people of both sexes resorting to it; and a band somewhere aloft, concealed by billowy clouds of tobacco smoke, discourses dreamy music.

I have now conducted my reader to almost every town in Germany I visited; and I can see only one more town and one more topic on the list before we take leave of each other. The town is Wiesbaden; the topic is German schools.

Wiesbaden is a health resort; a retreat fitted out by nature for invalids. It lies in a hollow between low hills, and reposes on a system of hot springs, which add their effect in tempering the air. These springs are formed into agreeable baths, and possess mineral properties useful in various complaints. They were known to the Romans, who never overlooked anything in this line, and the place became a considerable settlement under their rule. To-day it is a brilliant and beautiful little town, with attractive shops and public gardens. I visited it just before the spring season began, and stayed in a first class hotel—the Hotel Aegir—for eight marks (six rupees six annas) a day. Considering the accommodation at the hotel and the attractions of Wiesbaden, I suppose there are few places that offer such value for the money.

Among the attractions is a fine theatre, which stands in the centre of a garden. The Germans have given much attention



to the architecture of theatres; and they have more or less mastered it. Almost every German town contains a theatre, as one of its chief buildings, whose prominence before the eye corresponds to the interest which Germans take in the drama. Readers of *Wilhelm Meister* will remember the conception, so often present in that book, of the drama as a supreme form of art, a lever sufficient to raise the moral tone of the nation. This ideal, always floating before the eyes of German authors, has been approached by Schiller in *Wilhelm Tell*, and some would say fulfilled by Wagner. But on the whole German drama has not been a success; even Goethe's efforts remain splendid failures. It is difficult to account for this, nor will the question be discussed here why the Dramatic Muses who apparently stand closest to the world are really the shyest to woo of all the nine. In general terms we may say that neither analysis nor feeling afford the vital elements of the drama, but action, which is not the native element of the German mind.

The Director of the Wiesbaden theatre was a nobleman, who was not thought to demean himself by this office, in a country where nobility is more exclusive than in England. In England however you would not find either the office or a nobleman willing to hold it; nor in Germany (of the past at any rate) would you find a Turf Club.

The Wiesbaden theatre is subsidised by the German Government. It is therefore cheaper than it would otherwise be, though not extremely cheap in itself—I think the price of the lowest seats is about a rupee and a half. It is however extremely comfortable; the scenery is splendid, and the people and visitors of Wiesbaden flock to it every night in hundreds. I went to it myself to hear Beethoven's *Fidelio*, which is one of the few pieces allowed to break the long succession of Wagner's works.

However, as I said, I went to Germany to visit schools, and before closing these articles I ought to offer the reader a few

impressions on this topic. They will not be exhaustive, both for other reasons and especially because I went solely to attend English lessons and did not witness any others. Nor do I profess to speak of German schools as a whole, but only of the schools I saw, which of course were the best.

Taking these then I will begin with reckoning up their good points. Their buildings are magnificent; in many cases I suppose quite perfect; the same being also true of their apparatus. The teachers are competent and industrious men, acquainted both with the higher aspects and higher aims of education, and with the details of technique. As regards the course of education German schools recognise two chief curricula, that of the Gymnasia and that of the Real Schulen. The former is based on Latin and Greek, as its foundation, the latter on Science and Modern Languages. This division is practical and, so far as the modern age permits, sensible; if it is overcrowded by many subordinate subjects, which I have not mentioned, this is inevitable in the present state of public opinion. As regards discipline, this is maintained by strict but not harsh regulations. German boys are not disorderly; and they seem to be influenced by the prevailing belief in education. Duty is the chief incentive placed before them; there are no marks and few prizes and there is no appeal to emulation. But a boy's chances in life depend on the place from which he leaves the school; every career under the German Government begins with admission to some department, which requires a certain standard of education. This affords a stimulus to parents and boys, supposing it to be otherwise wanting. There are no public examinations for which school boys are prepared; all examinations are carried out by the staff of the school or by officers of the Education Department.

The avowed principle of the system is to make the most of the individual boy. In practice this means, on its good side, that a great deal is done for mediocre abilities. This is done by intelligent methods of work; boys are taught to "think for

themselves," but not in the fantastic manner that some people advocate. On this point German school-masters are sane, and do not try to make every little German a miracle of precocious ratiocination.

What now are the weak points of the system? We must observe that it does not, any more than other modern systems, avoid the fault of "cram." This much abused word covers many meanings; but here it stands merely for "over-education," a larger measure of intellectual stimulus than the pupil can absorb. It is fostered in German schools by assigning each separate subject to a separate master, who grinds it into every boy as though it were the sole object of his education.

But in this matter of cram German schools perhaps offend less than others which have absorbed the modern spirit. They do however in the opinion of an Englishman err in another way. They concede nothing to distinguished ability. They are run on the same principle as an English Primary School, in which you expect to find every pupil in the class doing pretty much the same work equally well. Now the typical English Secondary School of the past shows quite a different picture. The best boys in the class are found to be gaining something by their education, the worst boys apparently nothing at all. This system, so shocking to some critics, is in my opinion true to nature and fundamentally sound. Boys do differ in ability; and in the development of their ability. The ideal system would (perhaps) bring together similar boys in different classes; but failing this the system is best which sets a high standard of work and allows the different boys to do their best at it. This gives every class of boy a chance, from the precocious boy, who without being pressed mounts easily up the school, to the slowly developing boy who may leave school in a low form and yet turn out a man of solid ability. To worry such a boy prematurely about "thinking for himself" is under pretence of doing him a service to do him a lasting injury.

Of course, unfortunately for the English system, it has seldom been well worked. The case has to a certain extent gone against it through the bad schools and the bad masters of the past. But on this point its principles are sound, and it does not at present look as though they were going to be deserted. In all our modern changes people have kept in view the end of picking out the ablest boys for special treatment. This can hardly be achieved under a uniform system like that of Germany.

But in writing this criticism of the German system, and describing the English plan as "true to Nature," one has to remember that the German system accords with German views of life. It appears to me unquestionable that Germany does not value individual distinction and activity in the way England does. Who shall say which view is right?

Again, it might be asked, has not Germany during the last century produced sufficient men of distinction to invalidate this criticism of her schools? Certainly the roll is a long one. There are some who hold that it is not marked by originality so much and by persevering toil; but I do not take this view myself. I will not however pretend to answer the very puzzling question raised. It is no doubt true that German education some years ago resembled the English system more than it does now; but this is a small consideration. I am inclined rather to say that the highest genius is something which schools can neither produce nor destroy, and the appearance of men like Kant or Niebuhr is a phenomenon for which they deserve no credit; it remains unexplained. Descending a little lower, where the influence of schools is something more real, I think the German schools have produced the results indicated, that is to say, a higher level but less individual distinction than the English schools. It is possible this result will be more clearly seen in the future than the past.

It is certainly seen in the direction of character. It is perhaps a fallacious thing to compare day schools and boarding

schools at all ; but German schools do not turn out either the good or bad characters of English schools. Their productions tend more to an average.

We are here brought however, as education soon brings one, to a general comparison of the two countries. I do not know whether it is a good thing to print such comparisons ; but if a bad thing it is certainly tempting. Perhaps one may suppose that no great harm can be done by an Englishman who admires Germany as much as I do.

The reader will hardly suppose me to think either that the German character is simple or that I fully understand it. "Germany" extends wherever the German language is spoken ; from Prussia to Bavaria ; there are many differences and much hostility of sentiment within this vast region. Part of it is Catholic, part is Protestant, and there are no types of civilised mind more widely different than the Catholic and the Protestant. But for all that I believe there is a type of German and our best plan is to fix it and then count up its variations. I believe it approaches what we may call the normal man. The German's interests are domestic, both on their prosaic and their sentimental sides. He is industrious and orderly, and at the same time penetrated by a vein of genuine feeling. If this travels beyond the family circle it inclines to devotion or mysticism. The German temper is not adventurous and does not feel moved to exert its powers in the widest possible field. Accordingly it is not the temper of which politicians are born or pioneers in any field of action.

This portrait I have conjured up from literature and from some observation in the country. I think it corresponds at any rate to certain facts in German history. Germany has not retained her hold over any conquered country. In Italy, in Spain and in France the German element has been expelled ; in Hungary it is being absorbed and even in Africa it is a question whether the Hereros will not get the best of her. Conversely, no country has risen against the invader with more

desperate fury, from the days of Herminius onwards. I remember well those pictures in the German galleries representing incidents in the War of Liberation; the women bringing their jewels and household treasures to deposit with the Government officials; the storm of Planchenois. The latter was a little village held by the French and captured by a company of Prussians, and the artist had represented with extraordinary power the tenacity of the French and the furious enthusiasm of the Prussians. It was a picture striking in many ways; on the French side bearded age and valour, the instruments of lawless ambition, on the other, youth and frantic courage and a just cause.

However, I have mentioned it here for a definite purpose; to indicate the part war has played in German history. Even Prussia to-day is not military in the sense in which France (of the past) was military. Nor will great episodes in German history, like the Crusades, or any quarrels of mediæval barons, or schemes of monarchs like Frederick the Great stir me easily from this conviction, that the German temper is fundamentally peaceful. Its affections are strongly twined round its native scenery and its home; and on the man's side it is deeply subject to the influence of woman.

This is another view that runs through German history, from the Nibelungenlied to Wagner. It is a subject of just pride with Germans, because this sentiment, so dangerous when it is strong, has in Germany been the ally and support of, morality. It shows itself in the sentiment of chivalry, a thing of which we have a glimpse even in the pages of Tacitus; an idea which is Germany's great contribution to the ideas of mankind. In his elevation of this idea Goethe is the true representative of his countrymen.

But at this point it is interesting to mark how violent a reaction this sentiment has provoked. If Germany produced Goethe it produced also, as we have said, Schopenhauer, whose type of thought flourishes in the country with abundant vigour.



As we have nothing in England like the tender idealism of Goethe, so we have not the saturnine cynicism of Schopenhauer. As for German women I believe they have deserved the tributes of German sentiment and art. At any rate this opinion is supported by the little I saw of them. They are not emancipated and have no ideals that range beyond the circle of their homes. But they are qualified to make these a success, more than women elsewhere in the present age. Good types of their features may be seen in the pictures by Kaulbach, Friederich, and Lindenschmidt, which are reproduced on post cards. Specially pleasing are the illustrations of the meetings between Goethe and Schiller and their friends, which seem to have reproduced the golden age.

Having now portrayed a sort of normal German character we must allow for many deviations, according as one element or the other has predominated, or foreign elements have intruded. Sometimes it has been rudely military, sometimes rudely material. One sees this aspect of it too often to-day, when the Philistine German is much in evidence. The prosperity of the country since 1870 has fostered the tribe, and they are even more conspicuous abroad than at home.

The same cause perhaps has blighted the spiritual side of German life. The history of this side is very curious, especially to an Englishman. Remembering that Luther was a German one naturally expects to find Protestantism a ruling force in the country; what one does find is that as a religion it has disappeared. German religion has passed through a sort of euthanasia; it has been swallowed up in philosophy. Perhaps there was always a tendency this way. German mysticism of the middle ages had always a pantheistic leaning; and to-day this inclination has triumphed. There is no hostility towards religion abroad, nothing like the scepticism of France, but religion has been neutralised, or sublimed, as one may say, into a belief in the Absolute which commits people to nothing. The State system has had something to do with this; the state-

paid clergy have been confined to an official orthodoxy which has no hold whatever on the people at large.

The Imperial family are aware and disapprove of this. The present Emperor inaugurated during my visit to Germany an immense Cathedral in Berlin, which was consecrated in the presence of a crowd of notables and grandees. But the type of religion it enshrines is dead; as dead as the inappropriate Renaissance architecture of the building. One wonders that so acute a man as the Emperor cannot see this, but apparently he does not, and he will not countenance that spirit of free enquiry within the Church which is the only path (if there be any) to a revival. In the meantime it is sad to note his own efforts at theological teaching. You may see in many German shops illuminated copies of certain words he addressed publicly to his sons—"Schaft, arbeitet ohne Unterlass, das ist der Keim der Christen Lebens." "Create; work without pausing; that is the seed of the Christian life." Far from it! that is a piece of philosophy, which, if it be the final truth, supersedes Christianity.

These deviations from type serve partly to explain the inconsistencies which are found in the German as in all other national characters. Some of them I cannot explain at all. The generally affectionate disposition of the people, and the harsh discipline of their army; their refinement of feeling and a certain want of refinement in manners; their mysticism and their industrialism; their fondness for general speculations and their minute and uninspired pedantry; their practical organising power and the want of commonsense in much of their writing; their love of freedom and their political servitude—these and other topics might be discussed at much length without final conclusions.

Let us compare the portrait with that of the Englishman; or rather, to avoid further complexities, with that of the Englishman of the past. One great point of difference is in hardness of natural fibre. In rugged self-assertion and tenacity

of purpose, the England of the past is a different country from Germany; she has in fact only one analogue in history, Republican Rome. The evidence for this assertion is not to be found in the newspapers of to-day, with their everlasting jaw about the "strenuous life,"—which they will change for some other cry when it suits them,—but in the sober narratives of what earlier generations really achieved—in books like Anson's *Voyage round the World*. Those who take the trouble to read them will find the old secret of England's position, and will smile at the delusion, which unfortunately so many Germans share, that it is due to luck and cunning. It is due to the tenacity I speak of, and, to what should perhaps be mentioned first, an ingrained love of adventure and enterprise. These are a part of our inheritance from the Normans. Then we must add, in English people, a love of freedom, even at the cost of some confusion. This confusion—which is a real element in English life—would be far greater than it is were it not accompanied by a strong sense of what is fair. You will not find this sense in quite the same way on the Continent. At an English booking-office, for instance, people take their turns as they come; at a Continental booking-office they think it no shame to overreach one another.

Perhaps the most striking aspect of this difference is the vast disparity of fortunes in England. There is nothing like it in Germany. Even German Liberalism has never understood or adopted the English competitive ideal.

Finally England remains even to-day what she always has been, a really religious country. For metaphysics, now as ever, the English genius has no bent; religion and moral philosophy are what interest it.

These are the topics treated with success in her literature; if she has no Goethe, she has Wordsworth; and in the long long run, perhaps his lessons are of more value to mankind. There are spurious elements in both, in Goethe concerning wine and women, in Wordsworth concerning nature; but

Wordsworth perhaps has finally a deeper hold on those principles of conduct which in the end must guide man across the sea of life.

I have spoken of England of the past; and possibly in a less degree of Germany of the past. To-day both countries are entering on new eras, whether for better or for worse. There are new systems of ideas making their way, socialism and the emancipation of women, which in proportion as they succeed will change the face of the world.

One may hope however that nothing will bring Germany and England into conflict. They have been perilously near it. In Germany differing tendencies of the national character have inspired hostility to England. The old German Liberalism objects to English Imperialism. German philosophy looks with contempt on English religion. Official and Imperial Germany find England blocking their way to expansion. These very different strains of sentiment coincided and culminated during the Boer war, when the newspapers, mischievous as usual, presented their benevolent readers with a lamentable picture of English soldiers burning and ravishing in the Transvaal. English opinion deeply resented this injustice, and applauded in return the unspeakable nonsense of Mr. Kipling when he identified the German nation with "the Goth and the barbarous Hun,"—ignorant I suppose who the Huns were and what the Goths were like. Nevertheless there are sane people still in both countries, and there are many friends of England in Germany.

There are friends too of Germany in England, who see that Germany has something to be proud of, that she has won it by hard work, and she deserves better recognition from the world than sneers and grudging depreciation. I believe these people will eventually steer English sentiment in the right direction, and the result will be a solid gain to humanity.

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## KEDÂRNÂTH

Kedârnâth is pretty well known to Hindus as one of three shrines in the Himalaya, from which three streams issue and unite to form the Ganges. The other two are Gangotri and Badrinath; but for various reasons I chose Kedârnâth for a tour.

The road I followed started from Dehra Dun and led first to Mussoori, to Tihri, then up the Bheling river to Pilki, along the mountains from Raj Bonga to the Kinkhola Pass and thence up the Kedârnâth valley. It took fifteen days' marching, at perhaps an average rate of eight miles a day. Of course this was not on the level; between the Kinkhola Pass, for instance, and Kedârnâth there is a descent of six thousand feet.

I took with me twelve coolies, who were paid each of them seven annas a day. What coolies ought to be paid and what they ought to do are matters on which I have never learned the truth. One thing is certain, that when they are carrying loads in the ordinary way of business they are not paid what they expect when they accompany a gentleman of fashion travelling for his pleasure. They can be forced to come for this, (especially in Native States,) by invoking the authorities; but not without violence to their feelings, and only for one day's march. For a round tour however, I recommend a permanent train of followers, and accordingly liberality in terms. Let your successor make a hard bargain, if he likes. Devote your own exertions to enforcing a comfortable order of the day. What the coolies like is to start at sunrise, to do half the march, and feed, and sleep, and get in at sunset. What you would like is (probably) to start later and get in at two o'clock, and pitch your tent, and repose in it. You will not enjoy four or five hours' waiting for it, while you sit playing with the flies,

and munching an old chupatty ; nor is it comfortable to have your two meals of the day before it is light and after it is dark. You must try to get your own way in these matters.

You may also find a problem in connection with supplies. On main roads, where pilgrims travel, there are regular shops ; but when you have left the main road you depend on the villagers. They are not likely to treat you well, if my experience proves anything. Day after day they put me off with the same disappointing answers. After marching through miles of waving corn I was told in the evening there was no flour to spare ; if I asked for milk, all the cows had gone dry. I do not pretend to have fathomed this mystery. Perhaps they spoke the truth ; perhaps my predecessors—or their servants—had omitted to pay for what they took ; anyhow the traveller through Tihri Garwhal had better victual his expedition before he starts, at any rate with a reserve of stores. Especially, I should say of meat ; he will get nothing but what he shoots ; there are no moorgis in the land.

Nor is it, as I always supposed, swarming with game. You cannot pick up a pheasant or two or a small deer anywhere *en route*. You may do this, once in a fortnight, otherwise, if you want to shoot, you must devote your time to the business. As for large game, black bears are common, (because they are not worth shooting,) wild boars are common, and everything else rather scarce. Amongst the snows there is the musk deer, the chamois of the Himalayas, as difficult and valuable a prize. It stands about two feet high, and lives in deep thickets, on the moss which clothes the trunks of the trees. It is a shy animal, not easily found or driven out of its retreats. Men and birds and beasts of prey alike enjoy its delicate flesh, men moreover chase it for its musk.

This curious product is one of the most notable of drugs and perfumes. It consists of little brown grains enclosed in a small bladder, which is situated on the navel of the male deer. From this the musk is easily extracted, and keeps for ever,



never losing its soft and delicate perfume. Its reputation in the East is very ancient; Mahommed has promised it to the faithful as one of the luxuries of Paradise. Strange to say, its use to the musk deer is quite unknown.

However, to proceed with my story, I went first to Tihri, the capital of Tihri Garwhal. It stands at the confluence of the Ganga and the Bheling,\* partly in an old bed of the latter river. Its height is 1,700 feet, the mountains round it rise much higher. They are perfectly barren, and all the hot weather are wrapped in a dense haze. The heat is stifling; and I need only complete the picture by adding that the water is bad, provisions bad and scarce and local interests nil. The rajah lives mostly on a spur of the mountains 4,000 feet higher, where he has a palace and a large establishment. This arrangement provides a good deal of exercise for all classes in Tihri, especially for litigants. Down below, there is a Jubilee clock tower, which I suppose first introduced the idea of time into the place. The dāk bungalow is fitted with electrical lamps and bells, and it is intended to set up apparatus for producing electricity.

The road to Tihri was a fair mountain road; beyond it, we travelled by a foot-path, that was often steep and broken. Above 10,000 feet we found patches of snow, and in the Kin-khola Pass it lay many feet deep. The coolies did extremely well to get over this. They were many hours on the snow, bare-footed, and I do not understand how none of them got frost-bitten. However they did not grumble and declined my offer to go back. So let this be recorded to their credit.

I may say that while they surprised me by their perseverance here, and by their skilful management on the steep slopes, I was disappointed with their performance on the grass bridges. They actually seemed to be nervous about them, whereas it is

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\* The point of the confluence has evidently changed, and the configuration of the grounds offers a curious problem to the geologist.

one of the Himalayan spectacles to see the coolies crossing these grass bridges. Of course, strangers do not like them. They are primitive suspension bridges, made of grass ropes. Two bundles of ropes form the chains, and below them is a narrow pathway resembling a ladder. When you cross the concern for the first time you have some reasonable fears of falling off or through it, even if it does not break and let you down, in which case

“ Good night—

Or sink or swim ! ”

You would have to swim very well to escape from a Himalayan torrent and these bridges *do* break, especially when they are just going to be mended.

Now as for the scenery of the Himalayas, between Mussoori and Kedarnath it is certainly disappointing. The mountains are huge but dull, there are no striking peaks, and no fine cliffs. They are made of a friable shaley sort of material which seems unworthy of such great heights ; you can poke them to pieces as you go along. Moreover, in the lower slopes they are bare and waterless. Where indeed are the old jungles of Himavata, whose glories are sung in the Mahabharata ? Where are the forests that sheltered the Pandus, the hunting grounds of Bhimasena ? Where are the giant trees and the creepers and the pools covered with red lotus flowers ? Not in the regions which I have seen. Forgetting the flight of ages I allowed myself to expect them, and greatly I was disappointed when I first surveyed the scenery of Mussoori,—gaunt brown hills, with stiff ravines and frills and fringes of little pines.

The Forest age, of course, is gone ; in India and elsewhere, all over the globe. There is not much left of it but traditions and names, and stumps of trees embedded in Irish bogs. Forests are unfortunately amongst the easiest things to use up, and no generation of men has spared them. Our predecessors resorted

to them for manure and fodder ; modern invaders do so for charcoal and railway sleepers. I suppose this is right enough, but the process has gone very far near Mussoori. Of big trees it is needless to speak, but not a twig that could be made into charcoal has survived.

Proceeding some days' march, beyond Tihri, trees there are, but not very large or interesting. Two kinds predominate, oaks and small pines, *chir* or *rai*. The oaks are capable, in secluded hollows, of attaining some size and dignity ; but, as a rule, they are small and twisted. This partly their own fault, and partly due to their sufferings at the hands of the villagers, who are constantly lopping them for fodder. The *chir* and *rai* are uninteresting trees, but they stand a good chance in the struggle for existence, because their wood is useless. Oak wood burns well and makes excellent charcoal.

Speaking of trees we must include the rhododendron, though it is not a timber tree. It flowers abundantly—in April ; and its blossoms are scarlet at low elevations, pink higher up, and a lovely mauve and white among the snows. The tree itself is an ugly fellow, but one forgets this for a time when the flowers are out.

Beyond the Kinkhola Pass the vegetation was finer, and more varieties of trees appeared. Especially, there were deciduous trees, sycamore and others just coming into leaf. These lit up the landscape and gave it the appearance of an English spring. Elsewhere, there was no such thing ; there is no spring south of the Himalayas. The snow may melt on their southern slopes, but no grass comes up ; nothing green appears till the rains. October, when the rains are over and the flowers come out, would be the season most corresponding to the English poet's month of May.

It was not in fact till we reached this Kinkhola Pass that I saw anything like the Himalayas of legend. The height and the drop into the deep valleys were sufficiently impressive ; and on the horizon about twenty miles away were the snowy

ranges.\* They looked something the Bernese Oberland, but larger. Amongst those visible Badrinath (23,000 feet) was the highest point, and nearly the whole of this height was perceptible, because the valley below descended to 6,000 feet. I had the whole range before me from Bundara Punch to Niti, and they were clearly visible all the day. They were almost entirely covered with snow; a few bold cliffs standing out at intervals, but no precipice like the Matterhorn. To modern eyes, which refuse to admit that anything is impossible, they did not possess the inviolable sanctity of early times; we do not believe what Hanuman said, that none but the immortals ascend them. Still, mortal men have not conquered them all, by any means, and their challenge remains unanswered. Their dignity is intact and their beauty, which cannot pass away, will satisfy many generations of travellers. I do not think any peaks in the range stand out so well as the chief summits of the Alps, but Badrinath is a very fine mountain.

Travelling across a range of mountains gives you a real chance of knowing them. You see them from the heights above and afterwards from the depths below. The features of wide panoramic views have often been described; but they are not more impressive than the scenery of vallies. You appreciate this after a march along the crest of a ridge. When the time to descend comes you go down-down-down, till it seems inconceivable how you ever got up so high, and at last you pause and find yourself swallowed up by the forests and the mountains. It is like entering a new world. Of course in the higher Himalayas it is almost a new world. At any rate there are no hotels about, no villas and none of the outward mechanism of civilisation. You escape from the modern world, and

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\* The perpetual snows are a good way from the hill stations of the Western Himalayas. Ever from Rani Khet—the nearest—they are forty miles. They are not visible at all from Naini Tal, and only just visible from Mussoori—on clear days, which are rare enough in the hot weather.

get a chance to overhaul some of your notions and examine your standards.

I was set on doing this by the book I had with me—Ariosto, the Scott of his age, the poet of chivalry and scenery. Over the scenery, however, he differs from the Wizard of the North. Scott drew his inspiration from wild Nature—"meet nurse for a poetic child"; to Ariosto she is waste in every sense, devoid alike of beauty and meaning, and full of uncertain danger. Whenever misfortune overtakes his characters he darkens the gloom by conducting them among rocks and pathless forests; when the sky lightens he brings them back to tamer surroundings, to pastures and brooks and haunts of kindly peasants. There is much to be said for this feeling; I confess to a good deal of it myself. I find the waste places of Nature rather dull and empty. I miss the hand of art, which, in its wisest moods, employs the treasures of Nature with a skill exceeding her own.

Moreover there is something stern and even forbidding about the inaccessibility of Nature. In lonely places where no eye ever sees them she produces her masterpieces of colour and design, and seems indifferent whether we come to admire them or not. What shall we make of this? Shall we flatter ourselves that by actually coming we triumph over her? Perhaps so, but this brings up the chilling thought that almost all her resources are wasted, and even in the society of Nature we do not escape from the problem of waste, the most conspicuous and cruellest form of evil.

The Himalayas, if something to seek in broad effects, are full of interest to the minute student, especially to lovers of birds and flowers. They are like a museum, with specimens brought together from every zone of the earth. Among the birds, the tropics are represented by the birds of Paradise and fly-catchers, the colder regions by thrushes and blackbirds. I cannot say they sing as notably as their cousins in Europe, but they do their best. They all have their peculiar cries and their times



to appear on the scene; all day and all night long the aerial performance continues. The night jar and the owl keep it up till the thrushes and the cuckoos begin—Chink! Chink! Chuck! Chuck! and Hoo! Hoo! the concert sometimes grows ridiculous. Why *do* birds sing? They seem to feel that something depends on it, and Nature, it is thought, does nothing out of ostentation.

Up amongst the snows there is the monal pheasant, the most beautiful perhaps of all feathered beings. His plumage glows with an iridescence quite peculiar to himself, and exhibits a wealth of colour indescribable, melting from blue to green and green to burnished gold. He wears a shining coat, and sails through the air with a motion like that of the swan.

The flowers and fruits are as various as the birds. There is a large flora peculiar to the country, of which I saw little, because the year was late and a bad one for flowers. There are also in the higher regions many European flowers which amuse and delight the exile. Even the commonest of these claim a share of our affections, the nettles and docks whose association, so useful to the moralist, interested our early years. There are hosts of buttercups, and in some places a sort of daisy. The dandelion abounds. Hawthorn and holly bushes are not uncommon, the hawthorn flowers smaller and the holly not so prickly as in England. Roses bloom by millions, red and white, as sweet and beautiful as any in the world.

It is a pity—and a curious gap in so large a flora—that there are no Alpine flowers. Just below the snows there are blue primulas and mauve primroses, which almost take their place; but they are not the same thing. Where the snow melts there is no movement of life beneath it; as I have said, there is no spring south of the Himalayas.

The Himalayas are a perfect Garden of Eden for fruit. Strawberries cover the ground everywhere; barberry bushes cover the hills. There are splendid walnut trees, figs and wild cherries. The rains and the autumn are the season to enjoy



them ; we only came in for the raspberries, which were delicious. (People often wish they could be children again, and I believe the best way to taste the experience is to put oneself in the way of picking wild fruit and eating it *al fresco*).

Let me not forget the mint growing in the streams and the water cress that supplied a relish to our chupatties. The wild carrots too, so small as to be almost invisible, but sweeter than the manna of the Israelites.

Now as for Kedarnath itself, it stands at the head of a long narrow valley running up to the axis of the Himalayas. Its height is 11,500 feet, a good deal short of the snow line, but far above the level of the snow in April and May. It is the spot where a confluent of the Ganga issues from a glacier, and one of the oldest shrines of India. The valley, which rises 6,000 feet from the point where we joined it, grows naturally more and more savage, till the sacred point is reached at last, at the foot of inaccessible mountains. Near it is a temple built by the Raja of Gwalior, about seventy years ago, a substantial edifice, which must have cost him a good deal of money. There are also stone huts for the pilgrims, which were buried under snow when I arrived.

I did not escape the notice of the priests, who came out to levy contributions, the deputy pandya half way up, and the head pandya at Kedarnath. I should have subscribed more willingly if they had been able to tell us anything whatever about the place, but they knew nothing, not even the meaning of the figures on the little plates of copper which are sold to pilgrims. Ignorance of this kind is pretty general among the authorities at holy places. At one point on the road there was an old Brahman sitting in charge of a black image of Bhima-sena, which would have greatly astonished that hero if he could have seen it. "Odds fish!" he might have said, like Charles II, "if that is what I am like, I am a queer looking fellow!" And if he could have put any questions to his custodian, he would have found his life and exploits about as well known as those of

St. George are to the average Englishman. One man indeed I found who knew something more, a Brahmana who turned up a few days later. He had a book with the signatures of all the Englishmen (about twenty) who have visited Kedarnath since 1821; his grandfather had assumed and left to the family the office of hereditary guide to tourists. He could have shown me the Bhairava Jhamp, the rock where devotees flung themselves down after paying their last devotions. In ancient days, he said, people who went there did not wish or mean to return, and were put to death if they did so.

I asked him if there were any Siddhpurushas in the Himalayas, and he replied that in ancient times there were some, but they had all disappeared. I am sorry to say this was the most I could hear of any such people. So I have nothing to contribute to the Occult Review, not even as much as Mrs. \* \* \* \*, the London beauty specialist, who advertises a "magic oil for removing wrinkles, which was given me by a Hindu fakir in the heart of the Himalayas."

Let us turn however to the pilgrims themselves, who are visible enough; I was greatly astonished at their numbers. Since the British Government made a road there, they have increased by thousands; and the first day of the season, (the day of my arrival) when the temple was opened, there were already eight or nine hundred waiting to ascend. They come through Hardwar, and take a month over the journey; and if, as many of them do, they make the whole round of Gangotri, Kedarnath and Badri, they take all the summer over it. Every part of India sends representatives; one man may come from Belur, another from Kandahar, the majority, however, being naturally Panjabis.

The excursion is by no means a holiday. Rich pilgrims may travel in comfort, taking their own supplies and their own palkis, and rajas of course go in for luxury; but the great mass of visitors accept the same conditions of hardship. I do not know how far this is a matter of choice with them. Some

of the foot passengers were obviously people of means—at any rate they had their teeth stopped with gold; and I thought perhaps the rigours of the journey were held to increase its merit. But when questioned on this point, people shook their heads, and said what they wanted was a better road and a railway. The former of their demands needs some attention; the railway will be made when flying machines have become obsolete. In the mean time the fatigue of the expedition may be lessened by going up in a basket, on back of a hill man. The weaker vessels indulge the flesh so far; they pay for themselves at the rate of twelve annas a seer—or 6d. a pound—from Hardwar. As the road is a narrow path skirting a precipice the occupant of the basket need have either very good nerves or none at all.

But most of the passengers sternly proceed on foot. They do not, like Chaucer's companions, amuse themselves by the way; their frame of mind is that they have set out to endure three months of misery and nothing will mend matters. Their only consolation is to mutter to themselves "Kedarnath-ke-jy!" as they struggle on, going or returning from the shrine. If they are happier when they have thus seen it they seem to keep their happiness for future enjoyment, when they get back home again. Once only do I remember a gleam of cheerfulness from a pilgrim—a young woman, to whom I made the permissible and very general remark "*Bahat taklif!*" She was coming down the path and she smiled and answered, "Now that I have seen it, Maharaja, the *taklif* is all done with!"

And it was not a trifle they had to contend with, reader. I say nothing of what they experienced coming up from Hardwar, with their pots and pans and blankets slung about them, and their money to look after.\* This was all nothing, they

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\* Returning from Kedarnath we heard how a woman had just brought Rs. 80,000 (in jewels) with her, to build Dharmshalas for pilgrims on the road; and near Okhimath she was robbed of it.

could take their time over it and tramp leisurely on. But the last fifteen miles were severe, and amongst the snows alarming and even dangerous. The gullies along the road were full of snow, steep and pathless. To have slipped over in these might easily have taken you a thousand feet. I do not say they were difficult to mountaineers, but to people who had never seen snow or mountains they were appalling. The wretched pilgrims—barefooted for the most part—crawled and slid and writhed themselves across them, clutching each other for aid, and hanging together in fantastic wreaths that reminded me of Boccaccio's illustrations to Dante. Indeed the whole journey to Kedarnath was fitted to explain why Dante represents Purgatory as a pilgrimage up a mountain—*Che dritte voi ch' il mondo fece torti*, "which straightens you whom the world has made crooked."

And all the hardships of the journey were aggravated by the extreme old age of many of the pilgrims, especially of the women. They looked as though they could scarcely have put one foot before another; and here they were hundreds of miles from their homes staggering up the Himalayas. It was really marvellous; I could almost believe they were endued with some supernatural energy. They never spoke; they never took their eyes off the path, they walked along like people possessed; and unless they fell down they never stopped till they finished their day's march. Then they had to cook their meal, and it must often have been a scanty one, for grain was four annas a seer towards Kedarnath, and wood as dear. At Kedarnath too it was very cold, and many of them were drenched when they arrived. Why did they not perish? I asked the head pandya this question, but he seemed to think there was no reason why they should. I heard however from the coolies that five people died at Rambara—the last stage on the road—while I was camped there.

Many of the old women were widows, conspicuous by their white dresses and shaven heads. I thought as I watched them

that it was easy to understand how firmly they would have sat on the pyre and burned themselves a century ago. No doubt, if they had the chance they would embrace the same fate to-day. The *Times of India* for June 2nd, reports an instance of "Sati" in the Punjab, in which "the whole country side sympathised and assisted." Moreover have we not Mrs. Besant's conjecture that the thing does take place, supernaturally, when foreign authority tries to repress it? Was there not a woman in whom "intense chastity and love for her husband" inflamed her to the point of spontaneous combustion? At least the story is so related in her magazine.

If we ask what it is that all these pilgrims seek, the answer seems to be, an increment to their store of merit. Kedarnath does not, like Lourdes, offer any prospect of earthly rewards. It is true some tales are told of barren women bearing children after their return, but no miracles are recorded as performed on the spot. The blind and the lame go there, as I saw myself, but they return as they went. I suppose the pious feel that by the visit they are crowning their good works, and the wicked, (who are probably represented,) hope to escape some portion of their future punishment.

It does not seem that the pilgrims devote any thought to the scenery of their travels. I remember I questioned a Maratha on this point, whom I found at Tirjogi. I was tired of trying to talk Hindustani, so I asked if any of the pilgrims come from the Deccan. Somebody answered "Yes" and undertook to produce one of this description. And sure enough, as I sat by my tent that same evening, I saw a red turban mounting the hill, and the owner of it willingly sat down for a talk. He asked me the amount of my pay, the price of my coat and my railway ticket from Bombay; and also whether I was married. I in return enquired of him what he thought of the country,—to which he answered, "The country is a beastly country; the people are too sleepy to work and too stupid to understand you." Nevertheless I congratulated him on having made the



expedition and said "You will have a fine account to give your friends when you get back." "What account *can* I give?" answered he, "I can say, I got there, I paid my devotions, I bathed, and I came away again."

Besides pilgrims there were of course many professional mendicants, who were quite at home on the road and easily distinguished if not by their hair and garb, by their brisk gait and business-like demeanour. It seemed to me curious that they had no desire to stop in the neighbourhood, as soon as they had seen the temple they were off again. I found one, however, who had settled a few miles off it, an old man evidently well-to-do in his line. He had a comfortable little house, a pair of gold spectacles, and a *satar*; and with him there lived a disciple of some twelve years, who was learning moral lessons out of a Primer published at Allahabad:—"Speak the truth—honour your parents—keep the house clean." The old man hailed from Bombay; he had been all over India, and seen all the births, and in his verandah was a small collection of pictures and objects of worship, with a plate for subscriptions. I thought to myself that such a man might play an elevating part in village life, if he chose to play it well.

Having said so much of pilgrims' hardships let me mention one luxury provided for them, a hot spring, at Rambara, five miles below Kedarnath. Pious people have enclosed it in a small tank, and every one can have a warm bath gratis. It must be refreshing after their religious dip in the glacial stream.

It remains to speak of the people of the hills, the Garwhalis or Paharis. They are commonplace in appearance, and their dress is unattractive, consisting often, for both sexes, of a black blanket hung over the shoulder. Few of them are well-to-do, and population presses on the means of subsistence. Late marriages are the rule, and some do not marry at all; I was struck with the small number of women and children. The villages are crowded and dirty; in spite of fresh air and pure water and natural drainage there is a good deal of sickness.



They are entirely tropical in their habits, and do not ascend amongst the snows. Their principal crops are wheat and rice, with tobacco for a luxury.

Their religion is a sort of imperfect Hinduism ; they have few temples and very few images in use. Among institutions of interest there is the Pandup or devil dance, which I had not the luck to see. It is a remedy against evil spirits, and the procedure is as follows. It sometimes seems that the devil (*depta*) visits a man in his sleep and afflicts him with an inauspicious dream. When he wakes, and reflects on the matter, he perceives that measures must be taken ; so he goes to the village drummer and requests him to beat the Pandup on his drum. When this echoes along the valley every one within hearing at once repairs to the scene, and finds the victim of the possession dancing furiously round the drummer. His action is contagious and before long there are five or six of the company dancing in a ring. Meanwhile the sober part have prepared a fire and are heating iron rods in it or boiling oil. When the dancers feel that they have danced the devil out of them and rush up to the fire and grasp the irons or plunge their hands into the oil. If they can do this with impunity they are assured that they have driven out the fiend.

If the tourist in Garwhal should hear the sound of the Pandup anywhere let him sprackle up the brae and see it. A spectacle of this kind deserves immediate attention.

Other interesting people are the Nepaulese and Thibetan carriers, who bring salt and borax from Thibet and take back sugar. Their beasts of burden are sheep and goats, especially goats. These do their duty manfully, stepping out with thirty seers on their back, up and down the steep Himalayan tracks. The leader of the caravan is the finest goat in the pack, and a fine intelligent animal he is. When he sees anything suspicious on the road he stops, and all his followers stop too. With creatures of this kind, it is difficult not to feel they are really quite your equals, moving on the same spiritual plane, but

separated by an unfortunate difference of dialect. I am convinced that such a feeling is part of the rural view of life.

In fact, I moralised a good deal in the Himalayas on the "simple life," as actually led there, and so ardently desired by the sophisticated world of Europe. One evening we kept company with a Thibetan and his wife—carriers, of course, with their sheep and goats. With much satisfaction I (mentally) measured her pig-tail and watched her boiling the tea for his supper, putting in a pinch of salt. (If stewed tea is bad for us, why is it good for Thibetans?) She was pretty—after a sort; modest withal and industrious. She never spoke, except to reprove the goats, and she went on spinning wool all the day. She looked at me very attentively and probably wondered whether I was married. Her husband conversed with us, and enquired if the war with Thibet was over, and whether we had kept the country or not.

Now here, I thought, is the simple life, in being; how does it compare with ours? Intellectually, of course, it is not so rich in contents; but is it certain that intellectual interests are ultimately more than a pastime? Moral worth is the true fruit of our incarnation; and may I not suppose this Thibetan to have been honest, and kindly—and is not that all that a man can be? As for comfort, did he not enjoy his chupatties and tea as much as other people their bacon and eggs? Would he be wise to exchange his chances of ague for our cancer and consumption and appendicitis? I wot not; of making many arguments there is no end; it is lucky that we are not obliged to found our opinions on argument. But without wishing I was a Thibetan carrier I think we have something to learn from them.

I must add that I did once see something of a more cultured life in Garwhal; and it came about in this way. One evening my companion and myself were overtaken by a thunderstorm, which poured down an incredible quantity of water. It swelled the stream that we were following into a vast torrent with

great curling chocolate coloured waves, that William of Deloraine himself could not have faced. Much less our coolies, who were on the opposite side of it, together with our clothes and provisions and everything else. The situation was uncomfortable and the best accommodation we could find was a cow-house. We were glad enough to get this, and were trying to congratulate ourselves when the son of a neighbouring Brahmana turned up and invited us to his house. We followed him of course, and were treated with the greatest possible kindness, dried and warmed and not merely fed but feasted. Our host was a gentleman of some means, an officer of the State of Tihri. He set before us game from his own larder, karkar, or barking deer. The Brahmanas of these high latitudes preserve in some respects the manners of ancient times, they feed on flesh like those whom Yudhishtira entertained.

In other respects they have yielded to the spirit of the Iron age, and serve as coolies. My retinue included several Brahmanas; they carried their loads and shared our occasional sheep without hesitation.

My story draws to a close. I have told the reader all I saw of the Himalayas, and that is all, I think, between Mussoori and Kedarnath there was to see. The romance of the land is gone. Nothing has happened there since the Pandus lived and died, and the treasures of Nature have been rifled. Perhaps, indeed one gleam of interest lights up this part of their history, the audacious enterprise of the late Mr. Wilson. It was about 1840 when he reached Mussoori, equipped, as every one in Mussoori knows, with a tin mug and a musket. It was not long before he saw the possibilities around him; and he made his first money out of musk and monal pheasants. The price of musk (pure or reputed pure) is anything above Rs. 4 a tola; that of monal skins in those days was Rs. 100 a pair. The musk was consumed by nabobs and rajahs; the monal pheasants by museums throughout Europe. Armed with the capital thus received

Mr. Wilson turned his attention to the forests of Garwhal, of which nobody then knew the value. He saw, however, their future as railway sleepers, and very soon he had miles of them levelled and sawn into ten foot lengths and floated down the streams to Hardwar. Twenty-two lakhs of rupees he is said to have put by, and in an evil hour he started the Himalaya bank. It lasted almost till his death—a few years ago; and then it perished in a shameful and disastrous collapse. With it went Mr. Wilson's fortune; the first and last of its kind in the Himalayas. I fancy some brewers are doing well there at present; and perhaps minerals will be discovered some day; but these occupations will not produce a combination of the backwoods man and the financier. Mr. Wilson, I am told, went over the mountains from Kedarnath to Gangotri. If that is true, he was qualified to write a book, and blow his own trumpet like other men.

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## A GLIMPSE OF AGRA

If you live in India, reader, and can visit Agra when you please, you will do best, in my opinion, to go there in the hot weather. You find the place is one of three or four in the world; and you will have it to yourself. Not a tourist will be there; not a guide nor a tout nor a pedlar. You may sometimes be annoyed at evening in the precincts of the Taj, when the young plebeians of Agra turn out; but you can visit the Taj at midday, and spend the evenings in the Fort.\*

Of course you must put up with the heat. The thermometer at midday stands anywhere in the 'teens, and at night retreats with great reluctance to the nineties. It is the night that is most oppressive, when your bed feels like a heap of hot ashes, and refuses at any hour to grow cool. In the day time the heat seems more natural, yet here too there is something curious about it. The air is so thick you can scarcely see a quarter of a mile; and the sun peering down with a weak and sickly smile seems to disclaim any responsibility for the temperature.

The buildings of Agra belong to two classes, houses of the living and the dead. There is the Fort, with its palaces, and there are also the tombs, those of Akbar, Itimadu Daula, and Mumtaza. Popular fame has fixed on the Taj as the centre of interest; rightly perhaps if any one building is to be so chosen, but wrongly in making such a choice at all. The buildings of Agra stand side by side in power and beauty.

In the Fort too there is much skill in arrangement. We shall see this if we think what the great Moghal needed, for himself and the ladies of his court, for his ministers and his sub-

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\* One of them you should spend in Mr. Ganeshi Lal's shop, surveying the jewelry of other days.

jects. What he needed himself was privacy, which he could change in a moment to publicity, and this was arranged for him. The palace and its precincts fill a large rectangle, whose outer wall is pierced with a few small doors. At one point there is an opening about half way up it, a sort of balcony, looking into a colonnade, the Hall of Public Audience. Here the Emperor appeared before the public, emerging from his halls; and here he sat in state, till he retired. He went as he came, mysteriously; it was only the few who saw anything more of him. They entered a narrow gate and crossed a garden and beheld the Ornament of the Throne under a marble canopy, his Hall of Private Audience, which he entered and left, like the other, by a passage in the rear. Beyond it, he had his suites of chambers, his terraces and balconies overlooking the Jumna. In those days, before irrigation works had diminished it, the Jumna washed the walls of the Fort, and the Emperor from their battlements commanded a mighty stream, with the plain beyond and the sky above it. Meditative no doubt, as the Moghals were, according to their creed and the temper of their race, what a noble scene, how wide a background was furnished for his reflections! Then at the appointed hours he could worship in the small private mosques of his palace; or if he chose by a short public journey he could repair to the Moti Musjid, just outside it. If he wished to travel by water, he had a gate opening on the Jumna. There is no convenience that was not provided for him, within a few steps of any quarter of his palace.

If he wanted the solace of his wives' company that also was close at hand. Beyond a wall to his right there lay the imperial harem, in the very heart of his palace. It is thrown open to all the world to-day, and the dull peasant—as I saw—treads on it daily with his clouted shoon. But when it owned a master no unlicensed feet passed the doors and the visitor may even wonder at his own audacity as he walks through and divines its secrets.



What it was we may judge by what it is, for time has spared the fabric and sympathetic hands have restored its occasional losses. It is a world of polished marble, white courtyards glittering in the sun, and chambers behind perforated screens, that temper the glare to a soft delightful radiance. Running along it everywhere, aloft and below, are bands and panels of the famous ornament, the inlaid work of precious stones. Flowers and winding arabesques, bright and clear against the marble, they fill the walls with a beauty at once grave and cheerful, pleasant and severe. Now that all is untenanted the severity of the style is prominent. But could we people the spot again with the Sultanas of the Great Moghal, and their odalisques, the fairest flowers of Asia, we should find the background sympathising with a livelier mood. First, however, we should have to restore it, not partially but completely. We should have to set the fountains running, till the air was filled with rippling music; we should have to scent it with musk and with attar of roses. We should have to spread the floor with carpets, the rarest work of Persian looms, and then we might seat upon them those royal beauties. And we should restore them their silks and muslins, their jewels and enamels, and last of all their smiles and their notes of enchanting song.

No building is intelligible as long as it is empty, for no building, not even a tomb, was ever built to be empty. The mosque and the cathedral need their crowd of worshippers. Go there when a mighty people is gathered there to worship, and you will see why they were built. You cannot visit Agra in such an hour, for its days are over; but you will visit it in vain unless you recall them. Even here in the harem the imagination needs them. What were all these rooms and courts? Here there was a private bazaar; yonder, a fish pond; there were the baths, with their hot and cold water pipes; and here again is a terrace, where the whole court met and amused themselves. On this black throne the emperor sat; on yonder

white one opposite him, the court fool. Was it here, I wonder, that those three "jugglers" presented themselves and climbed up a rope and vanished in the sky?

All the architecture of Agra is not Saracenic; there is a red sandstone palace of Jehangir's, which is built in Hindu style. It is just as successful as any other building in the Fort, a fact both curious and instructive. It seems that the Moghal age was instinct with architectural feeling and able to utilise all sorts of architectural ideas. Was it a Hindu who built this palace of Jehangir's? I know not, but in its breadth of conception and strict unity of design it is far more Saracenic than Hindu.

These features are visible everywhere in Agra. The architects worked according to well-proportioned, definite designs. This means almost everything; how much indeed may be gathered from a comparison of their work with the buildings of Italy. Italy was a land of artists, but never of architects. Great ideas in architecture she often conceived; but hardly once did an Italian architect finish a building that is not in parts weak or meaningless.

Breadth and unity of design are almost everything in architecture; what is left is ornament. It raises a problem that few architects have solved. No formula will solve it, for the kinds of ornaments are innumerable, flat and deep, natural and grotesque, and they are all appropriate in their place. But their place is just the problem. To conceive a fine design is not enough; it must fit its appointed, its fatal, place.

Go again to Italy; you will find that no people have surpassed the Italians in ornamental design. But when they come to putting it on buildings they never know where to stop. Their buildings are either bald or, as usually, overloaded with ornament. Not so at Agra. You have there perfection of design and consummate judgment how to use it. The most fastidious criticism can detect nothing wrong; you have nothing to do but enjoy the place.

This perfection of Art is rare indeed ; and it always possesses its own type and character. This also is true of the Agra work, which is peculiar to Agra and was conceived by subjects—chiefly Turkish—of the great Moghal. I will not discuss whether at any point they borrowed suggestions from Europe. There are two directions in which this may possibly have occurred. The idea of casing brick buildings with marble arose in Florence three centuries before Shah Jehan—and it may have travelled from Florence to Agra. And there is certainly some of the Agra ornament—notably that on Mumtaza's tomb—which resembles traditional patterns of Italy. But this only presents a case for enquiry, and I know not whether enquiry would show that the marble construction or the ornament in question are older in Central Asia than in Italy. Both points are trivial. The question about the design could only arise over one trivial corner of a whole world of decoration ; and if it were granted that the style of construction was suggested by Italy, do not ideas belong to those who can use them ? What has always marked originality is its power to borrow.

The Fort of Agra wears a sort of dream-like character ; it neglects the realities of life. The immense strength of its walls and its skilful approaches seem to contemplate war ; but it is difficult to take them seriously. They are too beautiful. It looks as though the architects never expected cannon balls to fly about such places. We might suppose they built them to satisfy tradition, and then proceeded *con amore* with the palace. This may be a fancy ; but Agra sets the fancy to work. It is impossible not to speculate on the meaning of the place and the character of the men who lived there. As "Emperors" the Moghals seem to invite comparison with the Cæsars, but the whole of their history would scarcely be an episode in the life of Rome. They had not the lasting strength of Rome, and the name of "Emperor" must not deceive us into treating the Moghals as the Romans of the

East. They have left little mark upon the world except these buildings of Agra, and others of the same kind in Northern India. This is why Agra looks so like a dream,—as we think of dreams in our waking hours; it is like them in its faultless beauty, its mysteries and the impassable gulf that separates us from the moment when it was real.

As for the Taj, every one knows its general aspect and its story. This is not favourable to the interests of the building; it has been so vulgarised by little models that our pleasure in the original is somewhat taken away. I do not mean to describe it nor to praise it, beyond saying that like the buildings in the Fort it is satisfactory. We have nothing to do but to enjoy it and to learn from it; criticism is not required. I hope Giotto has seen it, from the skies; and no doubt if he has, he admits that his Campanile requires re-building. If this were possible, it would rise again with its staring decorations subdued and moulded into harmony; it would deserve the compliments that Ruskin has paid it.

The Taj is a building of a peculiar class; it is a tomb. We cannot therefore compare it with buildings of more complicated aims, for instance, with a Gothic cathedral. It belongs to a lower branch of architecture; but in that branch it is perfect. We shall appreciate this more keenly after visiting the other tombs of Agra. That of Itimadu Daulah rivals the Taj in its decoration; but its design is feeble. That of Akbar is a finer structure, but after all a failure. The broad terrace on the first floor conceals it; and when we actually find it out the rows of empty colonnades look inappropriate in a tomb. Still it is a fine structure, one of the few great tombs in the world that cover a great prince.

Since I have said little of the Taj I have space to recall its rival, almost its peer in beauty, the tomb of Rabia Durani at Aurangabad. The date of this building is later and it is almost a copy of the Taj; but it quite deserves a visit. Its materials are not so costly as those of the Taj; only the dome is of

marble; and the decorations are moulded in plaster. But they are just as beautiful as those of Agra, and if I remember rightly, show more use of the natural forms of flowers.

It is unfortunate for the tomb at Aurangabad that no protecting care watches over it.\* Agra has not been neglected, and the restorations under Lord Curzon's régime were not only most liberal but directed by intelligent and sympathetic skill. At Aurangabad such an interest is wanting, though one might expect it from a Muhammadan State.

Possibly the effect is more striking. The wild over-grown garden has a charm more poetic than the trim surroundings of the Taj, and it harmonises with the crumbling discoloured fabric of the tomb. Moreover, the visitor is left to his own reflections, and finds them springing up more freely than they do in the wake of many literary predecessors, at least, this was my experience, and I even measured them out into verse.

Midmost thy garden set, where odorous gales  
 Make musical thy groves of cypress trees,  
 By silent pools, where the carp's golden scales  
 Flash, as he hears the stranger's step and flees,  
 Bright dome that challengest the azure sky,  
 How like a dream thou fill'st the gazing eye !  
 As once thou wast, would thou could'st ever stand  
 In thy first loveliness untouched, to show  
 What mortal skill, with sympathetic hand  
 Could offer to console a monarch's woe ;  
 Thy fall alas ! shall show how Love prevails  
 A little while o'er Time and Death, and fails.  
 Yes, naught so strong or fair by man is made  
 But in the destined hour its fabric falls ;  
 Thyself art witness to the truth displayed  
 In many a text upon thy marble walls,  
 That bids men live not careless of the end  
 Which God in His appointed hour shall send.  
 Yet stand awhile, that they from thee may take  
 Some impulse not of pride but gratitude,  
 To raise and purify the heart and wake  
 Such solemn ecstasy of farvid mood  
 That every noble power of soul or sense  
 May gain a blessing from thy influence !

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\* Unless things have changed since eight years ago.

## SWITZERLAND

To most people of the present day, travelled or untravelled, the same Switzerland suggests before everything else the natural scenery of the higher Alps. So let us turn at once to this, and see at once what justice we can do to it, I with my pen, the Indian reader by an effort of his imaginative powers.

We must bring it before our eyes, stationing ourselves on some convenient point, that commands a wide and typical view. Such a point may be the Faulhorn near Grindelwald, Piz Corvatsch near Pontresina, or the Mettelhorn near Zermat, or indeed one of many others, for great views abound in Switzerland ; but these I mention, because I visited them all and by good fortune on favourable days. Since, however, we must make a final choice, let us choose the Mettelhorn. It rises 11,000 feet high ; we ascend it by a narrow path that traverses the lower slopes, follows a valley higher up, crosses a col or *khind* as we say in the Deccan, and after a little snow, and a little glacier, carries the summit by assault. Quite the pleasantest path of the kind I met with ; it affords a long level stretch near the summit, spread with grass and Alpine flowers ; it keeps company with a delightful stream, and finally when we reach the summit fulfils all its promise of a perfect view. At our feet lies the green valley of Zermatt, so steep and narrow that its depths are lost below the shoulder of the mountain, beyond is the far-famed spectacle of the Monte Rosa chain. This does not stand in the foreground of our view, but the clear Alpine air brings it close to our eyes. We lose nothing except perhaps a little in scale ; every contour of rock or snow stands out distinct in form and meaning. As we look slowly round we realise the scenes and find at last that we have all the types of Alpine mountains visible before us. Highest of all and furthest



off are the snowy peaks of Monte Rosa; unbroken fields and swelling peaks of snow—no cliff or chasm interrupts their lines, no stain or shadow chequers their white mantle. Closer at hand are the precipices of the Breithorn, where the native rock breaks through, and further on is the bare pyramid of the Matterhorn. This, like a champion of the mountains, is throned above the snow, a grey precipice of granite, lit by frosty gleams of ice.

These are the three types of Alpine mountains, and if we turn round we find them visible again behind us. This time however they are far away; they bound our view beyond the valley of the Rhone. We can see, however, quite plainly the Schreckhorn and the Jungfrau and the other giants of the Bernese Oberland; we can trace their lines as they rise and measure the expanse of their glaciers and snows.

There is no glacier near the Mettelhorn itself, though glaciers abound all over Switzerland. The thing is merely a mass of ice, which is generally to be found in any hollow between mountains, above the line of perpetual snow. It gradually slides down the hollow, till it descends below the snow-line, where it melts, while new ice is always being formed higher up. Thus the mass of ice is really a stream of ice, and it actually behaves like a stream; it moves faster in the centre than it does at the sides. On each side of it there is usually a moraine, or bank of stones, which have fallen down the slopes of the mountain, lodged on the glacier and finally rolled off it. From its lower end emerges a stream of water, perhaps due to the friction between the ice and its rocky channel; always a stream of the same glacial character, charged with little particles of rock, so that its colour is a hideous dirty grey. In other respects glaciers differ a good deal, some being much larger than these; but a glacier chiefly owes its character to the gradient of its bed. If its bed is steep, the ice in passing over it breaks into deep transverse fissures, or crevasses; and these again melt and split into isolated piles called seracs. It

is from the size and number of these that a glacier chiefly derives its character. The largest that I saw were on the Argentières glacier, in the Chamonix valley. The length of this glacier is about three miles ; its breadth half a mile, and the bed over which it flows is so steep and sheer that it seems ready with one sudden universal motion to descend into the valley. Still, it does not do so ; however unaccountably, it keeps its footing on the mountain side, though it comes so low that a mile from Argentières village you can stand at the foot of it, and look up towards the sky at its huge seracs. They rival in size the ice-bergs of the Arctic seas, and not only in size, but in fantastic form and hue. The surface colour of glaciers is usually a greyish white ; but in the fissures the ice assumes a deep mysterious blue, which scientific people, I believe, have not yet explained.

Let us retrace our steps a little. I have tried to say what one really sees from a high point in the Alps. This is a question of facts ; but there succeeds a question of philosophy ; what, after all, is the value of this mountain scenery to man ? What power does it possess to gratify his love of beauty, to arouse the instincts or strengthen the purposes of his moral nature, to lead him upwards to the highest moods of faith and devotion ?

I think the common culture of our day somewhat misleads us regarding the answer to these questions. We are still too much under the spell of the great Romantic poets.\* They had reasons of their own for making much of mountains, reasons peculiar to their age. They were rebels against society, and mountain scenery offered them the contrast and the refuge they desired. Where society was tame the mountains were stern and wild ; where society laid down laws and conventions the

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\* Perhaps I should say not the spell but the tradition. It is not true in the present day that we are great readers of Byron or Scott or Wordsworth ; we have ceased to be a generation of poetic souls. But we repeat their formulæ to save ourselves the trouble of inventing others.

mountains offered at least an image of freedom. To-day however our aspirations are not content with this simple sort of freedom ; and if they were, we should still be dissatisfied with the simple symbolism which made the mountains represent it. This language was sufficient only for the moment ; it afforded the Romantic poets a means of expression, but it is now obsolete. A convention however once established—even by the enemies of convention—is not easily uprooted ; and as yet the cultivated European mind finds it difficult in the presence of mountains to be quite honest, to distinguish what they really do possess either of beauty or interest or inspiring power.

If we are going to attack the problem, let us admit in the first place, of high Alpine scenery, its great sensuous charm. Something I have already said of this, yet not enough of its colour. Now it is this which begets most of its power and dwells most in the memory. We travellers in the Alps generally see them in the height of summer, when the skies are bright and clear. We have then overhead a canopy of perfect blue, not so deep indeed nor yet so tender as we may see above the ocean, yet pure and universal, and heightened by the white and gleaming snows. It is these that fix the character of the scene. They glitter in the sunlight with unbearable splendour. We retire behind dark glasses and survey them, and observe the lines of blue shadow that lie beneath the mouldings on the slopes, and the rocks that here and there emerge, their native grey weathering into brown.

I write of daylight scenes, but we recall with equal pleasure the starlit hours of night and the first rays of dawn. Every mountaineer counts these among his memories, for it is not within the brief hours of day that an Alpine summit can be reached and left behind ; if you mean to carry out such a programme, you must rise in the very smallest hours, long before the summer sun. You will find yourself in some high valley beneath the stars, or better still, beneath the waning moon ;

while all around you is the nightly session of the mountains. Whatever light is shining falls not in vain upon their snowy slopes ; they return it to the skies in a dim but vigilant splendour. Every impression that falls on your senses blends into one stern harmony ; the chilly air, the silence of the valley, the hoarse murmur of the glacier stream. So pass an hour or two, till a pale blue illumines the East, spreading thence to the whole vault of heaven, tinging the snows and glaciers beneath. This will not last, for the light grow stronger and greyer, till the sun rises ; the high summits catch his earliest rays and a golden, even rosy, radiance spread upon them proclaims the veritable day. But this too will not last ; the little warmth of colour dies away and the cold Alpine hues return.

Now this coldness is the chief note of Alpine scenery, most conspicuous in the brightest lustre of the sun. To me it seems that for this reason its beauty is not supreme, even in its own class, the class of inanimate objects. To this belong skies and seas, sea shores, and all waste places of the earth ; and on a smaller scale precious gems, small fragments of the same lifeless earth. Amongst all these I would sooner have those that present warm colours, the play of light and shade and the grace of motion. There is more here to interest, and perhaps for that reason for the heart to carry away.

I have granted, and I grant again its impressive power. But this is not beauty, as you will see plainly enough if you visit some gigantic glacier. Itself and all its surroundings are framed on the gigantic scale. Its bed of ice is perhaps hundreds of feet thick, and its moraine or bank of stones even higher. A few pines have ventured to lodge here ; but nearly all is waste and lifeless. On the face of the glacier yawns a hideous cavern, with blue lips half-closed on a dark impenetrable mouth, from which an icy ashen stream pours forth with deafening uproar. There is little here to admire,—in the nobler sense of the word ; but there is much to wonder at, and the presence of uncertain dangers may lend a sort of attraction

to the scene. But this does not make it beautiful. If there is any beauty present, it is the beauty of scale and the beauty of a power at work.

This beauty the Swiss mountains certainly possess, considered as a whole, as great features of the earth's surface. Perhaps their height is most impressive on a distant view, but even from the bottom of their narrow valleys it may be appreciated—nowhere more than at Grindelwald, where the Eiger shoots up like a rocket to the skies. Such a spectacle of magnificent size, of volume and amplitude, is always impressive, whatever form it takes. The world of waters, the virgin forest, the desert all owe something to this source of power; and so, too, do the Alps, as we gaze on their precipitous cliffs and spreading bases. They seem unconquerable, immovable, fortified against the assaults not only of Man but of Time himself, not only a symbol but a veritable part of Eternity. It is so that many writers have spoken of them, and the idea recurs in the pages of the Old Testament.

Looking a little deeper, however, we find that this impression is a false one. If we approach a mountain closely, more particularly if we ascend it, we find what is really taking place with it. On every side it is slowly falling to pieces. Every point and every ridge is a mass of fragments, great and small; all the day long these fragments are falling from hour to hour, and all the year through one destructive power after another is warring against the fabric of the mountain. The sun and the frost combine with the rain to overthrow it; and at its feet lie countless trophies of their victorious arms. Here are great boulders, themselves perishing beneath the forces that brought them down, and enormous banks of smaller stones; while the general decay reminds us of a loss which is not visible here, the silt which the rivers have carried away to enrich the plains or choke the seas. The mountains then cease to be symbols of Eternity, and teach us rather how Nature changes, how transient are the features she presents from age to age. They



belong to an order which is passing away. Their barren stones must fall, and pass under a chemistry not of Man, till they are fit to accommodate the principle of life. "Then shall the wilderness blossom as the rose."

Meantime, as the warfare of the elements goes on, we may enjoy the sight of it. There is no pain here involved, no feelings are wounded in the struggle, yet like a battle of mortal champions, it is waged with varying success, with crises and heroic stands. Here we find the mountains vanquished, their summits wasted into needles, or worn down into low uninteresting mounds. What once built up the fabric lies scattered in long slopes of broken stones. But it is not always so. Sometimes the mountain wears the air of victory. His massive outlines speak of unaltered strength; his iron cliffs promise for ages yet to repel the enemy, no losses encumber the green slopes at his feet. These are the mountains which the traveller should pause to contemplate. He will not find them everywhere, even in Switzerland, for there is much to choose between mountain views. Height alone will not make a mountain sublime, though it multiplies its merits; and there are many places in Switzerland where you have height enough, but the general effect is dull and dreary. Conversely, let me say that in our Western Ghauts, where we have not the height, we often have the impressive power.

As I have made one comparison between the Alps and the Ghauts, let me make another. The Ghauts, as we all know, are volcanic in their origin. They seem to have been formed by successive layers of molten stuff, gradually spreading and running abroad, on the top of each other. The Alps, on the other hand, have resulted from a dislocation of old strata, which has thrust them up and down. Whether this took place by slow or sudden change, I know not, nor even whether professed geologists can say; certainly it did take place, and the fact is patent to the eye. There are mountains where the lines of the strata are almost vertical, notably near the Lake of Lucerne,



and the distant peak, many thousand feet high, is a bit of the earth's pavement hoisted into the air. This is truly an astonishing sight; the mind quite fails to measure, though it dimly perceives, the forces that wrought the change. And constantly in the Alps this same spectacle presents itself; we have miles of adamantine rocks snapped and twisted and tossed aloft, by the hand of some unseen inscrutable power.

No doubt this spectacle cannot fail to raise deeper issues in the mind, especially as we watch the ultimate fate of the mountains, and travel from the remote past to the present and the future. In this sense the philosopher may find mountains suggestive, but while admitting this we must guard with great care against exaggeration. As for the awe with which many observers have approached them, it is in a large degree the effect of novelty; it is not an attitude of mind which we need cultivate, much less affect. Least of all need we tell ourselves that man is to feel insignificant in the presence of mountains, because he finds there a weight of matter or of force against which his own arm would be powerless. These things are unimportant, except so far as we raise the question of their purpose, and this is raised in a more striking and suggestive form when we approach the world of organic life. Most of all is it raised when we contemplate the gifts and powers of man, and here alone is it raised with a possibility of answering it. As for mountains let us appreciate to the full their sensuous charm, and their place in the economy and history of nature—but never forget that the humblest lichen on the mountain side encloses a more wonderful secret and belongs to a higher world than they.

Probably we all feel that mountains are seen to the greatest advantage when they form the background behind a scene of lowland vegetation. Somehow or other, I did not come across such a landscape very often in Switzerland, perhaps because, like most travellers, I made my way straight to the Alpine region. Still, I remember something of the kind, once espe-

cially at Courmayeur, which is not really in Switzerland at all, but in Italy, just beyond the Alps. I reached it over the Col du Geant, and remember still the delightful surprise occasioned by the scenery below. I had left the dull valley of Chamonix, with its steep monotonous slopes and rows of stiff pines, and never doubted I should find something like it on the other side. Nothing of the kind however. Courmayeur lies in a much broader valley, that approaches the Alpine chain at right angles, and is suddenly cut short by it. Its warm sunny slopes are robed in vineyards, its hollows are green with meadows, the streams are fringed with willows and shaded by clusters of lofty trees. How delightful these appeared after the eternal pines of Switzerland! I will not deny the pine its own place in a mountain landscape, but no tree offers so little pleasure to the eye. Now here at Courmayeur once more I saw Nature smile; as she smiles when the wind sweeps the meadows and sets all the leaves twinkling in the summer light. This alone would have made Courmayeur a lovely spot, but what a background rose behind it! The whole height of the Mt. Blanc chain, massed in one precipitous cliff of many thousand feet; a vast grey barrier, whose strata rose and fell along its face in huge contortions, crowned with one thin line of snow.

No account of Swiss scenery would be complete without a tribute to the Swiss flowers. The flowers of the lowlands are much the same as the common English flowers; they paint the meadows with delight, till they are cut down along with the grass and made into hay. The flowers that the traveller in Switzerland is really curious to see are the Alpine flowers. These are not to be found below the snow line, and they grow almost everywhere above it. Directly the snow melts they make their appearance, not only in the high pastures, but on beds of stones and even on rocky pinnacles where the eye can scarcely detect the vestige of soil that supports them. They are always small, sometimes quite minute; and the smaller they are the closer they crowd

together, so that hundreds of tiny flowerets sometimes gather in one little cushion. Blue and pink are the prevailing colours ; blue especially, of which tint there are more shades than of any other. It is the colour of these flowers that has made them famous. Their situation indeed attracts notice and sympathy ; the cold stones that surround them and the snows that allow them so short a space of life ; but their distinctive charm is their colour. It is one of Nature's fairest gifts ; pure and brilliant beyond all words ; deep and soft and full of soothing influence on the eye. Gentian, violet, and forget-me-not ; what a harmony of sweet tones your names convey ! I cannot forget that morning on the Scheidegg when first we met ; under the eyes of the great Eiger, in the hey-day of the Alpine spring. The air, by some paradox, at once cool and warm, and filled with the music of a hundred streams ; far below me, the green concave of the Grindelwald valley ; all around, the jewelled turf and crimson bushes of the Alpine rose.

This last, I should say, is not a rose but a small rhododendron, of a fine vigorous red. It is pillaged in the most shocking manner by tourists, especially German tourists, but somehow it manages to survive—which is more than all the Alpine flowers have done. The most famous of them is the edelweiss, a curious white woolly little creature, which is accepted in Swiss tradition as an emblem of love. It is now hopelessly vulgarised and the only thing to be done is to dismiss it from one's thoughts.

We have now, I think, only two things to deal with and then we are finished with Swiss scenery altogether. These are two natural curiosities—gorges and waterfalls. I describe them in this manner because I am not sure whether their claims on our admiration rank much higher. It is difficult to judge, because, for one thing, the process of paying to see them disturbs the thoughts, and the surroundings of gorges and waterfalls in the present day are often artificial and prosaic.

Still, they are part of the things to see in Switzerland, and ought not to be missed. Amongst waterfalls the Hinterrhein on the Splügen Road is quite unspoiled, and of its scale one of the most perfect anywhere. The Reichenbach at Meiringen is also a very fine fall; it does not merely tumble down but springs off its rocky ledge, and descends with a bold free curve to the pool below. It has volume and height, and presents that spectacle of untrammelled force which makes the charm of a waterfall. It descends in one unbroken sheet of foam, and throws off from its surface a myriad little jets, that go hissing down like meteors, and waste themselves in air.

Gorges are the work of waterfalls and rapids; narrow channels in the rock, where glacier streams have cut their way in the course of ages. I saw three of them, the gorge of the Aar at Meiringen; the Rosenlauri in Gorge, and the Grotte du Géant Gorge near Valtournanche. All three were remarkable sights. They were often not more than a yard wide; seldom more than a few yards; and the gorge of the Aar was some hundreds of feet high. The passage of such a gorge is never straight, but sinuous; you cannot see more than a few yards before or behind you; nor is it always open to the sky, for the walls are often so irregular that no direct light can penetrate between them. It is in fact impossible for words to give an idea of their fantastic outlines; and scarcely more possible to express the sound and fury of the stream as it rushes between them. First it charges one side of the passage; then with a fierce rebound swings off against the other; foiled in each attempt, as it seems, it nevertheless leaves some mark of its assault behind, hollowing out a great cavern in the wall of its prison, while all the time it is wearing its channel deeper beneath, and preparing to change the point of its attack. The campaign is carried on with unearthly uproar; the water whirls against its barrier with the energy of despair and madness. This language looks like rhetoric, but really the words are actually prompted by the sight. If there be in

the three worlds such a thing as an imprisoned demon, he must look like a river penned in one of the Swiss gorges. The climax of the whole affair is reached at the head of the gorge, where there is generally a waterfall. It springs at the enemy like a forlorn hope entering a breach, every nerve strained to achieve the uttermost speed ; and it leaps down its path with the sound of thunder.

What more now remains to be said about Switzerland ? Is the country anything more than a playground for tourists, or a heap of raw material for geologists ? Without doubt it is ; and I will try to do it some justice here also, so far as a tourist's impressions have a right to be heard. But let us first reflect a moment on the difficulties of studying national character.

It is a favourite study of our day, and it is closely connected with the study of national origins. Each in fact leads to the other. If we begin with an interest in national character, we shall soon find ourselves seeking to explain or illustrate it by reference to race. If we begin with trying to distinguish the racial elements in a nation, we shall soon find ourselves applying the criterion of character. It is clear there are many chances here of false arguments and false conclusions. The subject is intricate, so much so that only the last few years have shown us how little we can deal with it. Perhaps indeed the most substantial fact we have learned is the complexity of races and nations, both in origin and character, and the fallibility of language as a guide in investigating either. On the question of heredity we have at present no certain light at all. This does not mean that there are no such things as racial characteristics, but it means that at present we must explore them with great caution and refrain from explaining them ; and above all forbid ourselves to exaggerate them favourably in dealing with ourselves and our ancestors. On this latter point it is curious how little sense of humour "patriotic" writers have ; there is nothing more amusing than a German writer extolling the

virtues of prehistoric Deutschland, or an Irishman deriving all the romance in Europe from the Kelts.

Switzerland then, as we know it and see it marked on the maps to-day, is a modern institution. It owes its existence to the Congress of Vienna. At that gathering the limits of Switzerland were fixed and the present cantons were recognised. But I do not gather the union of these cantons was equally desired by the whole population of Switzerland. It was not quite a union on equal terms, of States with a common and equally glorious history. The true Switzerland of history and romance is the Forest Cantons of the North, among which the best known are Bern and Zyrich, though Schwytz possesses the name which is associated with all. It is this little district which rose to eminence and made itself a nation among the nations of Europe. What happened there is pretty well known. The feudal system grew up there, as it did elsewhere in Europe; feudal lords, bishops and counts, established their powers, if not as securely, much on the same lines as anywhere else. The Forest Cantons came to terms with the Counts of Hapsburg, and lived for at least a century under their protection. As far as one can see, if things had been a little different, this relation might have lasted; and the Forest Cantons might have been part of the Austrian empire to this day. Events, however, took another turn. As the Counts of Hapsburg grew more and more powerful, they allowed the Swiss less and less freedom; and in the end they lost their subjects altogether. The Swiss took up arms; for three generations they continued a glorious struggle, and after grievous losses the House of Austria retired for ever from the field. Among the battles of that epoch were Morgarten and Sempach, names of great significance in the history of Europe. We do not quite realise that significance if we view in these battles a struggle between hostile nations. There was hardly such a thing as national feeling involved. Those who fought on each side spoke the same language, followed the same religion, and differed by no clear distinction of birth;



but they represented different classes and social systems. On the one side were mail clad knights, the champions of irresponsible hereditary power, on the other peasants and burghers asserting the principle of local freedom. In the event, the former principle triumphed in Austria, the latter in Switzerland.

This result we impute to the Swiss character and to the natural conditions of Switzerland. It is possible that we lay too much weight on the latter. It seems naturally difficult for invaders to penetrate mountains, and easy to defend passes. We wonder in fact at the assurance with which foreigners have tackled Switzerland, time after time. But Switzerland is not quite so unapproachable. The outskirts of the country are open; and it is quite easy to occupy the principal vallies. The land here is very fertile, and all through the Middle ages was a great temptation to aggressive powers,—to Austria, Burgundy, and France. The Swiss had work enough to defend themselves; and their persevering bravery forms one of the finest chapters in national history. After Austria ceased to trouble them, Charles the Bold renewed the attack, and the Forest Cantons had a chance to become vassals of Burgundy. How they acquitted themselves is written in the story of the three great battles, Grandson, Morat and Nancy. Here we have no longer a struggle of social orders. There cannot have been in Charles' mind any notion of changing the tenor of Swiss life. It must have been firmly settled. Very likely, indeed, he would have made a good master; but they preferred their freedom.

I have said the Swiss earned their freedom well; in one point this is particularly true, in the spirit of fraternal union which animated their councils. They made common cause in the battlefield, and in song and legend they divided fairly the credit of their valiant deeds. How beautifully this appears in the story of the famous oath, and the Tell legend, which if not true, as the proverb says, is excellently well-devised. Would

that the Italian cities, when their opportunity came, had shown some such capacity for concord! Their story would not be, as it is now, a thousand times dyed with the guilt of ferocious crime.

The later history of Switzerland is not quite so attractive. The Swiss soldiers turned their reputation to good account; and went off to serve for pay all over Europe. One need not much complain of this; but it is disappointing to find the Forest Cantons making their own aggressive wars, conquering the Pays de Vaud, which is really French; and the Val Ticino, which belongs to Italy. They did not support the principle of local freedom so far as to extend it outside their own frontiers; and were not very willing to admit to their confederacy other States that had fought for their freedom or were struggling to secure it. However, some such States were admitted into the circle, by degrees; but the Confederacy fell on evil days. Napoleon rudely trampled on it, and to cut a long story short, the roll of cantons was finally made up by foreign authorities at the Congress of Vienna. I suppose the plenipotentiaries there kept a double object in view; to satisfy a popular preference for belonging to Switzerland, and to decide certain questions of debateable land, which might have set European wars afoot.

But, as I have said, I do not know how far the people of Switzerland either then were—or now are—possessed by a common national sentiment, from the Forest Cantons to the Val Ticino; from Geneva to the Grisons. To decide this one would have to know the country in a way that is beyond the tourist. What one does learn from a visit to Switzerland is the variety of its component districts; and this fact suggests many reflections on the idea of nationality. I should like to know how a nation is to be defined. If we take for our criterion the fact of unity under a central government, we can give a clear meaning to the word, but it ceases to be interesting. There is a general feeling that nationality implies more than this, that a nation is as it were an organism, possessing a sort of sacred

right to exist. There is something very attractive about this idea, and one would like to find a definition corresponding to it. Unfortunately, when we have put the definition together, we shall find there are no nations corresponding to it. We may say, if we please, that a nation is a body of men united by common descent by language, by community of faith or views on political and social organisation,—but in practice there is no nation so united. We may of course find particular epochs, like that of the Swiss wars of Independence, when such a kind or degree of unity existed ; and this is the ideal which floats before our eyes when we urge the rights of nations. But it remains an ideal. In practice we cannot get much beyond the position that a nation is a body of men who choose to be politically independent and to fight for their independence. On the question who have the right to make themselves independent, we must be governed by the logic of facts, as we are. We are not willing to see old nations interfered with, however they arose. Moreover, we accept the commonplace consideration, that natural barriers make convenient political frontiers. These principles, however, do not guide us when new situations arise. Had the Confederate States a right to secede from the North? Have the Slavs and the Teutons of Europe to-day a right to form Pan-Slavonic and Pan-Germanic schemes?

I will not say, but I will point out that the sanctity of nationality, as a principle, is an idea of much the same order as the divine right of kings. This idea was really a retort to the claims of the Papacy ; it was a means of securing on the spiritual side of political system—monarchy—which had been found in most European countries the best avenue of escape from the anarchy of feudalism. So, too, we have found in modern Europe that society needs some safeguard against wars of aggression. It has found this safeguard in the principle of nationality ; and to secure this principle it has invested it with a sacred claim. This claim is scarcely founded on anything in the origin of modern States or in their present

condition. They arose under varying conditions, out of varying elements; and their distribution in the present day does not satisfy any principle of division. Much less can it be said that in any case they are thoroughly homogeneous. But after all they exist; their existence has minimised war and the evil of war, and it marks off spheres of activity and lines of development. If European sentiment revolts against this principle of nationality, as some day it may, the reconstitution of political life will be a long and momentous task.

The Swiss in the narrow sense, the Swiss of the Forest Cantons seem to be chiefly Teutons. The oldest legends about the country show us two races contending there, the Celtic Helvetii and the Teutonic Rhaetii. In later times there were Teutonic and also barbarian invaders, Huns and others from Central Asia. I do not know how much of this alien blood is left. The peasant of to-day is generally the light-haired blue-eyed Teuton, but this is not the only type one sees. Glimpses of national character are not readily perceived by the tourist; but some things that struck me I will put down. It must be remembered that the Swiss character has been exposed in these last fifty years to a severe trial. This does not mean a trial of adversity; perhaps the trials of adversity are the least dangerous for men and nations. It has been a trial of prosperity. The last fifty years have seen an ever-growing tide of visitors poured into Switzerland. These visitors have left behind them a great deal of money, and this fact alone means that a great deal of temptation has been laid in the way of the Swiss. Their visitors, being foreigners, have always been open to deceit; and the Swiss have been tempted not only to spend their gains foolishly but to swell them dishonestly. To go a little deeper, the mere number of foreigners has tended to dissipate all sentiment towards them, and even the culture they have brought has tended to introduce pose and affectation among the natives.

Now all this being duly weighed, it appears to me quite

astonishing how well the Swiss character has passed the ordeal. In pecuniary dealings of all kinds the stranger is treated with perfect honesty. What is more, he gets excellent value for his money. If he is the merest tourist he gets this. If he tries to be a little more, he will find people of all classes respond to his overtures. They will help him out with his German, appreciate his questions, and do their best to answer them. Even to-day, and in Lucerne, the very centre of the tourist traffic, this sentiment of courtesy exists.

It is truly descended from the old Swiss spirit. Nothing pleases one better in Switzerland than the traces of this old national character. You can find them in the Swiss museums, especially, I will say, at Zurich, where all the Switzerland of the past is displayed before your eyes. Among the relics collected for this purpose there are some of particular interest, the old-fashioned stoves. These are tall and square, reaching to the ceilings of the rooms; and they are covered with tiles, representing in numerous little squares scenes from Swiss history, together with many pious maxims in verse and jingling prose. What a delight these stoves must have been to generations of children; and at the same time what a genuine education! Here they could see the great battles of old, from Morgarten to Nancy; all telling the same tale and pointing the same moral; the mace and the halberd lifted against the coat of mail; Arnold embracing the Austrian spears; and many a stout burger with grave inflexible determination bearing down his knightly foe. Here they could read the names of all the cantons, duly chronicled, and honoured with impartial praise. Yet that praise speaks of no pleasure in war; the picture of Sem-pach bears the inscription *Par Optima Rerum*—Peace is the best of all things. There is a touch of pride in *Non arma sed artus*—Not arms but limbs; not quite a false antithesis when one contrasts the bare muscles of the peasants with the steel plates of their opponents. But in general these inscriptions on the old stoves are pithy recommendations to practise piety and

commonplace virtue. Especially they praise and honour industry :—

Das ehbar hangt dem nutzen an,  
Keins mann von andren scheiden kann ;  
Denn nutzlich ist zu keinen frist  
Das nit auch recht und ehbar ist.

“ Honour belongs to what is useful : no one can separate the two ; for there is nothing useful that is not also right and honourable.”

I will not say that we can infer whether a nation possesses certain virtues from the fact that its writers praise those virtues in prose or verse. I have sometimes thought that the argument tends the other way. It sometimes looks as though writers overlooked the virtues that were common, to praise and encourage those that were neglected. In the Middle ages, for instance, preachers are generally found dwelling on the Christian graces ; in all probability because there was not enough mercy or charity abroad. One cannot say. At any rate the literary evidence shows in what respects the conscience of the time was awake ; and if all the evidence together points to activity and progress we may suppose the virtues set down in the national code to have really flourished. In a period of general decline people go on preaching virtue without practising it.

I take it that in this way we may set some value on the old Swiss rhymes. It is wonderful what a deal of good sense they sometimes get into a few words ; and how many cunning jingles of sound they bring together. *In sole et sale omnia*—There is everything in sun and salt ! or witness these lines on a clothes chest “Um erden ist kein schöner kleid Dann Gottes furcht und frommekeit.” “ On earth there is no fairer clothing than the fear of God and piety.” What a patriarchal rebuke to vanity ! All the apparatus of old Swiss life as seen in the museums suggests a sober republic style. There is no display of luxury—except in two directions. The first is the stained



glass windows, of which Zurich has an unrivalled collection, taken from churches and mansions. The second, also illustrated at Zurich is carved wood work for the interior of houses. Several rooms have been preserved in the Museum, dating from the Renaissance, where floor walls and ceilings are all executed in wood. These splendid apartments are the chief artistic glory of Switzerland. The breadth of design, the colour and grain of the wood, make up a most impressive scene. Yet somehow the effect is not in keeping with Swiss life as seen elsewhere, and I suspect foreigners had something to do with these creations.

The national taste for moral verses often appears in legends on the walls of houses. The houses may be new, but the verses and the sentiments are no doubt old enough. I have copied out a quatrain, which runs as follows:—

“Des Hauses Schmuck ist Reinlichkeit,  
Des Hauses Glück Zufriedenheit  
Des Hauses Lob Gastfreundlichkeit  
Des Hauses Hegen Frommigkeit.”

“A house's grace is purity; a house's prosperity is contentment; a house's praise is hospitality; a house's protection is piety.”

When we have traced in these memorials the old Swiss character we may find it at least in some respects still unchanged to-day. Of course there are points of which the tourist learns nothing. I cannot say much about the religious life of the country. It has probably followed the same course of development as religious life elsewhere in Europe. Switzerland lies on the border between the provinces of Rome and the Reformed Church. Some cantons followed the one and some the other side; it is difficult to see what determined the result. Anyhow it did not follow a line of racial division, for some of the Catholic cantons are German. The struggle that was once so fierce has now died out; not only do the two Churches live at

peace, but even mixed populations of both have grown up, whereas in earlier days peace was only attained by banishing the creed of the minority. The Protestant visiting the country is naturally struck by the rites and customs of the Catholic vallies. Every village has at least one crucifix in its centre, on which are nailed wooden hands and legs and various implements of domestic or agricultural toil. These are memorials of some cure or some piece of prosperity vouchsafed in answer to a prayer or vow, while underneath is probably a set of verses. Along the path from Saas Fee to the valley are fifteen little shrines, containing plaster figures representing incidents in the life of Christ. These were built forty years ago, by a lady who fell into the glacier stream and was rescued. As she omitted to provide funds for their repair, they are all falling to pieces, like things of the same kind in India. Another shrine marks the spot where a guide met with a fatal accident.

The ritual of the Catholic Church embraces many processions; and at the appointed times the villages, men and women, march along the road to Church, with hymns and banners displayed. But everything is very quiet—at least in the German cantons. The people do not share the Italian love of splendour.

Seeing that the German substratum is the same both in the Protestant and some of the Catholic cantons we seem to have a good opportunity here of observing the effects of the two systems on human character. Perhaps residence in the country might lead one to some points of comparison; but they are not visible to the tourists. One thing is clear, that the Protestant parts of Switzerland, which include Berne and Zurich, have been the most active and successful. But very likely it is a mistake to look for the characteristic features of either system where the field is so small and each system is modified by competition with the other. Such competition, within due limits, tends to elevate each side, and keeps it clear of its own faults. The Catholic Church in England, sobered and restrained by the

Protestant majority, is a different thing from the Catholic Church triumphant in Spain or Italy.

But dismissing religion and returning to our topic of the Swiss character, still unfinished, I have many more things to say in praise of it. I have said before that the Swiss are honest, and they are by no means grasping. From this compliment I must except the people of French Switzerland, who in this point resemble the *grande nation* itself. I speak from experience of Chamonix, and from stories of the same place. M. Vallon, when he offered to build an observatory on Mt. Blanc, had a struggle to get permission on any terms from the Commune; they thought he really wanted to start a mountain hotel. The same careful people refused to make a road up the valley for many years, as they were interested in mules; but the railway has now disposed of this question. I myself remember in this connection the old woman who mended my coat there. We had a long conversation; she observed how rich the English were—*tant mieux pour nous*—so much the better for us! and she did not forget it when I asked how much I owed her. But what I have said of Chamonix I will not say of the rest of Switzerland.

French Switzerland, however, is not behind in industry or practical skill. As for industry, I never saw a beggar in Switzerland, (though I did at Chamonix); I doubt if the whole country possesses one. It is true there was a blind man at Saas Fee, but even he played on an organ. Every resource of Switzerland is utilised. Though the country has no coal or navigable rivers, it has a great manufacturing centre in Zurich, and Geneva makes more watches than any other place in the world. Every old traditional craft is made the most of—wood-carving, pottery, and lace-making; while the scenery is exploited in a manner which, from this point of view, is admirable. Of Swiss practical skill their railways and their towns are sufficient evidence. They are perfectly organised; safe, comfortable, clean, and handsome, and all

this without the tedious rules and formalities which encumber the civil life of France. As for education I can only say that the outsides of schools and colleges are visible everywhere. At Zurich is the Pestalozzianum, an educational museum, which commemorates the name of Pestalozzi. It is an excellent institution, but so are all the Swiss museums, and they deserve an attention which the tourist rarely bestows on them.

But now let us suppose the reader to be a prospective tourist and to ask my advice how he should spend a holiday in Switzerland ; what should I say to him ? In the first place, go there in June, and leave the country before August. In that month the civilised and uncivilised world stream into Switzerland by scores of thousands, and there is no comfort or peace of mind possible anywhere. And visit the low-lying places—like Geneva or Zurich—before the weather grows hot, for in that season the genius of the Indian skies pays a visit to Switzerland. Do not, however, omit the towns ; admire their handsome buildings, their gardens and promenades, their excellent public arrangements, and see if you can imagine a more fascinating spot than Interlaken.

Then if you want a centre where there is most to be seen without climbing, try Grindelwald. I stayed myself at Saas Fe for three weeks and at Pontresina, but recommend Grindelwald above these. At Pontresina, you have perhaps the most comprehensive view in Switzerland, from the Muottas Murail, which commands the famous Engadin valley. You see the chain of lakes receding along it, flanked by massive mountains ; and in another quarter you have the snows and precipices of Piz Bernina. It is one of the most notable views in Europe ; but poor in vegetation ; there is nothing visible but pines, and most of the pines are suffering from the attacks of a luxuriant lichen, which seems destined to kill them off.

But no visitor to Switzerland should fail to go climbing, so far as his purse and his powers permit. There is no great reason to be afraid, if you are careful and can trust yourself.

You must have good legs, a steady head and power to concentrate your attention on what you are doing. These qualities alone will not make you a gymnast on rock or snow, but they will enable you to see the higher Alps, and to enjoy a little the pleasures of the climber. What these are, experience will soon show you. They are something like the pleasures of the soldier, or rather of the true sportsman; the pleasures of a friendly conflict. The mountain is your enemy; step by step you must wrestle with him, calling in the aid of strategy, discerning his weak points, and overcoming him at critical moments by sudden exertions of your strength. As for danger you have always the consciousness that there is some around you, but it rests with you to make yourself safe. A few accidents man can scarcely guard against, bad weather, and unexpected falls of rock; but with due care, measuring all your movements, there is nothing foolhardy about mountain climbing. It is true there are now hundreds of accidents in the Alps every year, but if their sources be analysed folly and rash adventures will be found to account for most of them.

Danger of course is minimised by taking guides, and this is the place to say a word of these people. I am not inclined, on the whole, to make it a very favourable word. There are no doubt exceedingly good guides, whose skill and courage and personal devotion surpass all praise. But there are also many bad guides, in whose company a stranger must look out for himself. The inexperienced tourist is likely to be victimised by them, for the really good men are monopolised by regular visitors to Switzerland, who pass them on to each other. Of course all guides are supervised and registered, but this does not mean that they are all equally trustworthy. Nor are they all equally agreeable companions; many of them being selfish and greedy. It is in fact quite a sight of the country to witness a guide eating butter at your expense; you would suppose he had been brought up to live on nothing else. In middle life many of them take to the bottle, with the usual consequences,

and on the whole the younger members of the fraternity are most satisfactory. Your best plan, when you want a guide, is to pick out a promising physiognomy, accompanied by a broad pair of shoulders and a set of bushy whiskers. You will probably find these among the various types parading the market place, for guides, like the young beauties of Babylon, generally lounge about there waiting for offers. Then you arrange your expedition, the fee being laid down in the official tariff. It is not a small one, though not too high in my opinion, considering the work involved, and the risk to the guide, if he happens to be a good guide and his client a bad mountaineer.\* Your arrangements being complete, you set off together, probably in the evening, and ascend to a convenient halting place on the mountain side. Here you will find either a small (and very expensive) hotel, or a hut provided by one of the Alpine clubs. The latter is far more like the real thing; you feel you have left the conventional world behind when you cook your own dinner at the stove and sleep on the piles of straw. About 3 A. M. you rise and continue the ascent; day gradually dawns and about 8 o'clock, (speaking generally), you find yourself on the summit. The air is thin and keen; the silence wonderful; and with eager senses you make the most of every precious minute you have to spend there. They are few in number, for the midday sun melts the snow and loosens the stones and increases the dangers of the descent. The guide is sure to hurry you off, and you drop down into the valley again. Of course, I am here describing a fine weather ascent; things are very different when bad weather comes on, frost that stiffens your clothes and wind that threatens to blow you off the side of the mountain. However, if you should complain

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\* The Guide's fee for Mt. Blanc is 100 francs (=Rs. 67), and the total expense of the excursion (for one person) is about Rs. 300.



of this, the mountaineer would reply with Ulysses in the poem :—

Natures of the noblest frame  
These toils and dangers please,  
And they take comfort in the same  
As much as you in ease.

Then again, if you really want to see Switzerland, you must walk. You must buy yourself a "Ruksak," or "Back-bag," a comfortable contrivance of the Germans, put into it what you think proper and set off on foot. You may go anywhere you like; and enjoy yourself everywhere—at least, as long as you have fine weather. I must admit here a drawback to Switzerland, you have to put up with a good deal of rain. I remember, in the hotel book at Valtournanche, an amusing little sketch of two pedestrians drenched from head to foot, accompanied by the following verses with which the poor wretches had consoled themselves :—

Voici deux alpinistes sans tres grandes pretentions  
Qui auraient bien voulu de faire des ascensions;  
De Genf ils sont venus; arriverent juqu' a Breuil,  
Mais de leurs ascensions ils durent en faire le deuil.  
Et oui, c'est desolant! pourtant rien ne leur manquait,  
Ils avaient sac et gourde et meme des piolets,  
Mais quand c'est l'ami Pluvius qui fait valoir ses droits,  
Adieu tous les projets; il faut rentrer chez soi.

Well, if it rains, you must wait till it clears up again; and as long as it is fine, you can travel on your way. One walk I took pursued the following route :—Pontresina; Maloja; Cresta; Avera Thal; Hinterrhein; the Rheinwald-horn; Vals; Ilanz. I could not have invented it myself; I owe it to a companion I met at Maloja, a devotee of the Alps, who possessed the secret of escaping from the beaten track. He took me up the Rheinwald-horn and down the Lentalucke into the valley beyond it, which we followed from beginning to end. The beginning was a most savage spot, an amphitheatre of precipitous rocks, with glaciers couched on high like lions ready to spring,

and a chaos of rock and ice below. Then mile after mile it expanded, growing sunny and green, till it opened on the Rhine at Ilanz. This was altogether a most delightful and typical walk, and showed me a corner of Switzerland where there are still the old hard conditions of Swiss life, and the rude, but rudely courteous peasantry of the past.

"The Past"! "The very word is like a knell"! For, after all one cannot leave Switzerland, nor can I leave the subject without reflecting how strangely the country has changed, and considering what its future is to be. One hundred years ago Switzerland outside the big towns was one of the most secluded parts of the world. Human life in the higher Alps just struggled to maintain itself, and remained as isolated from the community of Europe as that of Greenland or Tierra del Fuego. Then came Rousseau and Byron, and in their wake the stream of tourists in search of the picturesque. Later on, came the mountaineers; in 1857, the English Alpine Club was founded. The early generation of visitors to Switzerland were mostly English; and mostly people of some position or culture. The pastime of mountaineering in its early days attracted intellectual men of all kinds; judges (Wills), bishops, (Wordsworth), men of letters (L. Stephen) and science (Tyndall), were all amongst the pioneers on the higher Alps. Those were the great days of mountaineering, when the virgin peaks were falling one after another, the lawful prize of the hardy and original climber.

Now all is changed. Switzerland is flooded with a cosmopolitan crowd,—chiefly German—that numbers 400,000 invaders a year. Whatever country they come from, they almost all belong unmistakably to the bourgeois class, who possess no doubt many commonplace virtues, but not the charms of rank or culture. Not one in a thousand knows anything of the history of the country, and though a large number could tell you that mountains are supposed to be ennobling influences, there is not a large number who feel them as such. Indeed, it is hard to

feel anything about mountains in Switzerland, for, wherever you turn your eyes in a Swiss hotel, you are sure to encounter some crazy piece of rhetoric about scenery, printed and published by the Swiss Hotel Proprietors' League. Meanwhile, railways have been run up all the mountains and hotels frequently planted on the tops of them. The country has become an overcrowded playground.

Of course, there is still much left to enjoy in it, especially if you go, as I have said, in June. Some day perhaps things may change again. I do not believe the present rush to the country will continue; the people who go there now will some day discover that they are not enjoying themselves as much as they thought; and they will go and do something else. Then the Swiss will turn to something else too; and the Muses may cautiously creep back to the land. But that will not be in our time.

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## SICILY

It was Christmas morning when I first saw Sicily, rising from my cabin about six o'clock, and viewing Palermo between the two great headlands that guard it. The city lies in a small flat valley, that runs a few miles inland, and is bordered by precipitous mountains. Monte Pellegrino, the headland to the west, is perhaps the grandest rock in the Mediterranean, not excepting Gibraltar. It is great in every dimension, broad and long and high, and culminates in a far distant peak that carries the eye up to the heavens.

Palermo is a busy and beautiful city. The principal streets are long and regular, though rather too narrow to be quite comfortable; the public buildings, notably the theatre, are large and handsome; mediæval architecture is well represented. After pushing along the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, and admiring as best you may the rococo masterpiece of San Salvatore, there suddenly breaks upon your eyes the vast mass of the Norman Cathedral. Lucky is the traveller who is not prepared for this, at any rate, if he thinks, as I do of Norman buildings. The last I had seen was Tewkesbury Abbey, far away in the North, under the grey skies of England. For months I had been a stranger in Germany and Italy, tortured by crazy Gothic and the uncertain aspirations of the Renaissance. But here once more I met, with loud acclamations of my heart, the great Norman style, the *genuina proles* of Rome. Not quite unspared by the Renaissance, it is still true to its type and has all the massive splendour of its kindred beyond the seas. Some touch of oriental fancy gives it a character of its own, not unwelcome to the eye, nor out of keeping with its surroundings. Above it gleams the azure of the South, beneath it wave the Southern palms. More than any other monument it commemorates the adventurous and confident spirit of its race, which carried them

from the fiords of Scandinavia to the walls of Jerusalem and Edessa, and taught them to build as though they built for eternity.

Right opposite is the royal palace, a great suite of halls and chambers, once tenanted by the false Bourbons of Naples. One is glad to see them empty ; there is nothing pleasing in the palace except the chapel. It is built in the Saracenic style ; every inch of it one blaze of glorious mosaics. Structurally, it is an inner room of the building, the private chapel of the king, and the fact that such a building could be hidden away for his devotions teaches us what the middle ages understood by royal majesty.

Palermo has other interesting buildings. There is San Giovanni degli Eremiti, a small Norman church not far from the Cathedral. Small as it is, it has nevertheless the mark of Norman solidity upon it. This is the more notable because it is really a Saracen mosque converted into a church, with transepts added, and a belfry tower, where the sound of a bell, abhorrent to Muhammadan ears, summoned to their devotions the faithful of the victorious creed.

When I visited this place I found it in charge of an old soldier of the Garibaldian wars. He was nothing loth to talk of himself and of Garibaldi—" *my* General !", as he exclaimed proudly, raising his cap : " *Ecco !*" he continued, holding out his paw, " this is what I got at Calatafimi,"—a scar, in fact, running across the back of it. " Well," I said " I suppose you are contented now ; you have got a good Government ?"—" Government ! *Ladroni !*" (thieves) with a fierce and contemptuous air—" though I am all right myself, I have my pension, and a little something from visitors, &c." " Well, perhaps you would rather have the Bourbons back ?" " No ! no !—under the Bourbons we got nothing ; they plundered the island and gave us nothing back, no roads, no railways, no schools, no museum, nothing." And so our conversation ended ; I gave him a " little something," he politely offered me a flower out of the garden to put in my Baedeker, and I departed. His attitude towards

Government was amusing and characteristic ; it is that of all the poor Italians, who are for ever demanding " the arrestation of all thieves and rogues," forgetting that nations get the Governments they deserve, and Italy will not get an honest Government till she makes herself an honest people.

His appreciation of the museum was also characteristic ; the Italians, like other continental people, respect and understand things intellectual. They differ mightily from the English in this particular ; and many a time in travelling I have noticed the difference. If I should tell a casual English companion that I am a Professor, he would first be a little puzzled ; then he would open a certain dusty chamber of his mind where he keeps useless information and he would discover that a professor is a rare and solitary animal, who lives in high regions where the air is noxious to ordinary men. He would then politely edge his chair a little further from mine, and our conversation would languish. How different is the case in Italy and Germany ! Here a professor is something of a popular hero ; he enjoys a few of those smiles which in England are lavished on Messrs. Fry and Jessop, and people are anxious to hear him speak, just as in England they like to see those gentlemen bat.

To return to Palermo. The great excursion from Palermo is up the side of the valley, three or four miles, to the Cathedral of Monreale. A few years ago there was hardly a road there, and bandits were not unheard of ; nowadays there is an electric tram and the perils of bandits are exchanged for the persecutions of beggars. The tram performs the distance quickly, and when it stops you are wound up by a cable to the plateau where Monreale stands. As you rise you see the strath widening below you, a vast field of orange and lemon groves, just at their acme of beauty in winter, when the crop is ripe. They are very prolific trees ; the weight of fruit they bear is incredible. It is hard to choose for beauty between the gold of the lemons and the sullen red glow of the oranges. One thinks of Milton's words, " Hesperian fables true";—or, again, of Mignon's famous



song: "*Kennst du das Land?*" To see a plant growing that one has known in poetry is always an experience—too often, alas! disappointing; but no one need repress his expectations who goes to visit the orange and lemon groves of Sicily.

Monreale we visit for the sake of its Cathedral, which dates from about 1200 A. D. The style is Norman, under Saracenic influence. Like many great buildings it has somewhat of an experimental character; but one need not regret this, because it teaches us where the difficulties of the style lay, and admits us into the laboratory of the artist's mind. It is adjoined by a vast cloister, from the far corner of which the main tower is seen rising four-square towards the skies. It is pierced with those indomitable Norman arches, that yield the eye such enduring satisfaction. And to my mind this is one of the most impressive things in building, when we see a piece of fine work like a noble arch, raised up beyond our reach, just a little beyond the accuracy of our vision; it seems as though it were not meant exactly to please us, but for a glory of the builder's art, a trophy secure in its own magnificence—*laudis nil indiga nostrae*.

Under the influence of this idea we may, if we will, remind ourselves that to admire art is a sort of privilege, which is not allowed without probationary rites. Wordsworth has told us this:—

I see, but not by sight alone,  
Loved Yarrow, I have won thee!

Certainly it is not by sight alone that we understand these things. You may watch crowds of tourists visiting famous places and great pictures; and very often observe that less than one minute is all the time they can endure to spend in looking at them. After lavishing money and enduring real discomforts on their pilgrimage of culture, when they stand before the shrine, they often find nothing visible to satisfy their uninstructed curiosity. The fact is that what the senses supply in many of these scenes is only a starting point for the imagi-

nation ; and if the imagination is poorly furnished, we shall find little that is interesting in the evidence of our eyes.

The cloisters of Monreale contain mediæval carvings of the usual type ; some serious—the baptism of infidels— ; and some apparently comic, monkeys with hawks' bodies and other strange wild fowl. There are solemn admonitions—"the scrolls that teach men to live and die."

*Fac bene dum vivis,  
Post mortem vivere si vis—*

and others of the same tenor. The whole cloister was once decorated with the most beautiful inlaid work, now vanished, but restored in one corner, where a fountain murmurs in a marble colonnade. There are hundreds of arches, and in its prime the building must have been one of the loveliest in Europe. The Cathedral within is huge and stately ; a masterpiece of Saracenic design. It is covered with fine mosaics, which, however, it was too late in the day for me to appreciate. I walked up and down the nave till the church was closed ; looked in vain for anything interesting in Monreale and pushed my way through the beggars till I gained the shelter of the tram and returned to Palermo.

Monte Pellegrino I did not visit, but I spent an evening on the headland opposite, surveying it across the Concad'oro, or Golden Hollow, as the Sicilians name the rich valley where the lemons and oranges of Palermo flourish. It affords a noble view with its lofty summit receding beyond its upper slopes. The effect is one equally fine in mountains and in architecture ; uniting the impressions of height and mass. To attain it you must have one story crowning another, in such proportions that the mass below, while it carries its burden easily, is, nevertheless, dignified by its power to do so ; and the whole structure viewed from a just interval, as it lies stretched in grand repose, conveys to the spectator's eye a full sense of its difficult heights and almost impassable distances. Such is Monte Pellegrino ; the

opposite headland is smaller, but striking in its outline, and enriched with magnificent cedar trees.

In Palermo itself there is a fine museum, whose collections illustrate the whole of Sicilian history. As the history of every land wears its own character, so it is characteristic of Sicily to have been always the scene of conflict, and never the seat of empire. We might very well think she was planned by nature for such a role; she is central, defensible, and rich in resources; and once at least a Sicilian town rose to eminence. But history went its own way; no Sicilian power ever reached the first rank of importance; no idea of universal significance was ever born from a Sicilian brain. Rhetoric perhaps received its earliest impulse in some of the Greek colonies; and Archimedes remains among the greatest and most original of mathematicians, but these isolated names do not redeem the intellectual fame of the island.

In exploring the Sicilian past we are carried back to pre-historic times, by the usual flints and pottery; then follow Italian colonists, Phoenicians, Trojans, and Greeks, and the first act in the martial drama closes with the battle of Himera. It was fought in the same year as Salamis; and assured Greek independence in the West as Salamis did in the East. In that year Athens and Syracuse served Europe well; and one is tempted for a moment to compare their later history. Athens became the brilliant queen of every art; Syracuse, brilliant, too, in splendour and wealth, remained as sterile as the other city was prolific in ideas. It is amusing to contemplate the Syracusan coins of this period. They bear a female head, surrounded by four fish, executed with the most sumptuous and magnificent art. Who would dream that Syracuse was so unimportant for the history of sculpture; or who would infer the place of Athens from the crude archaic style of her coins?

The Greek cities of Sicily tore each other to pieces; and Athens, though she wrecked her own power at Syracuse, fomented by her interference the evil. The wars with Carthage taught

the Greeks no wisdom ; and peace only descended on the island under the protection of Rome. Even then it was devastated by Servile and Civil wars, plundered by dishonest officers, and when Augustus came to its aid, he had to build cities and send colonists to inhabit them.

Eight hundred years later appeared the Saracens ; and still later Robert Guiscard founded at Palermo his Norman kingdom. It lasted till the battle of Benevento, which closed the romance of Northern power in the South ; Sicily passed to the French, to the Spaniards, and finally to the kingdom of Naples. In 1860, after many centuries, she took her destinies in her own hands, went over to Garibaldi and became a member of United Italy.

Sicily then has ever been the battle-ground of forces,—not, like Alexandria, the meeting point of Ideas, but merely the spot where the roving warriors of every system have crossed their swords. For this reason her history wears a dreary character ; the mind recoils from so many scenes of random and useless bloodshed. We see no results attained ; no growth of principles, no lasting power. One after another the races of the earth, from Scandinavia to Arabia, hurry up to the field ; there follows the same shock of conflict, the same waste of valour, the same ruin of man's works and exhaustion of his nature.

The process has been so destructive, that few memorials of the past survive. What there is (apart from buildings), has been collected in two excellent museums, one at Palermo, one at Syracuse. The museum of Palermo is the more general of the two. It contains some masterpieces of the Greek period ; notably the sculptures from Selinunti. They show, as nothing else shows, the stiff vigour of the Dorian style, in its early awakening days. Even the untrained eye can see in them Hellas—Hellas indeed, but not Athens ; to Athens alone belongs, or rather Athens alone shares with Florence, the power to produce in stone the subtle qualities of life and motion that we call grace. Another treasure of the museum is a bronze ram, one of the finest

animals ever modelled. There are, of course, vases and coins and other relics of antiquity ; and a few objects from Saracen times. Most of these are carvings in wood, glass, and tiles. Many tombstones have been preserved and their inscriptions translated. Modern Italy is represented (amongst other things) by a large collection of pictures, so well hung and taken care of, that one is sorry the museum has not something better to show. The only good one is an early Flemish masterpiece, very small but instinct with piety and glowing with rich harmonious colour. It is worth all the rest of the gallery ;—but, perhaps, one need not say that a single work of genius is worth a wilderness of mediocrity.

A longer expedition from Palermo is that to Segesta and Selinunti. There is no difficulty about it ; the railway takes you in either case within a few miles of your destination. Castelvetrano is the jumping-off place for Selinunti ; it is furnished with a country inn, of a style good enough according to Sicilian standards, but rather alarming to visitors from Palermo. However, one has the consolation of paying a fairly big bill, and the proprietor makes the “bundobast” for Selinunti. It requires a two-horse carriage ; the distance being eight miles. The country is flat and dull, there is nothing whatever to look at, except the two miserable horses stumbling along, and you are glad to reach your destination.

You find yourself on the southern shore of Sicily, looking once more on the Mediterranean Sea. A small stream winds lazily to meet it, dividing two low hills ; and on these hills are the remains of Selinunti. On the eastern hill there are three temples, the chief of which if it had been finished would have been amongst the largest ever built. To-day they all lie prostrate on the ground, overthrown by some unrecorded earthquake. Scarcely one stone stands on another, you clamber over them as though they were a mass of crags, and finding the highest point you sit and look down upon a scene of hopeless desolation. There is of course nothing for the architect



left; though there is plenty for the archæologist to measure and puzzle out; the famous sculptures are in the museum at Palermo.

Descending from the temples you make your way across the low marshy ground and explore the acropolis. It occupies the other hill, the sides of which are fortified with a stone embankment. There are ruins here, too, not very numerous nor easily intelligible, and still further on you cross the Modione—the ancient Selinus—and walk a quarter of a mile to the necropolis. Excavations had lately been going on when I was there, and the ground was covered with fragments of Greek pottery. Nothing “of any value” was left, but everything Greek has some value to the enthusiast, and I did not disdain to pick up a fragment with a Greek fret upon it and the foot of a terra-cotta statue. Articles of more interest can generally be bought *sub rosa* from the agriculturalists in the neighbourhood, whose ploughs constantly turn up coins and terra-cotta statues. The Italian Government naturally consider they ought to have the pick of these and to pay as little as possible for them. I fancy they get their way, and there is little of importance that leaves the country.

The interest of Selinunti is not architectural, but historic and pathetic. Selinus was the Westernmost of the Greek colonies in Sicily, founded in 628 B. C. and destroyed by the Carthaginians just before the ascendancy of Athens fell, in 404. One feeble attempt was made to re-people the place, but it did not succeed, and the site has been desolate for two thousand years. It is unhealthy and malarial, but occupation would have altered this; and the surroundings have much to recommend them. There is the teeming sea and arable land in abundance; fresh water in the river, and a climate unsurpassed in the world. These advantages to-day belong to no one, except a few hungry peasants, who have lost the art to use them. The aspect of the country retains its charm. It was mid-winter when I was there, but the sky was blue, the air warm and



kindly, and the hillsides green with vegetation. I dodged the wary custodians, whose eye seldom overlooks any chance of gratuities, and posted myself in a convenient station to survey and moralise the scene. "O Hellas!" I thought, "had you but known in your allotted hour the great vice of your nature, and taught yourself in time to love peace and live at unity, you might still have possessed these happy shores, this paradise of the world. Your genius rightly guided would have repelled the Carthaginian, and need have feared nothing from Rome. These fallen columns you might have raised again, by the smallest effort of your vigorous skill. Your own hands have robbed us of what might have been yours and ours; how shall we pity you—how shall we learn to forgive you?"

Returning from Castelvetro I stopped at Calatafimi to visit Segesta. It is not necessary to spend the night at Calatafimi, which is fortunate, for there is nowhere to spend it. The town is small and wretched; it lies some miles from the railway, on elevated ground, surrounded by mountains. I made the journey in a public conveyance, with some Sicilian fellow-passengers. We fell into conversation; one of my companions was a printer, a humane and intellectual man, whose acquaintance I remember with great pleasure. It was curious to find him in such a wilderness, but Sicily like Italy is a land of strong contrasts; just as you have concluded from your experiences of the street that the whole population is made up of scoundrels, you meet some one who expels that impression—for the time—entirely. My friend was an enthusiast in the cause of humanity, and we had a long argument on this subject. He was cheerful over the progress of the cause in Sicily; observing that a man had lately been fined for poking out a bullock's eye, in spite of his defence that the bullock belonged to him,—which the court rejected. He discussed also the corporal punishment of children, which he reprobated, preferring to rely on reason.

Calatafimi is still some miles from Segesta; and a private

conveyance has to be hired there. There is only one man who provides such things, and his horses are covered with large sores. The Sicilian branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recommends that in these cases you should walk, which is rather a counsel of perfection, and I took the middle course of remonstrating with the driver. I adopted the argument, (recommended for simple minds) "How would you like it yourself, &c."? But the driver was a physiologist; he replied, that horses do not feel as men feel, that a sort of callosity forms over the sore, and finally that his horses always went and would also on that occasion go very well. This at least turned out to be true; they went very well and took us as far as the road takes one towards Segesta.

Of Segesta there is scarcely anything left but one temple; that one temple, however, is standing, and it occupies one of the finest sites on earth. It breaks upon you at a corner of the road, at a distance of some two miles, and as it is only visible for a few yards, you had better, should you visit the spot, remind the driver to point it out to you. You will see it across a great valley, perched on a lonely hill, with mountains guarding it on every side. The view is perfect in all its proportions; and here alone, as far as my recollections go, you may see architecture competing on equal terms with mountains scenery of first-rate grandeur. After this glimpse you lose sight of it; the road descends to the bottom of a valley, you have to cross a stream and climb up a mountain ridge to approach it. The style of the building is Doric; it is not so impressive close at hand as far off, first, because it has never been finished and the columns are not fluted; secondly, because only the outer walls are standing, there is nothing inside. However, you have the general proportions of the whole, and always the scenery. At the back of it is a deep ravine; the banks of which were covered, even in winter, with beautiful blue flowers; above it are grey cliffs, tenanted by innumerable pigeons, which live at ease, after the manner of the Zidonians. Few sportsmen dis-

turb their quiet lives. The people of the place are shepherds; one of them came up to watch me, clothed in sheepskin trousers, which gave him a pastoral antique appearance. I tried to talk to him, but he understood only his wild Sicilian tongue, which had little affinity with my scraps of Tuscan.

From the temple I went up another hill to the theatre; which commands, like most Greek theatres, a wide extended view. Inland Sicily is a great sea of mountains, caught and petrified in the heart of heaving. The woods of classical days have long ago vanished. The outlines still remain; long lines of peaks and crags chasing each other at random across the island. Here and there one is signalised by a Saracen or Norman tower; and on a height near Calatafimi is a monument of Garibaldi's first success.

The old history of Segesta is full of struggle and misfortunes. It was a town of Elymian origin, oppressed by the people of Selinus, (who had plenty to live on, and might have left Segesta alone). To protect itself from these neighbours it sought the alliance of far-distant Athens, and thus brought about the fatal Syracusan expedition. Afterwards, it appealed to Carthage, Syracuse and finally Rome, always meeting with misfortune, and suffering on one occasion from Verres. The Romans tried to revive it, out of respect for a tradition that the Elymi were Trojans, but nothing was accomplished and a little later it seems to have vanished.

Besides Selinunti there is another spot on the southern coast where remains of Greek temples take the visitor—Girgenti. This is the site of Acragas, "the most beautiful city of mortals," according to Pindar; certainly a very large city, and the seat of an important trade. It possessed, however, little interesting history and survives in our memories chiefly through its tyrant Phalaris and his red-hot bull. What remains of it now is the ruins of several Doric temples, one of which is exceedingly well preserved, having been used for some centuries as a church. The additions made for this purpose

have now been removed, and all the arrangements of a Greek temple can be studied from what is left.

It was originally a temple of Concord, and stands on a narrow ridge of rock which runs parallel to the sea, at a distance of two miles inland. A little further East is the temple of Juno, in the same style, but less perfectly preserved. Both buildings are isolated and clearly visible, an advantage for any building—but especially for a Greek temple, which is really, like the Hindu temple, a casket, appealing to the eye by its proportions as a whole.

In the Cathedral of Girgenti is a celebrated marble sarcophagus representing the legend of Phædra and Hippolytus. It is not a well executed work of art, in fact, it looks better on a picture post-card than in real life ; but the conception of the love-sick Phædra is true to the spirit of the tale. It breathes the hopeless passion of Eurypides' play : " Take me and lift my head ; the bonds of my limbs are loosened, dear friends. Take my fair arms, O maids ! I cannot bear my headdress' weight ; take it off and let my clustering locks fall on my shoulders. Ah ! would that from some dewy fountain I might draw a limpid draught, and lie in the grassy pasture beneath the dark poplar's shade ! "

I have always felt a personal interest in this play because it was the first I ever read, *anno ætatis xiii.* I remember well my struggles with the choruses and my disgust over the dull rubbish—as then I thought it—which is quoted above. Yet there are some people who believe boys should be made to realise what they read ! If this programme is going to be attempted we had better leave the Hippolytus out of their curriculum.

In the Cathedral, moreover, I read and marked on the wall a hymn to St. Gerlandus, two stanzas of which ran as follows :—

Si terra motu contremuit,  
Si mare sævit fluctibus,  
Si ignitum cælum fulminat  
Sedari statim imperat.

Tu Christe Rex piissime,  
Da per Gerlandi merita  
Quieta nobi tempora  
Et Paradisi gaudia.

By substituting in this second stanza the name of God for that of Christ, in the first line, and that of Christ for Gerlandus, in the second line, you may turn this Catholic into a Protestant hymn ; but what a world of difference there is between the two !

On my way to Girgenti I stayed a day at Termini Imerese, and visited the Cathedral of Cephalu. Externally it is a Norman building of great dignity ; and inside it possesses the finest mosaics in Sicily. Unluckily I did not see much of them, for I had timed my visit to arrive on the afternoon of December 31st, when a sermon was being preached to the people of Cephalu on the departing year. It was a good sermon—like all others that I heard in Italy and Sicily,—well composed and well delivered ; and I had to reflect that Cathedrals after all are intended for such purposes. The chance presenting itself, I got a glimpse of the mosaics, which are far aloft on the roof of the choir, and gaze down on the worshippers with tremendous solemnity. There are eight figures, four arch-angels and four seraphs. The latter are conceived to fit the words of Isaiah—"each one had six wings, with twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly." It is difficult to bring this well before the imagination, yet the artist has succeeded in his task, and endowed his work with the highest nobility of line and colour ; the seraphs' wings stretch out with a magnificent sweep, displaying feathers of celestial gold and purple. By each seraph stands an arch-angel, with a face of Miltonic dignity, draped in robes of severe but ample grace. These mosaics date from the 12th century. I have called them the best in Sicily ; I should rather say, as far as my opinion goes, the best in Italy, perhaps in the world.

From Girgenti the train took me by a long circuit to Syra-

cuse. We passed Enna, where Proserpine "gathering flowers, herself a fairer flower," was carried away by the gloomy king of Hell. I thought at first of descending here, and then again I decided not to, for the wilderness of barren mountains poorly represents one's vision of that poetic scene. I dare say the flowers are still there, for Sicily is certainly a land of flowers, and even in winter the earth cannot deny herself these loveliest of her graces. But the woods and waters of classical times are no more; and Sicilian robbers in the mountains are not quite a fiction. The worst days of course are over, and a stranger is no longer destroyed within a few hours of his appearance. But caution is desirable in lonely places; and the arrangements necessary are not worth the trouble unless you are going to see something really interesting.

Accordingly I went on to Syracuse; and stayed with much comfort in the Hotel Villa Politi, which, as visitors had better observe, is not the same thing as the Hotel Casa Politi. The latter is in the city of Syracuse, which occupies a peninsula connected with the island by a long narrow isthmus. The former is a little inland, high up on the edge of an old quarry.

The quarry, or *latomia*, is one of those which supplied the stone for ancient Syracuse. There are many of them; that near the Hotel Villa Politi, the *Latomia dei Cappucini*, is the largest. It is perhaps two hundred feet deep, and covers an area of many acres. The plan is irregular, and the parts of it are separated from each other by immense walls of rock, which have never been excavated. All the outlines are weird and fantastic; as you walk about the view changes every moment; you turn the corners and pass and repass the great archways in the rock, and never seem to recognise your bearings, or to have finished your explorations. The only feature that remains unchanged is the sky above; the only part of your surroundings that belongs to the outer world. The vegetation is almost unearthly in its variety and splendour. The ivy of the North climbs over prickly pear; the lemon and orange flourish along with plantains,



bamboos and palms. The ground is partly cultivated and laid out as a garden ; but in many places the wild natural growth of centuries has been left undisturbed.

One almost wishes that this were the case everywhere, and these quarries—or one at least of them—had been consecrated to quiet meditation. There is no spot on earth that could tell a tale of deeper pathos. For here, we may be almost certain, the last prisoners of the Athenian expedition lingered out their lives. We can supply without difficulty some of their reflections, for assuredly among the flower of Athenian manhood there were many who realised to the full the hopeless ruin of their country and all that it involved. They must have had time to realise it, wandering about under those pitiless cliffs, with no prospect of freedom and scarcely any reason to desire it. Some of them, we are told, moved the hearts of their captors by reciting Euripides' *Alcestis*, and returned, like *Alcestis* herself, to the upper world ; but their lot perhaps was not much to be envied, if they reached Athens in time to see her walls overthrown, to the sound of exulting music.

The scene of the struggle lies all round Syracuse, and centres especially on the bay. I did not follow it in detail, but spent one evening on the heights of *Epipolæ*, recalling the sea-fight in the pages of *Thucydides*. I found the quarries the most impressive part of the *Syracusan* remains ; perhaps because there is nothing else like them anywhere. Otherwise, there is an interesting theatre, an *amphi-theatre*, and the foundation of a vast altar, two hundred and fifteen yards long, where the *Syracusans* offered annually a hecatomb of oxen. My imagination prefers to leave this scene alone ; and to descend into the city, where at the very end of the promontory, you may still visit the fountain *Arethusa*. There is no spring of waters more famous, in classic or in modern song. Who does not know the legend ?

*Arethusa* arose  
From her couch of snows,  
In the *Acro-ceraunian* mountains,

passing swiftly on with her waters,

Till at night they sleep,  
In the rocky deep,  
Beneath the Ortygian shore,  
Like spirits that lie,  
In the azure sky,  
Where they love but live no more.

Here then for a moment she came to light again, and here she still lives and is held in honour. Her water is no longer sweet but brackish, the result of an earthquake; but it is quite drinkable and flows swift and pure from a mysterious hollow in the rock. It has been enclosed in a circular basin, tenanted by gold fish, and planted with papyrus. The arrangements are in good taste and one pays with unusual satisfaction the entrance fee and gratuity, without which you never see anything in Italy or Sicily.

The museum of Syracuse is excellent. It contains no work of art that is quite first rate, but much that is admirable; a large collection of prehistoric antiquities, coins and vases. After the scenes I have mentioned it is the chief attraction of the place; there is not much else to see at Syracuse. The Cathedral has incorporated a Greek temple, the columns of which struggle through the wall at intervals, in a curious manner. It is not a building of any note. The one fine relic of the middle ages is two windows that once belonged to the Palazzo Montalto. They are hidden away in a dirty little slum; hard to find and hard to see, and quite unaccountable when you find them. The building round them has changed and gone down in the world. Their merit is beyond question, but how strange it is that even in their fall they should be known and visited; and how it proves the scarcity of inspired and successful art!

From Syracuse I went to Taormina. The chief town en route is Catania, with its Cathedral and relics of St. Agatha whose veil, still preserved, is displayed by the Bishop to check

the demons of Mount Aetna, when the volcano grows disagreeably active. I did not detain myself to see this, but went on to Taormina. This is perhaps the chief tourist centre of Sicily, and on all accounts deserves its pre-eminence. It is a small town perched on a rocky height—about 800 feet—which overlooks the coast for some miles on either hand. In the background at a safe distance is the great ominous ridge of Aetna. It was covered with snow when I saw it, sharply defined against a blue sky; but it was a lucky moment, for Aetna is often cloudy in winter, and for this reason seldom then ascended. The proper thing is to go in summer, and to reach the top by sunrise, like that imperial tourist Hadrian. In his day it was more of an expedition than it is now, when mountaineering is a recognised pastime. I should fancy Hadrian had few predecessors except Empedocles, and his reflections on the summit no doubt were all his own. The road must have been more impressive then, when Aetna was covered with dense forests; they have all vanished now. For my part I should have liked to emulate Hadrian, but I gave way before the probability of clouds, the time and expense and fatigue involved, and the difficulty of persuading the guides to face the cold.

I stayed down below in Taormina and looked lazily at the rocks and the sea. The Mediterranean promotes this lazy sort of enjoyment, it holds in reserve an infinite store of blues and greens, and delights to produce them in new and changing combinations. Should your eye grow weary of the sight—which it is not likely to do—you may turn at Taormina to the rocky background, and watch the shadows playing over it, with a fitful cadence that falls upon the spirit like music. And if these delights should fail to please you, there is the picturesque little town, with its curio shops, and their obliging dealers, whom perhaps it would be rude to compare to spiders sitting in their webs, though certainly they ask the most unscrupulous prices when you have found something you like. Above all there is

the famous theatre, once Greek and afterwards Roman ; so far preserved that not only the seats but part of the stage exists. A good deal more would exist if the Duke of San Stephano had not used the marble to build his palace, but he did neither more nor less then everybody did in Italy, till a few years ago. We may be glad the building is now carefully nursed and guarded, and we can admire its fine proportions and its acoustics. With the good eyes and the good ears which no doubt the ancients possessed they had every condition perfect for the drama. The smell, the heat, the foul air and the false lights of the modern stage were unknown ; perhaps I should add the folly of late hours. Of course they had their own tricks of art, and their own discomforts too, but on these points I think we may envy them.

Taormina was really the last place in Sicily that I visited. I spent also a day in Messina, waiting for the steamer, but did not see or wish to see very much there. It is a busy and thriving town, with a fine artificial port. The Cathedral contains a letter said to have been written by the Virgin, in honour of which there is a great festival every year, on June 3rd.

The reader will judge, from all I have written, that Sicily is worth a visit, if ever the chance offers. It is all the more so because it is not yet infested by the cockneys of all nations or corrupted by millionaires. Messrs. Cook and Son have not taken it in hand. Visitors of course are not unknown ; but they are mostly people of rank or culture. In the spring no doubt there are plenty of these ; in the winter most of the hotels are empty. I may say of these establishments that they are very good and moderate in their terms ; and I should like especially to recommend the Grand Hotel des Palmes at Palermo. The proprietor has a fine collection of mezzotints over which the connoisseur may spend a few pleasant hours ; and, besides, he knows the island well.

The inner life of Sicily, of course, I did not see ; but, in what meets the eye I was struck with the signs of progress and pros-

perity. There can be no question that in towns like Palermo and Messina some one is making a good deal of money. Perhaps it is not fairly divided; the peasantry in the mountains are certainly very poor; but I did not see anywhere the hopeless squalor and misery of Naples. I did see, however, in all the newspaper shops the socialist and anti-clerical organs, attacking the existing order. *Viderint posteri*. Perhaps they will get their way some day, perhaps not. Sicilian railways seem to be better managed than Italian; and I did not find so much rascality and insolence abroad as I did in Italy. But I came direct from Naples, and the next place I visited was Venice, and these towns set one a low standard.

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## CEYLON

Ceylon or, at any rate, the southern half of the island, without doubt presents everywhere a scene of fascinating beauty. The coast is hollowed into little bays with low rocky headlands, where the sea breaks into shining foam. The tide rises and falls only three feet, so there is no broad stretch of sand, but merely a thin yellow strip between the blue sea and the groves of cocoanut palms. Inland, the country rises and falls in gentle undulations. The lower parts of the hollows have been adapted for the growth of rice; the sides of the hills parcelled out in terraces, which sometimes measure no more than the width of a garden walk. There are sometimes dozens of these terraces rising above each other, while the upper slopes are covered with trees, whose wonderful variety fills the landscape with interest and beauty. Of meadow flowers I saw few, and it would be a mistake to imagine all the trees in flower at once, but they flower in their turns, and you never go far without lighting on some mass of yellow or scarlet flame. The prevailing colour of the soil is deep red, and this enriches the aspect of the towns, where there are always trees and very often water visible. Colombo, indeed, is only a few inches above the water, and it is much to somebody's credit that the town is so clean and well drained.

Colombo is a large place, larger than the size of the Fort would lead a stranger to infer. There are miles of fine bungalows in the "Hinterland" where not only English people but Cingalese, Tamils and Burghers reside. The harbour lies in a right angle of the shore, and is protected by two break-waters, which together with the shore form a quadrilateral. Steamers of all sizes and all nations enter and leave it in a daily procession, chiefly for the purpose of coaling; while the passengers troop ashore to buy curiosities. The dealers of Colombo are



voluble and mendacious after the wont of their kind, and it is amusing to watch the groups of purchasers, mystified and sceptical, but withal open-mouthed and desirous, standing before the clamorous proprietors of the "Boutiques." Of course Colombo has many visitors who are strangers to the East; these are soon detected and treated with easy freedom. The usual conveyance is the 'rickshaw, introduced from Japan ten years ago. The man between the shafts is generally a Tamil. The work is hard and brings a great many of the runners to the hospital. I asked one of them, by the aid of a friend, how it suited him, and he replied, "one must eat a good deal and drink a good deal and try to be a bachelor!" However, the business has its inducements, as it is well paid, and the number of 'rickshaws is counted, I suppose, by the hundred.

Of other coast towns besides Colombo I saw Matara and Galle. The fort of Galle is still intact; it was built of lumps of coral, united by excellent mortar, and it stands like a fragment of nature herself. The broad ramparts are covered with turf, as smooth and perfect as any in the quadrangles of Oxford. On one side lies the little harbour, a rounded bay with a narrow entrance, which in ancient times was a great emporium for East and West, but now-a-days has yielded up its honours to Colombo. The town is crowded within the fort; it is well built and clean, and displays a fine variety of schools and churches. Matara too has a fort, not so compact as that of Galle. Just outside it are the racecourse and golf ground, which give the "touch of modernity," as our literary critics say. Neither place looks resigned to decay; plumbago, I believe, and cocoanut plantations support the population. Matara is the headquarters of citronella oil, and smells like a hair-dresser's shop.

Near Matara is Dondra Head, the southern point of Ceylon, where there is a fishing village and a fine light-house. The view from the lantern was wide and bright, sky and sea, "foam and yellow sands," groves of cocoanut palms, with the

mountains of Nuwara Eliya and Adam's Peak mysterious in the distance.

From Colombo the Railway ascends to Kandy. The hills increase in size, still covered with the same luxurious forest, and separated by terraced valleys. The Railway performs the usual feats of Ghaut railways; and the journey would form a striking introduction to the tropical world. Kandy lies in a hollow, with mountains rising above it, by the side of an artificial lake, which it owes to the last Kandyan King. Near the lake is the Queen's Hotel, a sumptuous establishment, which reminds us, like other features of Ceylon, that we have crossed the track of the travelling millionaire. Kandy is quite the ideal of a country town in the tropics. There are many beautiful walks on the hills, and if you stroll out in the evening, you may walk home past the edge of the lake, when the lights reflected in the still water, the innumerable trees, and the hills above make up a scene of true romantic charm.

From Kandy I visited Galadeniya. It was the first Buddhist *vihara* I had seen, and I entered it with natural curiosity. The chief part of the building was a fairly large room, with a great seated figure of Buddha right opposite the doorway, and on one side a figure of Buddha, reclining, as he lies in Nirvana. In front of the seated figure was a table covered with flowers, and a box with a slit in it. The latter is to be found in all Buddhist temples, and contains offerings for building purposes. It is more satisfactory to lodge one's donation within this official sanctum than to drop it into some one's palm. Worshipers arrived during my visit and paid their devotions on their knees before the image. Some of them accompanied me on my way to Lankatilaki, another large temple which is recommended to the tourist. They were dressed in semi-English costume, the ladies with hats, frocks and bare feet. Being rural Cingalese, however, they knew very little English.

Near Kandy are the Peradeniya gardens. They are maintained not so much for strictly scientific purposes as to find out

what plants will grow and thrive in Ceylon. They are devoted to trees and shrubs more than herbaceous plants, and are laid out after the manner of a park, with an eye to scenic effect rather than precise classification. The result is a little annoying to the botanical student, but this is made up to others by the beauty of the place. No words can really paint it. A thousand kinds of trees meet the eye; wherever you turn you find something new. In an ordinary landscape some particular tree predominates; here every tree is different. The effect is at first overwhelming; there is something stupendous and unreal in such a variety; the mind feels unequal to the task of surveying it. One requires a little time to master the situation; to take advantage of groups of trees and open stretches of grass. A couple of days may be made sufficient for the purpose, but Peradeniya needs and would repay a really long visit.

Among other things which Peradeniya reveals is the great variety of palms; they are brought together from all parts of the tropical world. It is striking too to meet trees famous in legend, such as the upas tree, which is after all a thin commonplace affair. One feels inclined to make the same comment on other illustrious trees; but there are some which more than surpass our expectations. Such is the India-rubber tree, with the long winding buttresses that run out many yards from its root; a single tree is a landscape in itself.

From Kandy the line ascends to Nanu Oya, whence a light railway is being made to Nuwara Eliya. The scenery grows grander in one way, as the mountains rise higher, but in another way tamer, as they have been stripped of their forests to make room for tea.

A tea plantation may be formed on any sort of ground, flat or sloping. The plant does not require shade, though some planters provide it; most tea gardens are perfectly open. Tea is naturally a tree, but it is literally "nipped in the bud" as soon as it begins to grow, and the nipping continues throughout its life. The life of a tea plant is a perpetual struggle. It

is continually throwing out little sprouts, which are at once nipped off; it is not suffered to rise more than four feet high, and assumes a dense stumpy aspect, which is equally disagreeable to the botanist and the artist. The shoots are plucked by Tamil coolies, generally women, who put them over their shoulder into a long cane basket. They are taken to the factory, where they are withered, rolled and fired, and they leave the place ready for the tea-cup. I need hardly say that the taste and smell of the fresh leaf do not remind one of the beverage; the same is the case with coffee and cocoa. Tea however differs from them in one point; it leaves the plantation ready for the table, if we exempt the possibilities of blending. The factories are generally worked by water power, and those which I saw were delightfully clean—quite up to the ideals of William Morris. The cultivation always gave one the impression of extreme care. The ground is drained, to prevent the soil being washed away by the rain—though it is washed away, and the process will furnish future generations with a problem. The same problem however is likely to arise in other ways, and it is currently said amongst planters that they will have to change their industry some day. Meantime the clearance of the upper heights, (where tea succeeds best), is changing the climate of Ceylon. The rain descends in sudden bursts and flows rapidly away. Government has ordered that no more land above 5,000 feet shall be sold; and that two chains' breadth of land shall be left uncleared on the sides of all streams.

Nuwara Eliya is a hollow about a thousand feet below the crests of the highest mountains. It contains a lake and some acres of level ground and gentle slopes where bungalows are perched. The settlement is just large enough now to suit the spot. It is large enough for co-operative action in securing supplies and amusements, and not so large as to be crowded. A few years will doubtless see this equilibrium destroyed and with it the charm of Nuwara

Eliya. The scenery is pretty, without being majestic. The most striking tree is the keena tree; the eucalyptus has been introduced from Australia and extends its formal rows here and there. Tea intrudes on one corner of the scene, but most of the hills are covered with low jungle. There were many rhododendrons, rugged gnarled sticks with scarlet blossoms just appearing on them; while the English eye rested with peculiar satisfaction on the yellow gorse. The climate is irregular; the midday sun is often very hot; the nights are always cold and sometimes frosty. Rain, which prevailed during my visit, is chilly and disagreeable.

Amusements being the great requirement of our age, Nuwara Eliya ought to be a popular place. Within its narrow confines every sort of game is provided for. A trout stream winds through the golf ground, and the solitary angler stands amid crowds of golf, cricket, football and polo players.

I stayed at the excellent club, which is conveniently situated for the ascent of Pidaru-tala-galla. Being the highest mountain in Ceylon, the tourist feels bound to go up it, but the ascent is uninteresting and the view commonplace, so far as a wide view of mountains can descend to that level. Local pride asserts that the sea can be traced from its summit all round the island.

I went to the Hakgalla Botanical gardens. They are small, but excellently planned, and are chiefly filled with flowers and vegetables. English flowers grow side by side with their tropical cousins; for the first time after seven years I saw a daisy. Beyond Hakgalla lies a plain, with ranges of hills in the distance. On one of them the Boer Camp at Dajatalawa was visible, where five recalcitrant Boers still refused to make terms with the enemy.

I left Nuwara Eliya to visit the "buried cities" of the North Central Province, and I took leave of the Railway at Matale, proceeding with my bullock cart along the great northern road. On the way is Alu Vihara, a Buddhist settlement

in a chasm between several huge boulders, which rolled down from the mountains in some earlier age. From the summit is a fine view; down below, under the overhanging boulders, are Buddhist temples, with great images of Buddha, almost bursting the narrow confines of their cavities. On the walls were scenes representing the tortures of the wicked in hell. They were lately painted, but quite mediæval in character; I enquired who the victims were, and found among them liars, vicious persons and contemners of the priesthood.

After Alu Vihara the next place of interest is Dambool, where there is a number of cave temples,\* and from Dambool an easy march takes one to Sigiri. This is a great isolated rock in the forest, which was fortified and became the centre of a city in the middle ages. The city has now vanished. Nothing remains of it but innumerable holes in the small scattered boulders, which were cut to receive the foundations of buildings. Something is left however of the fortifications and the royal palace on the summit of the rock. First there is a gallery, which was made along a small ledge where the rock runs in a little. It extends all along one side of it, and ends in a mass of bricks, that once formed the coloured figure of a lion. Nothing is left of the creature's exterior but the toes. You may however truly say, *Ex pede Herculem*, the feet are each nearly three yards across. Up through the mouth of this lion led a path that scaled the perpendicular rock and reached the summit. Here was the royal palace, which Mr. Bell, of the Archæological Department, has now fully excavated. There remain the foundations of rooms, the sites of terraces, tanks and pleasure gardens, and one truly royal seat, carved with great perfection of line in the solid rock. This was my first glimpse of the luxury which all old Cingalese remains suggest. It is clearly visible at Sigiri. The books call the place a fortified rock. But where are the fortifications? Its strength in early days was the impenetrable jungle. Sigiri tells no tale

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\* So called, but really hollows under overhanging rocks.



of war, of leaguer and defence. Piety there may have been there : refinement of life there certainly was, but not the spirit of the soldier.

Along the face of the rock which fronted the old city there was once painted a line of pictures, to entertain the inhabitants below. Some of these pictures still remain, in a hollow of the rock which protected them against the weather. They represent apparently a procession to a temple. The figures, (which are painted from the waist upwards) fall into pairs. A lady of high rank, with a fair complexion, is accompanied by a dark servant with a tray of offerings. The prevailing colours are red and yellow. Viewed from the right distance the pictures show distinct power, and their execution on the face of a rock which is not only perpendicular but overhanging, must have been a work of difficulty and danger. So must the drip-line, about an inch deep, which is cut above them all along the rock ; in fact it is hardly possible to imagine how it was done. Another *tour de force* at Sigiri is the outer wall of the gallery, which was built of brick without any mortar, and has stood for a thousand years in virtue of its excellent balance. On the inner side it is covered with plaster, smooth and white, where thousands of Cingalese names are inscribed, some nearly as old as the wall itself.

I left Sigiri for Pollanarua, where I arrived in the evening, somewhat in advance of my cart. As I sat near the tank waiting for it, I thought I had never witnessed a scene more solitary and forsaken. All that Tennyson has pictured in his *Dying Swan* appeared as a reality in the lake of Topa-wewa. It lay silent amid the silent forest, covered with stretches of purple lotus, whose flowers and leaves displayed every sombre tint, while the sunset glow lit up the few patches of open water. A few birds flitted across the scene ; there was no other sign of life.

The remains of Pollanarua at present visible are not very numerous nor in any special sense remarkable. Some are strictly

Buddhist, others are adaptations of Hindu forms to Buddhist worship. There is one small cave temple, the only true artificial cave in Ceylon. Near it is a colossal figure of a reclining Buddha, carved in the rock, and upright at his head Ananda, grieving for the loss of his master. The face of Buddha does not differ from ten thousand others, old and new, all over Ceylon. That of Ananda is a real and original work of art, expressing a deep heavy grief.

What one carries away from Pollonaruwa is the impression of the place as a whole. It is truly, what it has been called, a buried city. Trees of every kind, if not gigantic, at any rate not insignificant in height, surround and overshadow all the buildings. Deep grass waves round their foundations; there are not even paths from one building to another, and a few minutes of careless walking are enough to blot out from the stranger's mind all sense of direction. There is something impressive in this spectacle of the forest triumphant. Here, centuries ago, there was a populous city; now, the trees have it all their own way. They have changed every condition of the soil and climate to suit themselves; they grow where they like and live as long as they please.

About two miles from the chief remains is a small isolated rock with a figure carved upon it in deep relief. It is the figure of a man wearing a tall head-dress and a robe, and reading a scroll which he holds in both hands. The expression of the face is one of serious and thoughtful attention. As a work of art it is the finest thing I have seen in the East. Tradition makes it out to be Prakrama Bahu, the greatest King of Pollonaruwa. His name, at any rate, is not forgotten. My guide told me he had a magic place beneath the waters of the lake, and every evening, when he left his court in the city, he rowed out alone in a boat, dropped a stone into the water, which opened its bosom and received him into its depths till next morning.

From Pollonaruwa I visited Anuradhapura, the capital of Ceylon in ancient times, before Pollonaruwa. It was forsaken in

the same manner, but Government has lately made it the capital of a province ; it has been resettled, and roads and bungalows have come into existence. To-day it is a very attractive place, with pleasant drives and a fine view over a large tank.

The remains are very extensive. Most of them belong to the ecclesiastical quarter of the old city, and the most famous of them are the dagobas. Five of them are very large structures, vast solid domes of brick, which originally in size approached St. Paul's Cathedral. They were finished off with smooth rounded exteriors, but are now overgrown with vegetation and have lost the correctness of their outline. One or two of them have been restored, but the largest remain just as the neglect of a thousand years has left them. It is in fact difficult to realise that they are buildings at all and not small hills. Nevertheless they are buildings, though they have no interiors, and they possess architectural distinction. Each dagoba stands on a great square platform, with steps and gateways to approach it ; and there are generally four chapels at its base. The building is only slightly ornamented.

Near the dagoba will be found a pansila, or priest's dwelling house, and most of the remains at Anuradhapura are dagobas or pansilas. There are also the foundations of at least one great monastery, which was built over a thousand stone pillars, and rose in seven stories of diminishing size, with accommodation for many hundreds of monks. Nothing of this is now left but the forest of pillars on which it rested. There are small tanks lined with masonry ; and one speciality of the place is long stone troughs, sometimes forty feet long, which apparently served as measures for rice presented to the priests.

There is not much ornate carving at Anuradhapura. It is not absent however. One favourite device was to place a semicircular flag on the ground before a flight of steps and ornament it with bands of animals. Then at each side was a balustrade in the fanciful form of a makara, or mythological compound of five animals, which in some cases is a master-

piece of genuine grotesque. Everywhere in the place the exact finish of the stone cutting is remarkable. The stone is very hard, but the best mouldings exhibit an absolute perfection of regularity.

The first reflection that Anuradhapura suggests is beyond doubt the wealth of the country that supported so vast an army of ecclesiastics. The next is the splendour and luxury of the life they led. Buddhism is described by an English writer as "a quietistic philosophy born of languor and suffering." If this is so, it is strange that it should have been associated with a life so splendid and voluptuous.

Near Anuradhapura is Isramuniya, a group of rocks, with a small cave in one of them. This was an ancient place of worship, but thirty years ago it was deserted. A wandering Buddhist priest took it in hand and collected subscriptions to restore it. He had actually to expel bears from the sanctum, and there was a good deal of clearing and cleaning to do. However he did it; built a dagoba and a belfry, painted up the old stone Buddha in bright colours and put a glass window in front of him. The restorations are rather painful to the eye, but he has kept the place clean (an uncommon achievement), and orderly. In the shrine, behind a glass window are arranged the various presents which pilgrims have brought with them: some from the distant shores of Burma. Below is a small pond with sacred fish, which the priest feeds. Isramuniya is a very attractive place, but its great interest to the archæologist is one particular carving on the rock, which represents a man sitting on the ground, with a horse looking over his shoulder. The attitude of the man is free and natural, and it does not need the great helmet on his head to tell us that the artist had come under the influence of Greece. So there his work confronts us like a fragment of an alien world, a strange and unaccountable reminiscence of the far-distant West.

I must not leave Anuradhapura without mentioning the sacred Bo-tree. It is a relic of undoubted antiquity, a limb of the

tree under which the Enlightened one discovered the eight-fold path. In appearance it is just a very ancient peepul tree ; it rises from a plinth and is protected by a substantial railing. It is not possible for the visitors to touch it, but leaves are distributed by the priest to pilgrims, as favours.

Nine miles from Anuradhapura is Mihintale, a hill of irregular outline, where the Saint Mahindo arriving by "levitation" from India first preached Buddhism. The spot is pointed out, also a slab on a projecting spur of rock which is called Mahindo's bed. A boulder of crooked form which lies above it forms a low roof ; on each side of the spur you look down on the forest. It is a picturesque and solitary tomb. There are also dagobas and caves and ruins, and a broad flight of steps running up that mountain. The combination of ruins and rugged hills and forest scenery makes Mihintale unique in my recollections.

The last spot which I visited was Kala-wewa, on the way back to Dambool. This is a great tank, perhaps the largest in Ceylon, which Government has lately repaired. One proof of this is the band of dead trees which stand, like pale ghosts out of the water. The tank, having risen above its old level, has gradually killed them. Three miles from the tank is a Buddhist settlement, the Aukana Vihara, where there is a colossal stone Buddha. It is however nothing to compare with Gomata at Shravana Belgola, and the features are uninteresting.

Here, then, I take leave of my travels, only adding that I saw very little of wild animals during my stay in the jungles. Some of them, which abounded once, have nearly vanished, deer for instance, and sanctuaries for these animals are now being established where they may breed undisturbed. Elephants are not uncommon : it is disputed whether they are increasing or decreasing in number. Bears are a great nuisance and no one cares to shoot them, as they are difficult to get at and furnish nothing but mangy skins. They often attack those

who surprise them, and are active and dangerous enemies. The best plan for the unarmed traveller in such an encounter is to fling himself flat on the ground. When the bear has scratched and bitten him as much as he thinks proper, he will proceed on his own way. Alligators are common in all water ; they are generally invisible, but may be seen in the morning and evening taking short rushes with their jaws open, for the purpose of catching fish. Tortoises and turtles abound ; you may find them staring about on the edges of tanks, crawling here and there on waste land, and stretching out their necks at the margin of the sea, as though they were enjoying the view. Birds and butterflies of course I saw, but not the rainbow-hued multitude that Tennent's book promises

It follows next to speak of the people of Ceylon ; first then of the Cingalese. In appearance the better class of them are attractive people with ortho-cephalic heads and fine regular features. They look like what they are, lotus-eaters, refined and gentle, but dreamy and idle. I believe this is true, in spite of the paradox that they are adopting western ideas and habits, which might seem to prove exceptional energy on their part. The rural Cingalese have an excellent character for generosity and hospitality. The national vice is gambling, which often leads to stabbing affrays, and all classes are somewhat threatened by the demon of drink. Women are not kept secluded by any class of Cingalese.

Looking back at the remains of old Ceylon it seems a strange thing that one should have to give this account of the Cingalese. It is certain that the ancient Cingalese were among the most industrious people in the world. Not only that, but they possessed highly trained skill. The system of tanks by which they irrigated the northern part of the island demand both accurate geographical knowledge and great engineering skill. Moreover it implies a careful industrial development of the island by the State. There is something paradoxical in the contrast between this industry of the past



and the apathy of the present ; but there is the same sort of paradox between that industrial energy and the unwarlike temper of old days.

Again, who are the Cingalese ? Their own history...and they differ from Hindus in possessing complete and connected chronicles—makes them out to be invaders from India. If so, I cannot believe they ever passed under the influence of the fully developed Hindu system ; it seems impossible that a people fully Hinduised should have so easily, so completely and so irrevocably passed over to Buddhism. But we know so little of the races who inhabit India and their relation to Hinduism that the old Cingalese may very well be supposed Hindus in some imperfect sense. I should like to ask however whether they are not mixed with some previous inhabitants of Ceylon ; it is generally supposed that these previous inhabitants were merely the savage Veddahs of the present day ; but is this quite certain ? Their mediæval relations with the Hindus were hostile ; and it is interesting to find the Hindu playing the unusual rôle of the invader and destroyer.

The Tamils are evidently more energetic than the Cingalese. Amongst the low orders they do the hardest work ; nearly all the coolies on the state are Tamils. The planters speak well of their skill and industry. They are paid about 33 cents a day, or Rs. 9 a month. Their relations with their masters appear to be satisfactory ; there are no indentures, and men will not stay with a bad master. In fact, I was told that when they consider themselves ill-treated, they have been known to take summary vengeance of a disagreeable character.

Of foreign elements in the Ceylon population the most interesting are the Burghers. The word is applied to the descendants of the Dutch. These are in many cases of pure Dutch blood, but otherwise they are usually the offspring of regular marriages with natives, a point on which the Dutch settlers were strict. They include of course different social grades, but the best families among them contain men of

remarkable culture and intelligence. They have entirely given up the Dutch language, and with it the grave phlegmatic spirit of the Dutch—assuming of course that the Dutch spirit may be so described. There are amongst them men born and educated in Ceylon who understand the literature and follow the politics of England with perfect insight, a thing which can be said of very few in a similar position in India.

Let me here digress on the topic of the old Dutch settlers and their remains. Of buildings left by them the most interesting are Forts and Churches. They are solid affairs. Wolfendahl Church in Colombo is a very solid, one might almost say massive, structure. Beneath the pavement there are many graves, distinguished by coats of arms and inscribed with a simplicity of speech not common in tombstones. This perhaps accords with the traditional character of the Dutch; yet we think of them too much as a plain inartistic people. One witness of their artistic power is the old brass snuff boxes they sold to the Kandyans, which may still be found in the curiosity shops, stamped with views of Amsterdam or Frederick the Great—fine pieces of work. To the Dutch are due most of the groves of cocoanut palms that fringe the coast, and the canals near the sea were made by them.

Returning to the classes of people of Ceylon, I will speak of the planters. They are just what planters are supposed to be—gentlemen who have taken to planting. There is in Ceylon a strong common sentiment among the class; they organise for business purposes and to some extent for charity and mutual help. They struck me as better acquainted with their work and their markets than the Coorg and Mysore planters whom I have met; but then, they live under more encouraging circumstances. Tea is still a paying affair, though not what it was; planters who own estates, though they do not make fortunes, can live in comfort. But nearly half the community are only Managers for English Companies; their position is precarious and they are poorly paid. This is doubly unfortunate

in a body where the natural vicissitudes of prosperity and adversity tend, as they always do, to make men extravagant. The hospitality of planters is proverbial ; it tends to go beyond their means.

The great trial of a planter's life is its loneliness. This is not what it was, thirty years ago ; most districts have now a centre, where men meet at least once a week, and the close approach of civilisation has brought with it more ladies and more marriages. But it is still a real trial, and it may be said that in the course of years it makes a man either a fine character or something of a savage. Fortunately the older generation of planters, many of whom were Scotchmen, did on the whole master their surroundings. Being fewer in number than their successors, they were also more select spirits, they fought a more difficult battle and have left behind them easier conditions of life.

Education in Ceylon differs much from education in India. It is more sharply divided into higher and vernacular education; and higher education is entirely western in character. It is given through English, Cingalese being in some schools quite neglected, in others taught as an extra subject. The second language taught is usually Latin.

This system is no doubt best suited to boys of European extraction like the Burghers. But I did not find any objection to it among Cingalese gentlemen whom I questioned ; they did not want their own vernacular taught and did not object to Latin. English schoolmasters were divided about Latin, some approving, others disapproving of it. The position has arisen to some extent from the circumstances of Ceylon, and partly out of the exigencies of English examination, as Ceylon people take up a very superior attitude towards Indian Universities and decline to be examined by them. I say "Ceylon" people, but the Tamils adhere to the Indian system ; their schools and colleges belong to Indian Universities.

The religion of the Cingalese, of course, Buddhism. It

is not externally impressive. Setting aside the relics of a very ancient past, it has no striking building in the service of religion. Buddhist temples might easily be painted *couleur de rose*, with their kneeling votaries, offerings of flowers and little children dropping coppers into collection boxes. But they are very untidy, often dirty and quite devoid of art. Moreover, the limp imitative character of the Cingalese is painfully illustrated by the paintings on the walls, which are sometimes copied from the fashion plates in tailors' advertisements.

As for the moral and spiritual aspects of Buddhism, I am scarcely qualified to speak. I held no conversation with the priests; none of them speak English. I did not find them greedy or noisy, as some visitors have asserted; they seemed quite indifferent to the presence of visitors. They are vowed to a life of poverty and celibacy—a life which cannot be sustained without the stimulus of strong faith and regular daily work. In the opinion of other communities they do not possess these advantages, and suffer from their absence.

There are few or no complaints of want of prosperity in Ceylon. There is moreover a probability that the island will in the near future thrive even better than before. Government are restoring the old system of irrigation and when land and water are both available and both cheap, it is thought the Tamils from the North will eagerly take advantage of them. The result of this will be to cheapen the growth and lower the price of rice. The movement is already in progress. As I stood on the top of the Abhyagiri dagoba the evening before I left Anuradhapura, I saw many acres of rice ground all round the town, appearing like islands in a sea of forest. Yet fifty years ago Anuradhapura was like Pollonaruwa to-day, unpeopled and forsaken.

## AT POLLONARUA.

Amid their groves of thickest green,  
Sinhala's woods enfold  
Beside a lonely mere unseen  
A rock of massy mould,  
A boulder grey, whereon there stands  
An image wrought by vanished hands.

He seems a man of many days,  
His head a mitre bears ;  
Erect his mien ; with simple grace  
His antique robe he wears ;  
His eyes, with thoughtful look intent,  
Downwards upon a scroll are bent.

A legend from the night of time  
Names him the valiant king,  
Who brought again the golden prime  
Of Ceylon's faded spring,  
And nerved her arm and bade her be  
Happy awhile and strong and free.

We know not, for the silent stone  
Speaks not, but still and fast  
Stands 'mid its leafy bower alone,  
A mystery of the past,  
While yonder in the forest deep  
The towers of Pollonaruwa sleep.

Ah ! sleep indeed, in endless night,  
For Nature long ago  
Returned in her primeval might  
And laid their glories low,  
And raised the giant trees to wave  
Their honours o'er a city's grave.

Nor wonder if she scorns to brook  
The works of man to-day ;  
He made her once his slave and took  
Her works to be his prey ;  
Ask not of her that she should spare  
To deal with him as he with her.

Nor grudge it, if this spot of earth  
Be left her unsubdued,  
To show her power, to bring to birth  
And rear her own wild brood,  
That range the forest glades to find  
The prey or pasture of their kind.

Be all things hers, save one alone,  
For one she may not take,  
That image wrought on yonder stone  
By Topawewa's lake ;  
We cannot yield to ruin aught  
That holds us by so dear a thought.

It moves our hearts with sacred awe,  
Since men may nowhere cease,  
To search, like him, the Heavenly Law  
And seek the Way of Peace,  
And spell, like him the mystic page  
Of priest and prophet, seer and sage.

On such a thought the mood is fed  
That knits us soul to soul,  
By such a thought the heart is led  
Towards its heavenly goal :  
And kindled in their ashes move  
The dying fires of hope and love.